3 1761 03521 4550

Goldwin Smith.

Recd 24 Oct 1864

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY,

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

TRANSLATED BY

MAJOR ROBERT GUTHRIE MACGREGOR.

"The Greek Anthology! Few persons but scholars, and of scholars but few, know what treasures untold lie in those *beautiful* words."

CHRIS. NORTH.

113877

LONDON:

NISSEN & PARKER, 43, MARK LANE.

PA
3623
A5M3



TO

THE R^T. H^BLE. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. & P.C.,

FINANCIER, ORATOR, STATESMAN, SCHOLAR,

THIS VOLUME IS,

IN ADMIRING HOMAGE,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/greekanthologywi00macguoft

CONTENTS.

		Page.
I.	Amatory and Erotic	1
II.	Convivial, Humorous, Satirical	78
III.	Cyzicene and Miscellaneous	166
IV.	Dedicatory and Votive	187
V.	Descriptive	268
VI.	Epitaphs	397
VII.	Ethical, Preceptive, Sententious	541
VIII.	Planudean	579
IX.	Appendix	652

ERRATA.

Part I., No. 1, Line 6, for "Eo" read "Eos."

—— —— 59, —— 3, for "saw" read "sees," and for "heard" read "hears," and Line 4, for "lov'd" read "loves."

—— —— 139, —— 3, for "Aloof" read "Away," and, Line 4, for "th' unmerited reproof" read "such unpalæstral play."

—— —— 213, —— 2, for "Venus'" read "Venus."

—— II., —— 35, —— 4, for "E'n" read "E'en."

—— —— 93, —— 8, for "Consul's" read "Consuls."

—— —— 159, —— 6, read "mine eye he from the roots updrew."

—— —— 347, —— 5, for "near" read "rear."

—— —— 352, —— 10, read "though of yore."

—— —— 372, —— 2, for "thy Calliope" read "surely thine."

—— Note 25, Page 158, Line 2, read λιθοκόπτους.

—— III., No. 32, Line 3, for "Aye! did he" read "Ay did he."

—— —— 54, —— 2, for "return'd" read "relum'd."

—— Note 18, Page 185, Line 2, for "wanted" read "wanting."

—— —— 77, —— 186, "Umsearied" read "Unwearied."

Part IV., No. 17, Line 3, for "Seleucus!" read "Seleucus."

—— —— 117, —— 1, for "goats'" read "goat's."

—— —— 261, —— 2, for "Hee," read "Here."

—— —— 303, —— 1, for "your" read "yon."

—— V., —— 298, —— 1, read "pray'rs."

—— —— 347, —— 1, for "it" read "its."

—— —— 383, —— 3, read "Œneus."

—— —— 609, —— 3, for "e'en" read "een."

—— VI., —— 48, —— 2, for "dark" read "dank."

—— —— 96, —— 2, for "Stone?" read "Stone!"

—— —— 115, —— 2, for "died" read "dyed."

—— —— 495, —— 1, for "Shame to a mournful" read "Honour to a sad."

—— VII., Note 107, —— 2, for "mean" read "means."

—— —— 160, —— 1, for "by pound years," read "by a pound of years."

—— VIII., —— 121, —— 3, for "form to see" read "work to see."

—— —— 234, —— 2, the last word should be "fought."

—— —— 332, —— 1, for "In" read "Of."

N.B.—The following Numbers, which have Notes attached, should have been marked *:—P. II., 298, 329; P. IV., 248, 308, 309, 353; P. V., 30, 60, 88, 104, 191, 199, 222, 263, 315, 505, 544, 608, 627-8, 662; P. VI., 181, 292, 294, 515, 529, 669, 672; P. VII., 49, 83, 90, 201; P. IX., 13, 107, 146, 258, 266, 309, 320.

Dele the * to No. 59, P. III.: No. 543, P. VI.; Nos. 10, 57, and 92, P. VII.; No. 314, P. VIII.; No. 76, P. IX.

PREFACE.

WHEN, in 1857, I published "Epitaphs from the Greek Anthology," I repeated a statement originally made in 1855 on the publication of a smaller effort in the same field, that I did not claim to be a Greek SCHOLAR. I would make the same disclaimer now. I have, however, long and carefully studied, and, I believe, correctly rendered the *spirit* of every line I have here translated, rarely departing from its *letter*, and then only for what seemed to me sufficient reasons. Greek Anthology, moreover, has, for years, been a favourite subject with me. In the far East, whenever an old class-fellow came in my way, or some old school-book turned up, or, when the perusal of kindred Articles in periodical literature revived in me the thoughts and studies of youth, I would again, and again, try my hand on its fine things, until many versions accumulated upon me, to which I attached little consequence, and of which I never thought to make any public use. They were for my own amusement merely, the relaxation of a hard-worked life of uncongenial duties, which, without such and similar resources, I should probably have never ventured to undertake, or been able to fulfil. In 1854 I became acquainted with the "Greek Anthology, Prose and Verse," published by Bohn in his Classical Library, and still later with Dr. Wellesley's "Anthologia Polyglotta." I was, in consequence, led to re-examine my own labours, and though I found what required alteration, it seemed to me that I had already taken a wider range than, and might, perhaps, venture on a comparison with, some of those who were acknowledged as successful cultivators of the same field. I took up my work anew, correcting what was wrong, supplying what was deficient, and attempting what I had before left untried. In these selections and studies I was greatly assisted by the late Mr. Burges, to whose kindness and learning and taste in such matters I rejoice to own myself much indebted—more so indeed than to all other names, living or dead, home or foreign; though I have carefully consulted the Latin of Grotius, the Italian of Carcarini, and the French of Tamisier, which last, however, is of but little use. German

authors have helped me still less, indeed almost solely in selection of specimens. Of our own Merivale and Bland (and other modern translators, who also are often very successful) the range is less varied than, I think, the merits of the originals deserve. Elegiac and amatory specimens have hitherto been more plentifully taken up for translation than those upon other subjects, though of equal interest. I have endeavoured in this respect to supply what I thought to be a shortcoming ; omitting, however—because I did not like to deal, in any light way, with such sacred subjects—the Christian Epigrams (Book I.), the ΕΚΦΡΑΣΙΣ of Christodorus (Book II.), the Proemia of the several Collectors (Book IV.), and the pieces of Gregory (Book VIII.), belonging, as these also do, to a less pure period of Greek Literature, and such parts of Books V. and XII. as are unsuitable to modern taste, and giving only a few specimens of the Riddles, Oracles, Problems, and Puzzles, of which Book XIV. almost solely consists. Besides, I should perhaps have looked further into Books XIII. and XV. than I have done.

In the preparation of my volume I have followed Jacobs, using his Leipsic edition, in four volumes, 8vo., of 1813-14-17, of which, so far as regards the Greek text, the Tauchnitz edition, in three vols., 12mo., is, I believe, an exact counterpart.

In the Notes—appended to those Epitaphs which are marked *—I have drawn freely from the ordinary sources of information, Potter, Lempriere, Smith, and others. Wishing to avoid learned pretensions, I have said little about "various readings" of great scholars, conjectural emendations of obscure and doubtful passages, laudable studies to restore damaged metre or defective syntax—disquisitions, generally, beyond and above me. I have, however, in some cases of doubt, followed what seemed to me the probable and natural turn of sentiment of my author in the particular piece, rather than the mere expression handed down, and perhaps I have not herein erred more than if I had filled my pages with the opinions of Greek Scholiasts.

I have already said something (Note to No. 18, P. IV., p. 262) in regard to the repetition, so often observable in the Greek Anthology, of the same subject by the same or by different authors. This seems to me quite consistent with the great desideratum of variety in the handling. I would here add, in general remark, that, even from one place and one pencil, the same landscape is not always the same: an artist is at times superior to, different from, himself. Again, under other hands, though the main features may correspond, the details will widely differ. The power, expression, the grouping and toning, the sentiment of one man—dependant upon his age, his character, and position—

is not that of another. The hour of the day, the season of the year, affect the lights and shades. Variety is thus born of sameness. *Ut pictura poesis.* The Greek Epigrammatist did not shrink from repeating himself or some one else. What he or another had already done well might be as successfully done again. Imputations of plagiarism were not feared. The ambition was as much to excel as to originate. Thus we have many epigrams upon a single subject, Homer, it may be, or Anacreon, Niobe or Medea, Diogenes or Themistocles, Troy and Lacedæmon, Salamis and Thermopylæ, many about Pan and Priapus, the Venus of Praxiteles, or the cow of Myro, many, too, about hares and hounds, dolphins and grasshoppers, fishers and farmers, births, bridals, and battles : all beautiful and varied, though substantially the same in object. With the Greek the charm was less in the novelty than in the perfection of the specimen, its nearness to Nature or to some other indisputable model of universal admiration. So far, indeed, am I from seeing the force and truth of the objection, that my own scruples are quite in the contrary direction, whether a translator could be justified for withholding *any* rather than blameworthy for accepting *all.*

In like manner, I have been unable to admit the objection which, in two or three quarters, was made against the first edition of Epitaphs, that they were too many, upon one subject, and that a gloomy one. What is there really in this ? Is there indeed such a sameness in death and the grave that to stand by one tombstone is to read many ? Is there, necessarily, any such unpleasantness in the idea of dissolution that we should shrink from contemplating the records of those who have gone before us ? I cannot think so. Certainly the best poetry of Petrarch was written after and upon the death of Laura. Tennyson, also a laurelled poet, has in our own times given us an entire and very beautiful volume to the memory of one dear departed friend. So that, even when the object of such verse is but a solitary individual, the sameness of subject does not, *per se*, lead to an absence of variety in style. How much less, then, is this probable, where the writers and the objects are many, in different times and countries, of different ages, sexes, conditions, under different forms of government and of religion—deaths amid the frozen snows of Scythia, or under the sunny skies of Italy, from ultimate Thule to the no longer hidden sources of Nile—man and woman, young and old, poor and rich, good and bad, at home and abroad—by sickness, by violence, by fire and wreck—the soldier, sailor, or statesman—the poet, patriot, and philosopher. Surely amongst these there must at least be variety. The bride snatched as from the altar—avarice struck while counting his gold—the slain warrior on his shield—the martyr for freedom or faith—the disappointed in love or ambi-

tion—the leap of Sappho and the poison-cup of Socrates—Anacreon of the lyre, Leonidas with his 300—the asp of Cleopatra and the sword of Ælius—all, all is Death, yet how distinct and new is each several picture. There is in short no subject, not even universal Love, which presents so much diversity of circumstance and of colouring as almighty Death—now no longer almighty, but, through Christ, stingless and swallowed up in victory. I am not influenced, therefore, by an objection of others which I cannot myself adopt—especially as I write for the few only, and thus shall not offend many, however I may much offend. The Epitaphs remain, then, undiminished in number, though I trust something improved by careful review.

But part of this objection may, perhaps, be urged, generally, against my present volume—not merely to its bulk, as a whole, but to the extent of some other of its subdivisions. If so, and if of any force, it would apply rather to the original writers, that their poems ran too much in limited channels, or to successive Collectors and Editors who have arranged them under too few heads, than to modern translators who, adopting what best suits their purpose, merely follow in the path they find laid down by others. And here I would plead the difficulty of *rejection* of a large number of pieces of equal and considerable merit, all illustrative of Greek character and customs, and abounding with glimpses of individual, domestic, and national life, scarcely to be found anywhere else. To *select* is not easy where *all* is valuable: it would have been merely to do again what had been done before, without accomplishing the object which I had in view, to give proofs, as extensive and varied as I could make them, of the charms and riches of these minor Greek Poets. I do not think that this would have been effected in smaller space.

"Perish all who have said our good things before us" may be a confession of modern inferiority as to our *sayings*, for which our world takes, and justly, its revenge by the superiority of its *doings*. I do not know where to instance another work against which we might now invoke more heartily the evil spirit of envy (such as the old Latin implies) than the Greek Anthology. Whatever we now-a-days say about Love and Beauty and Wine, flowers and dances and song — our satires against Man and Woman, individually and generally—our jokes upon tall men and small men, men fat and men thin—against misers or spendthrifts —against doctors, undertakers, attornies, authors, pedants, pugilists, quacks, critics, fortune-tellers, barbers, dyers, painters, schoolmasters—against long noses and hook noses—against huge appetites, stinted tables, bad wine—on *punnable* names, or the change of old for new names—on stinking breath, on rough chins, on painted cheeks—against leaking ships, windy houses,

hard beds, poor horses—against flirts and jilts, dolts, dastards, hypocrites, courtesans—against the hard of hearing, the weak of sight, the club-foot, and the gouty toe—in all and each topic we are forestalled. In some cases even our proverbs are seen not to be ours. We have nothing in our own Poetry which we can classify with the ANAΘHMATIKA, worthily to translate some specimens of which would require the word-painting, the delicacy and the detail of a Goldsmith and Crabbe combined. We may, however, gather thence a useful lesson for our improvement. The false Gods of old had each his faithful and constant votaries. The Muezzin calls the East to prayer seven times a day. Do we so stand before the One True God? In the ΕΠΙΤΥΜΒΙΑ we are *confessedly* inferior to both Greek and Latin. Do we think *why* this is, and are we sufficiently thankful that it is so? Our Christianity makes the difference. Knowing with whom we leave our dead—and that, save through a Saviour, our best works weigh not even as dust in the balance—we cannot praise their personal qualities in pointed periods and flowing verse. With us, Sin is there self-convicted and Sorrow dumb. Then at least, if never before, we acknowledge the nothingness of the mortal in the omnipotence of the Immortal. FAITH bars us from encomiums of the departed, however near in blood or dear to friendship; faith dwells not on the love which is past and gone, but fixes on the hope to come, the hope which is certainty, for ours is the Promise, and ours the Beyond, of which the old world knew not. These are blessings with which priority in some literary respects and superiority in others can never bear comparison. And I urge these claims of the Ancients, where I find them just, because some may not know, and others may forget the sources to which what we now consider our own or common property was originally due.

As to the *quality* of these translations, that will be best judged of by my readers. But I may here say that what I have sought to do has been to give a faithful and forcible version in preference to a more polished paraphrase—to retain the Greekishness of the original as much as possible rather than to refine away and modernise its simplicity and quaintness, in the hope of thereby conciliating the ordinary patrons of lighter literature. I have preferred strength to *mere* sweetness, a true and close likeness to a flattered and partial resemblance, an occasional baldness or *discord even to the perpetual *pizzicato* and dead level of over-polish—

> "Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
> Till Love fall asleep in its sameness of splendour."

The same cause has led me to vary the rhythm instead of con-

---

* *I have Cowper, no mean authority, strongly on my side in this opinion.* "I know that "the ears of modern verse-writers are delicate to an excess, and their readers are troubled "with the same squeamishness as themselves. So that if a line do not run as smooth as

fining myself to a single metre. I have, however, principally employed the English heroic verse, and the old ballad measure, with which last, indeed, one may do anything, translate any line without resorting to paraphrase. To please the eye, and perhaps the ear, I have sometimes broken it into two parts—conformably with our Prayer-Book version of the Psalms—into what I think has been called the Sternhold and Hopkins metre. I have also availed myself of the "fatal facility" of the octosyllabic, with alternate *or* immediately consecutive rhymes. In a *few* instances I have used blank verse, and in still fewer, hexameters, a form of line which will never be naturalised in English Poetry. Where the Greek was itself three-lined, or in an uneven number of lines, or where I should, otherwise, to complete the sense, have been obliged to employ a distich, I have occasionally admitted a triplet, but always at the end of a piece, in which position alone I have also introduced, but rarely, an Alexandrine.

I may add that the chance of a little ruggedness has not deterred me from the employment of the old original names of people and of places, which I have rarely modified, and still more rarely omitted. Baucis should appear as Baucis. To dwindle Anaxagoras into Corydon, and Philænion into Chloe is not desirable. A great part of the power and success of a translation may be dependant upon the retention of these features. Indeed, in an Epitaph, such names are essential, and I have myself so felt this, that even where I have been troubled with half a dozen or more of them in the same piece (No. 416, P. VI.), none have been omitted.

At the same time, as such instances do occur, I have, to use the words of an old translator, "one favour to beg of the reader, that, "wherever any character is ridiculed, and I use any common "name or title, he would not apply it to individuals. Such are "taken up at adventure, sometimes for the sake of sound, or "metre (*or rhyme*), and in general to make the epigram appear "more natural and familiar. I never once had a particular "person in my view. If anything is applied, I am innocent, and "there can be but one of these two persons to blame; either he "who applies unjustly, or he who deserves the application."

I would also remark, in point of style, that fidelity in translation from the Greek cannot always be preserved unless a greater

---

"quicksilver, they are offended. A critic of the present day serves a poem as a cook serves "a dead turkey, when she fastens the legs of it to a post and draws out all the sinews. For "this we may thank Pope: but, unless we could imitate him in the closeness and compactness "of his expressions, as well as in the smoothness of his numbers, we had better drop the "imitation, which serves no other purpose than to emasculate and weaken all we write. "Give me a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of "musical periods that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them."

And again. "Some lines cannot be made smoother without being the worse for it. "There is a roughness on the plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, "though the plum would be much more polished without it."

degree of inversion—such as strongly characterizes the original—be allowed than is generally usual in English verse. In the choice of his own language also, I think that the translator should travel back to the writers of the age of Elizabeth, whose poetical diction has an originality and naturalness about it better suited to the expression of the Greek form of thought and turn of style than our modern phraseology has, in all respects, retained.

I could not, properly, bring these prefatory remarks to a close without alluding to the death of several Gentlemen whose approval and encouragement have from the first attended my efforts—viz., the Rev. G. Booth, of Findon; the Rev. Dr. Croly, of St. Stephens, Walbrook; Walter Savage Landor, just dead at 90; and Mr. Burges, of whom I have already spoken*. All were scholars and men of letters, and that such as these, among others of a similar class who still survive, favourably appreciated my translations was very welcome, and is to me an additional cause of regret for their loss.

R. G. M.

---

* I think it will be of interest if I here subjoin some lines which I believe to be his, but not claimed by him as such. I received them from him several years ago, and they are entirely in his manuscript. There may be some question about the faultlessness of the Greek, none as to the sentiments which form the groundwork of the piece. The translation of them which I append is by myself.

In Novi Fœderis Libros
Epigramma Incerti.

Βίβλε, κακῶν πανάκεια, πανυστατίη δίαθήκη,
ζωὴν ἐκ θανάτου πᾶσι χαρισσαμένη,
Βίβλε, φίλον δώρημα θεηγενέος βασιλῆος,
Μούση, καὶ Σοφίη, και Χάρις οὐρανίη,
ζωὴ ἐπιχθονίων, χθονὸς οὐρανὲ, πᾶσι μέλουσα,
ὧν πόθος ἀθανάτων στήθεσιν ἐμπέφυε
σοὶ προσφὺς, σοφίης τῆς ἀνδρομέης λελαθοίμην,
σὺν καὶ Ἀριστοκλέους, σὺν καὶ Ἀριστοτέλους
σὺν σοὶ θνητνὸ ανακτα τὸν ἀθάνᾶτον προσίδοιμι,
ζωῆς τὸν θάνατον σὺν σοὶ ἀμειψάμενος.

Bible! last Cov'nant, of all ills the cure,
From death to life our only pilot sure;
Bible! dear present of a King Divine,
Eloquence, Wisdom, Heav'nly Grace are thine;
Thou 'rt life to mortals, Heav'n on earth to all,
Whose longing breasts for bliss immortal call.
Man's wisdom, neither of Aristocles
Nor Aristotle, now no more can please;
Heav'n-ward with thee—death chang'd for life—I spring,
To hail, once mortal, the Immortal King.

AMATORY AND EROTIC.

1

Jac. B. 5, Ep. 3 Chrysilla! day is come; long since the bird, Antipater.
Herald of envious morn, i' th' East was heard;
Curse on his hateful throat, who drives me, far
From a dear home, to mingle where men are.
Tithonus! thou art old; else from thy bed
Wherefore so soon thy partner Eo fled?

*2

6 Late to Ionis Callignotus swore, Callimachus.
Ne'er than herself to love man–woman–more;
And he swore sooth, but lovers' oaths, they say,
Ne'er, e'en if heard, in ears Immortal stay.
Now is he fir'd with love of other fair,
Nor has of sad Ionis count or care.

*3

8 O holy night! fond lamp! We, lovers both, Meleager.
Chose none but you to register our oath;
She swore to love me still, and I to leave
Her never. Ye our joint pledge did receive.
Now, while in others' lap thou seest her sit,
False lamp! she says such oaths in air are writ.

*4

9 I bid—if joy she can, apart from me— Rufinus.
My sweetest Elpis in much joy to be.
No longer can I—by those eyes I swear!
From thee, on thy lone couch, this absence bear.

Still am I wet with tears; forsworn, can I
Kneel to great Dian in her temple high?
To-morrow! Home! to thy dear eyes I speed,
Praying thee, o'er and o'er, thy health to heed.

5

Eros I hate; his vengeance should be fierce Alcæus, Me.
Against wild beasts, and not my bosom pierce;
Since he is God, why burns he man? Small fame!
O'er my poor heart tho' victory he claim.

*6

If, Cypria! thou the sailor sav'st at sea,
Shipwreck'd on land, thy lost friend save in me.

7

Fresh from the bath, with flow'rs our temples twine; Rufinus.
Drink, Prodiche! long draughts of unmixt wine;
Short is the life of happiness; old age
Checks joy's free flow, and ushers death–last stage.

8

Soon Charito will close her sixtieth year, Philodemus.
But, dark, her tresses in full flow appear;
Still, from the band releas'd which circled there,
Her bosom-cones, as marble firm and fair;
Still drops ambrosia from her softest skin,
Persuasion still and myriad graces win;
Lovers! from full desire who flee not yet,
Come hither, and her tens of years forget.

9

Europa's kiss, just reaching one's lip-tip, Rufinus.
Is rapture, tho' the mouth it only sip;
But there it rests not—struggling for the whole,
She drags up with her kiss one's very soul.

10

Where's now Praxiteles? and where the art Do.
Of Polyclite which could e'en life impart?
The odorous curls of Melite to deck,
Her eyes of fire, the splendour of her neck,
The moulders, sculptors, where? Ah! fittest were
Temple and statue of the Gods for her.

*11

16 Golden-horn'd Moon! and Ye! starblazing lights, Argentarius.
Whom Ocean in his breast to dwell invites,
Left by Ariste, of myrrh breath, behind,
For six days past the witch I cannot find:
Search ev'rywhere. I'll send, to have her back,
Cypria! thy silver hounds her steps to track.

12

21 Said I not, Prodiche! we're growing old? Rufinus.
Speedy and sure these kill-joys I foretold.
Who, patch'd and shrunken, grey and wrinkled now,
With lips which their once charms no more avow,
Courts thy wan smile, or flatters thy cold pride?
As if thou wert a tomb we pass aside.

13

22 Eros, who makes sweet presents, has to thee, Do.
Bo-opis! as thy bondsman offer'd me,
Placing me as a bull beneath the yoke,
A patient victim to the welcome stroke,
A willing perfect slave, self-yielded, ne'er
Asking the freedom which were hard to bear;
Till old age and grey hairs upon us light,
May Envy's evil eye our hopes ne'er blight!

14

23 Such sleep, as mine at these cold portals thrust, Callimachus.
Be on thine eyes, Conopion most unjust!
Bare sky and flinty bed. Thy lover gains
From thee no shade of pity for his pains:
Others may pity, thou! not e'en a shade—
But soon grey hairs thy harshness shall upbraid.

24 15 Philodemus.
Conscious by whom its flame was lit, who taught its tears to flow,
My soul from Heliodora's love has often bid me go:
Wise is the warning, yet to flee I have no pow'r, nor will,
Unblushingly, tho' loud it warn, I love, adore her still.

16

25 Oft as I lay me on Cydille's breast, Do.
By day, at evening—if good luck have blest—

I know that near the brink a road I cut,
That ev'ry chance upon one cast I put;
What matters? when on ev'ry side Love draws,
Who would not venture? nothing fear can cause.

17

26 Whether with dark locks shining thou art seen,
Or on thy fair neck auburn curls, my Queen!
Like beauty beams from both. Sure! e'en when gray,
Eros will in such tresses love to stay.

18

27 O where, Melissa! of thy form renown'd Rufinus.
The golden beauties, voic'd by all around,
Thine eye-brows, thy high thoughts, and stately neck,
Thy flashing feet, which rare gems wont to deck?
Poor now, with drabbled hair, and rags at heel—
Such fate luxurious courtesan should feel!

19

28 Thou say'st to me "All hail" O Sorc'ress! now,
When lost the smoothness of thy marble brow;
Now would'st thou fondle, when thy haughty neck
The curls, which lov'd to float, no longer deck.
Tempt me not, vain one! with thy graces worn—
I may not for a rose accept a thorn.

20

29 A kiss is sweet—who says me nay? but when Chillactorus.
Bought, 't is than hellebore more bitter then.

21

32 Argentarius.
Melissa! name and nature both of flow'r-fond bee is thine;
Well have I known it and long kept stampt on this heart of mine;
And from those lips, when meeting mine, drop kisses honey-sweet;
But, when thou askest money—Ah! its central sting we meet.

22

33 Thou cam'st as gold to Danaë, Parmenio.
Olympius! that the maid,
Whom else thy pow'r had terrified,
thy presents might persuade.

23

34 Zeus gave to Danae gold, so I to thee— Parmenio.
More than a God's a man's gift may not be.

*24

36 Rufinus.
Which of the brilliant three was most with grace and beauty rife,
Had Rodope, and Melite, and Rodocleia strife;
Me for their arbiter they chose. Like Goddesses they stood—
Nectar alone was wanting then—from all sides as I view'd;
But, thro' his judgment, knowing well what troubles Paris found,
Wiser than he, instead of one, I three Immortals crown'd.

25

37 Select a wife, nor thin, nor plump of growth, Do.
But a just medium who keeps 'tween both:
This has too little flesh, and that too much—
A lath, or dumpling equally shun such.

26

42 I like not prude, nor wanton—both are wrong, Do.
This yields too easily, that waits too long.

27

48 Eyes bright as gold, a cheek which crystal shows, Do.
A mouth more precious than the op'ning rose,
Swan-sparkling breasts, an alabaster neck,
And fairer feet than silver Thetis deck,
E'en in thy locks if thorns a little peep,
Their white stalks spoil not, by thy side, my sleep.

28

50 Two ills are mine—want, love. I bear with want
Bravely, but Cypria! stand thy flame I can't.

29

51 I lov'd, I woo'd, I won;
She lov'd me—it is done!
How, when, or where, and who,
The Goddess only knew.

*30

56 Rose-lips whence eloquence aye-varying flows— Dioscorides.
Soul-melting portals nectar mouths which close—

Orbs, which, 'neath ebon eyebrows, lightning dart—
Hair, whose fine threads enmesh and snare my heart—
And, sweeter than flow'r-buds, twin breasts, milk-white,
Lovely, well-shap'd—these madden me outright.
But cease we such vain babblings; for of old
The reeds, wind-shaken, Midas' secret told.

*31

57 If Love the soul which swims in fire, burn oft, Meleager.
'T will fly, unhappy one, on wings aloft.

32

58 Slay, Eros! an' thou wilt, thy thrall; Archias.
Empty on me thine arrows all,
Leave of thy notched darts not one;
So, when my single death is done,
Wanting to shoot some other, Dolt!
Thou'lt not have left thyself a bolt.

33

59 Vain hope to fly from Eros—wings to feet Do.
Measure our chance—what marvel we are beat?

34

62 Time has not quench'd thy loveliness; still cling Rufinus.
To thee best tokens of thy life's sweet spring:
With thee the Graces grow not old: the rose
Suffuseth yet of thy glad breasts the snows.
How many hearts thy heav'nly beauty erst
Consum'd, when thy youth's bud in blossom burst!

64 *35 Asclepiades.
Snow! hail! cast darkness round! with lightnings burn!
Shake the big clouds all earth which livid turn!
Kill me! and then I'll cease; but, if you let
Me live, tho' on my head worse terrors yet
Than these be portion'd, I will revel still.
A God, great Zeus! your master, at his will,
Draws me, once lur'd by whom yourself could pass,
As gold, thro' nuptial chambers of strong brass.

36

65 Zeus went to Ganymede divine
in eagle form of yore;

For Helen's mother, the brunette,
a swan's the shape he wore.
Verily! each was excellent,
yet, of the two, some deem
This, or that, better, but alike
to me both pleasant seem.

36[a]

66 O bliss! my Prodiche alone to see; Rufinus.
I knelt, embracing her ambrosial knee:
"Save, save a wretch, already all but dead,
And give me back life's parting breath" I said.
She wept to hear—but soon, her sorrows o'er,
Her lily hands soft pointed me the door.

*37

67 As baits without a hook bring nothing in, Capiton.
So beauty without graces fails to win.

*38

68 O cancel, Eros! this pain-pow'r of love, Lucillius, Polemon.
Or add the pleasure-pow'r of being lov'd;
So may vain passion cease in me to move,
Or, O may others yet by me be mov'd. [53]

39

69 Pallas and golden-sandal'd Hera gaz'd Rufinus.
On Mæonis, till each a heart-sigh rais'd:
"Our charms once bar'd we to a shepherd judge,
Twice to be found less fair we well may grudge."

70 40 Do.
Of Cypris thou the beauty hast, Persuasion's melting pow'rs,
Calliope's sweet voice, the bloom and body of spring Hours,
Athene's hands, of Themis pure the sage and sober mind.
—In sooth with thee, fair Phile mine! four Graces now we find.

41

72 This, this is life, lux'ry is life. Away Do.
Ye sorrows! short in mortal life our stay.
Now is Lyæus, hymns and dances now,
Now wreathed flow'rs and lovely woman's brow;
Let me the goods of life to-day secure,
To-morrow is to no one ever sure.

73 *42 Rufinus.

Ye Gods! I knew not that the form was Cytherea's there
Bathing, whose hands adown her neck had loos'd the lovely hair;
Forgive my fault, if such it were, nor, Mistress! with mine eyes
Be angry, that a godlike form by chance I did surprise;
—I know it now; not Cypris 't was, but Rodocleia mine;
Whence was the beauty then? Hast thou stript even the Divine?

*43

74 A wreath I send for Rodocleia's hair, Do.
Twin'd by my hands of fragrant flow'rs and fair,
The lily, rose, anemone dew-wet,
Narcissus pale and purple violet;
Wear it, but O! all pride apart be laid,
Thy youth, now blooming, flow'r-like, too, shall fade.

*44

76 With lovely flesh and vernal breasts erewhile, Do.
Well-ancled, tall, fine brows and hair and smile,
Chang'd now by time, old age and hoary hairs,
Of her once self not e'en the dream she bears;
Her hair another's, and with wrinkled face
Such as e'en scarce in monkeys old we trace.

45

78 I had my soul upon my lips, Plato.
while kissing Agathon,
Longtried, it mounted hers to meet
as both at last were one.

79 46 Do.

I pelt thee with an apple, Fair! if true love stir in thee,
Receive it willingly, and yield thy maiden charms to me;
If pond'ring still to give or keep, this thought at last persuade,
Tho' youth and beauty now are thine, how quickly both must fade!

47

80 I am an apple. One who well loves thee, Do.
Xanthippe! in thy sweetest lap throws me.
Take, keep me. I'm love's emblem. I and thou
Both waste away. Consent, be happy now! [198.]

*48

81 Rosa! the rose's grace is thine—but tell, Dionysius.
Thyself, thy flow'rs, or both at once, would'st sell?

83-'4 *49

Would I had been a summer wind, and thou, with bosom bare,
Advancing to the light had'st felt me gently breathing there!
Would I had been a blushing rose, the bliss that I might know
Grac'd by thy tender touch to be, and press thy breast of snow!
Would I had been a lily sweet, cull'd by thy sweetest hands,
Which, in vain rivalry, upon its billowy whiteness stands!

50

85 Thy maiden flow'r still treasuring—for what good? Asclepiades.
In Hades, Girl! thou'lt find no lover nigh;
The joys of Cypris are for flesh and blood—
Virgin! but bones and dust in Ach'ron lie.

51

86 Be favourable, Phœbus dear! Claudianus.
tho' drawing a swift bow,
Thyself by Eros wounded wert,
whose shafts as swiftly go.

87 52 Rufinus.

Melissias denies her love: and yet, in all her frame,
As if Love's quiver centred there each act and air proclaim;
Her flushing cheek, her falt'ring pace, the panting of her breath,
The tell-tale hollow of her eyes confess delicious death.
By Venus, the well-garlanded, thy mother, O Desire!
Inflame the rebel till she say "My very soul's on fire."

53

88 Venus! with equal fire make both hearts burn, Do.
Else quench, and cause thy flame from mine to turn.

54

89 This is not love, when captiv'd hearts persuade Argentarius.
Her to possess whose form all graces aid:
But if, a plain face seen, of love the fire
Fill the gone heart, enkindling mad desire,
This, this is love, a flame. Fair things delight
Equally all who judge of form aright.

*55

90 As who, to Bacchus, Bacchus' stream
pours in libation free,

So myrrh administ'ring to myrrh
I send sweet myrrh to thee.

56

91 Sweet myrrh to thee I send, thus fav'ring myrrh,
Not thee, who sweetness can'st on it confer.

57

92 Proud of her beauty, Rodope, whene'er Rufinus.
I greet her, answers with disdainful stare:
Deck I with wreaths her door, in passion's heat
She treads them down with her disdainful feet:
Merciless Age! old wrinkles! to mine aid
Come quickly, and cold Rodope persuade.

58

93 Against Love am I arm'd with reason's shield, Do.
And, one to one, he'll never find me yield,
God tho' he be 'gainst man. But one to two,
If Bacchus second him, what can I do?

*59

94 Do.
Thine, Melite! are Hera's eyes, the breasts of Paphia sweet,
The white arms of Athene, and of Thetis the small feet;
Blessed is he who saw thee, and who heard thee is thrice-blest,
Who lov'd thee is a Demi-God, a God who thee carest.

60

95 Two Venuses, and Muses ten;
and Graces four there be,
For Venus, Muse and Grace at once,
meet, Dercylis! in thee.

61

96 Meleager.
Like bird-lime is Timarion's kiss, her eyes are flaming fires,
He who but touches it is caught, who looks on them expires.

62

97 If equally 'gainst either breast, Rufinus.
Thine arrows, Love! thou brandishest,
Thou art a God. But if at one
Thou aimest only, thou art none.

*63

98 Cypris! thy bow and arrows take, Archias.
Aim, leisurely, at others make,
For I'm so full of shafts, in me
No spot is left where wound may be.

64

100 If any me would blame, knowing that I
Roam as Love's lacquey, having in mine eye
Ensnaring bird-lime, let him also know
That Zeus who is above, Hades below,
And the stout Sceptre-bearer of the waves,
Have all of fierce desire in turn been slaves.
If such the Gods, while learning but their deeds,
What wrong do I, who follow where God leads.

65

103 How long, cold Prodiche! in thy deaf ears Rufinus.
Mercy must I implore on bended knee?
Age on thy brow its silver ensign rears—
As Hecuba to Priam thou to me!

*66

106 Old nurse of youthful beauty! why Diotimus.
Thus snarl at me approaching nigh,
And, twice as many pains to tell,
Harshly all intercourse repel?
A virgin very fair you lead,
In whose sweet steps I only tread.
See! never from my path I stir,
Enough my joy to gaze on her:
E'en *that* you grudge me, and rebuke,
—Yet e'en the Gods permit to look.

67

107 Him to love much who loves me, Sweet! I know, Philodemus.
And who has bit me him to bite also.
Pain not who loves thee well, nor seek to make
The Nine against thee in fierce anger wake.
Long have I warn'd and loudly, but on thee
My words fell vain as on Ionia's sea.
Now, an' thou wilt, bawl on, tho' sore distrest,
While I recline, in bliss, on Naia's breast.

*68

108 Alas ! what first to say, what last to show ? Crinagoras.
Alas ! sole true word in life's every woe :
Gone art thou, dearest wife ! whose beauty held
The wond'ring gaze, whose pure soul all excell'd.
Truly thy name was Prote : all had place
Second to thine inimitable grace.

69

110 Boy ! for Lysidiche ten glasses pour, Argentarius.
And one for lov'd Euphrante fill for me.
Say you that I Lysidiche love more ?
No ! by the sweet wine which I drain so free ;
The moon's sole light is many stars above,
So, one to ten, Euphrante in my love !

111 70 Antiphilus.
I said, and long ago, while yet Terinna's love-charms were
But young, to woman as she grew, we all should burn for her ;
Loud at my prophesy they laugh'd. But now, behold the hour
Whereof I spake, tho' long myself have felt its fiery pow'r.
What shall I do ? To look on her from all sides flames assail,
To flee is care, yet virgin pure to follow is to fail. [79.]

71

112 I've lov'd and revell'd—who has not ?—and been Philodemus.
Mad, for no God. 'T was folly all, I ween.
The messengers of sober age, instead
Of black, white hairs already strew my head.
We play'd, when time it was to play ; but now
We play no more, and better thoughts avow.

72

113 Being rich, you loves had many, Argentarius.
Being poor, you're without any.
Stale the truth, the reason sure,
Poverty is passion's cure.
Wonder not that now to her,
Who call'd you late her very myrrh,
Her beautiful, her own Adonis,
Your name, Sosicrates ! scarce known is ;
With a cold unconscious stare,
She asks " Who, whence, your country where ?"

Old the lesson is tho' hard,
Failing purse, of friends debarr'd.

73

117 Me fair Cornelius inflames : I dread Q. Mæcius.
Lest from this little light great fire is bred.

118 74 Argentarius.

Albeit, sweet-smelling Isias ! thou'rt sweet as tenfold myrrh,
Rise and receive in thy dear hands the chaplet I confer ;
Fresh its each flow'r and fragrant now, and very fair to see,
But ah ! the symbol of thine youth, ere morn 't will faded be.

75

119 To left or right, upon thy lonely bed, Crinagoras.
Turning at will, Crinagoras ! thy head,
Unless reclin'd the sweet Gemella bless
Thy side, thou hast not rest but restlessness.

76

121 My love, Philænium, is petite and brown, Philodemus.
With crispy curls and softer skin than down,
Sweeter than Beauty's cestus when she speaks,
Freely she gives me all, and little seeks.
Such a Philænium may I love until,
O golden Cypris ! comes a better still.

77

115 With Paphian Demo—here I tell Do.
No wonder—first in love I fell ;
Demo of Samos was my second—
That too no great thing need be reckon'd—
And, of my lady-loves, as third,
Ionian Demo was preferr'd :
And fourthly—for of those all were
But pretty playthings—after her
Bright Demo came of Argolis.
Surely the Fates determin'd this,
Since Philo-Demos is my name,
My sweethearts all as Demos came,
For with a warm desire my breast,
Some Demo fair has aye possest.

78

123 Shine crescent Moon! of night-long revels fond, Philodemus.
Shine forth our wide and well-wrought doors beyond,
Shine on the rare Callistion. No ill-will
At lovers' bliss immortal breast can fill;
Bless us, O Moon! bless her and me to-night;
In thy soul too Endymion flames did light.

79

124 Not yet of blossoms is thy summer free, Do.
Nor is the grape—the bosom-beauty first
Lik'ning of lovely maid—yet full to burst.
But the young Loves e'en now, Lysidiché!
Sharpen their swift darts, and the secret fire
Is smould'ring. Weak to combat with desire,
Flee we, his shaft ere Eros fix in aim,
For soon I prophesy a mighty flame!

80

130 Wherefore disconsolate, Philænis! why Q. Mæcius.
These tresses torn by fits, this tearful eye?
Say! is his love less single now and sure?
Tell me. For sorrow we possess a cure.
Silent you weep: in vain would you conceal,
More than the tongue those tell-tale looks reveal.

81

131 Xanthippe's lyre and speech, her eyes and song, Philodemus.
This kindling flame, will me consume ere long.
But whence, or when, or how, I have not learnt,
Too late, sad soul! thou'lt know, when wholly burnt.

132 82 Do.
O fairy foot! O shapely leg! O tempting taper thigh!
O comely back! O clipsome waist! with ivory which vie;
O shoulders soft! O budding breasts! O neck of swan-like fall!
O lovely hands! O lustrous eyes! for which I madden all,
O gestures of transcendant grace! O kisses! sweeter far
Than nectar, and, O voice! to which my senses victims are—
Tho' ignorant and rustic she, nor such as Sappho sung,
For dusky Andromede of Ind fierce love Perseus stung.

83

133 I swore, by Cytherea! I would stay — Q. Mæcius.
Two whole suns from Hedyllium's side away:
One now is past; nay, if thou laugh'st—for so
To me it seem'd—my wretched state to know,
A second such I'll not endure to live.
Here to the winds my silly oaths I give.
Better be impious for her sake, than die
For thine, O thou Rever'd one! piously.

*84

134 The dew-like wine, Cecropian flagon! pour: — Poseidippus.
Dew-like our drinking be by common score.
Zeno! wise swan, Cleanthes' Muse! be still,
The bitter-sweet of love cures all our ill.

85

136 Fill high the glass–again–again–again — Meleager.
To Heliodora's health its ruby drain:
Mingle her sweet name with the gen'rous wine,
And round my glist'ning brow the garland twine,
Which yesterday, of dewy odours full,
'T was mine, in memory of her, to cull.
How weeps the rose, by lovers lov'd, to see
Her bright form elsewhere than, as wont, with me!

86

137 Pour forth for Heliodora sweet, — Do.
In whom Persuasion, Beauty meet;
Pour forth again—with them I trace
In her a sweetly-prattling Grace;
And ever in my mind these three
Centred in her, one Goddess, be,
Whose lov'd name mingling, joy is mine
To drain this undiluted wine.

87

138 Athenion sang to me the fatal horse, — Dioscorides.
All Troy in flames, and with it I of course,
The ten years' labours of the Greeks despis'd,
Trojans and self in that one night surpris'd.

88

139 By Pan of Arcady I swear Meleager.
Thy strain, Zenophila ! is sweet ;
A tender song, a thrilling air—
Where shall I from such spells retreat ?
On every side Loves hover round,
E'en time to breathe is scarcely found,
Either your music, or your grace,
Or form so wake in me desire,
Or from the matchless all I trace,
I burn, I burn with liquid fire.

89

141 Apollo's harp, by Eros ! sounds less dear Do.
Than Heliodora's seraph voice to hear.

90

142 Rose-wreath ! on Dionysia's brow,
Adorns it thee, or her dost thou ?
Which shines the fairer ? To mine eyes
Discomfited the rose-wreath lies.

91

143 The garland fades on Heliodora's brow ; Meleager.
She shines herself the garland's garland now.

92

144 Now bloom white vi'lets, daffodils bloom now, Do.
Bloom lilies too, which love the upland's brow,
And now, 'mid all the flow'rs herself best flow'r,
The sweet rose of Persuasion blooms in pow'r,
Where young Zenophila, of loving friends
The pride and joy, her radiant presence lends.
In em'rald robes outlaugh the vernal meads,
But sure the maid their sweetest wreath exceeds!

145 93 Asclepiades.
There hanging, garlands mine! the portal crown,
Nor shake with froward haste your fresh leaves down,
Wet with my tears—such lovers' eyes still pour ;
But him when ye behold, as opes the door,
Drop on his head this rain of mine, that so
His auburn hair my grief may better know.

146 94 Callimachus.

Four are the Graces. With the well-known three,
Beauteous and blest, Bernice now we see
Enroll'd, of all the envy, dropping myrrh,
The Graces are not Graces wanting her!

95

140 Zenophila! the sweet-song'd Nine Meleager.
Gave to thy hand their lyre divine;
To thee did young Persuasion teach
Her sprightly and seducing speech;
Love beauty lent as guide to be,
With sceptre of Desire, to thee,
And the three Graces on thy head
Their triple favours fondly shed.

*96

147 I'll twine fair violets; with myrtles green Do.
I'll twine the young narcissus, and, between,
Sweet crocuses and laughing lilies too
I'll twine, and eke the hyacinth's soft blue,
And roses, lov'd by lovers, will I twine,
That, as, on Heliodora's brow divine,
Her balmy tresses their bright tints enwreathe,
Ringlets and flow'rs may rival sweets upbreathe.

97

148 Verily! Heliodora prattling sweet Do.
Doth by her grace the very Graces beat.

98

149 Zenophila my prattling mistress who— Do.
One of the Graces three—gave first to view?
Sure! 't is of all the kindest act, which gives,
As gift to me, the Grace in grace which lives.

99

151 Ye shrill and shameless Gnats! who suck man's blood, Do.
Ye two-wing'd enemies! night's hungry brood,
Grant to Zenophile a short calm sleep,
And on my flesh and limbs your banquet reap.

Why speak in vain? e'en wild beasts unappeas'd,
When cherish'd on a dainty skin are pleas'd.
Take warning, cease your boldness, evil bands!
Or know the pow'r of blows from jealous hands.

100

152 Fly, Gnat! swift messenger, and touch—O bliss! Meleager.
Zenophila's soft ear, and whisper this:
"Sleepless he waits: thou, sleeping, dost deny
His love." Fly quick, O fond of music! fly.
—Yet soft, lest rous'd her bedfellow should be
To the worst pains of jealousy by me;
Gnat! bring but her, and I'll a lion's hide
Give thee, and club to carry by thy side.

*101

153 Pet of the Loves, Nicareté's sweet mien, Asclepiades.
Which oft thro' windows high was flashing seen,
Dear Cypris! at thy porch the star-bright ray
Of Cleophon's dear look has pin'd away.

*102

154 By Cypris! from the smiling waves who came, Meleager.
Miss Fair is fair by nature as by name.

103

155 Soul of my soul, Love's self in this fond breast Do.
Sweet-prattling Heliodora has imprest.

104

156 Asclepias, dear to love, with soft bright eye Do.
Lures, like a calm, all sails Love's sea to try.

105

157 Sharp against Eros Heliodora's nails, Do.
For even to the core their scratch assails.

106

158 As once, with soft Hermione I play'd, Asclepiades.
Paphian! her zone with divers flow'rs array'd,
Gold letters o'er it had, profuse and plain,
"Love me, yet grieve not if another gain."

107

162 Fatal Philænion wounded me. The pain Asclepiades.
Tingles all thro' me, tho' the wound 's not plain.
Lost am I, Loves ! undone and lost. I sought
A mistress blindly who to Hades brought.

108

163 Bee ! who liv'st bright flow'rs within, Meleager
Why, for Heliodora's skin,
Leave the buds of spring that blow ?
Surely ! 't is of love to show
Honey sweet and bitter smart
Hardly borne by human heart.
Such, O Bee ! to lovers dear,
Is, methinks, thine errand here ;
Hie thee back ! thou hast but told
Secret known to us of old.

109

164 Be witness, Night !—I call no other name Asclepiades.
Of Gods—how Pythia, Nico's saucy child,
A false friend, me insulted and beguil'd ;
Not uninvited, I invited came.
Grant me that, cheated thus, she suffer too,
And, standing at my door, find fault with you.

110

165 O Mother of the Gods ! lov'd, honour'd Night ! Meleager.
Trusty co-roamer in my revelry !
If rival e'er, at Heliodora's right,
Inflame, or melt, the sleep-beguiler by,
Extinguish'd be the lamp, and tossing, he
A new Endymion in her bosom be !

*111

166 Do.
O Night ! O sleepless fond regret for Heliodora's sake !
O segments sweet of treach'rous morns ! ye smiles and tears now wake ;
Lives any remnant of our loves, or is the embrace of erst,
Whose mem'ry should be warm, alone in some cold copy nurst ?

Weeps she who partner'd then my couch ? my presence does she miss,
And to her loving bosom in soul-cheating visions kiss ?
But plaything new of a new love, if now she lie, O Link !
Look not on her, nor guard her bed, who could so vilely sink.

*112

167 Rain ! Night ! and—triple torment love to try— Meleager.
Cold Boreas ! while, alone, in wine, am I,
But a fair girl lures stronger. " Thus, of yore,
Thou cam'st, ne'er silent at a single door "—
So shouted I, wet thro'—" O Zeus ! how long ?
Kind Zeus ! O cease, thy love-fire too was strong."

113

168 With fire and snow, yet more, with lightning smite,
Drag me to stormy sea or headlong height,
Whom Love has tam'd, who faints with life's long ill,
Not e'en Jove's fire, against him hurl'd, can kill.

114

169 Sweet drink to thirst is snow in summer : sweet Asclepiades.
To sailors after storm spring flow'rs to meet,
But sweeter far when fav'ring night conceals
Young lovers fond, whose full bliss Cypria seals.

115

170 Nothing is more sweet than love, Nossis.
All the joys of wealth above,
Honey e'en I cast aside.
So says Nossis, who has tried.
Who's unlov'd by Cypris fair,
Knows not what her roses are.

*116

171 Brightly the goblet smiles, since rested here Meleager.
Zenophila's sweet mouth, to Love so dear.
How blest would she to mine her roselips place,
And drink my soul out in their long embrace.

172 117 Do.
O Morning Dawn ! to lovers harsh, around our couch—just now
While blest in darling Demo's arms—so early standest thou ?

Ah! would, thy rapid course revers'd, thou wert the star of night;
Haply to others sweet, to me most hostile is thy light;
Well wot I that in old times thus alert thou wert not, when
Jupiter with Alcmene lay, but skill'd in turning then.

118

173 Foe to my love, why, Morn! so slowly rise, Meleager.
Now in a rival's arms when Demo lies?
But when I cherish'd the slim girl in mine,
Thy early light rejoic'd on me to shine.

119

174 Do.
Thou sleep'st Zenophila! fair plant, O would that I might creep
Gently upon thy dove-like eyes in soft and wingless sleep,
So he who seals the lids of Zeus may never fall on thee,
And I, unrivall'd and alone, thy slumber-soother be.

120

176 Terrible, terrible Love! To mine oft grief, Do.
Terrible tho' I call him, what relief?
Surely! as by abuse his life were nurst,
The boy laughs at me, pleas'd when treated worst.
Much marvel I how Cypris, first who came
From the blue wave, produc'd from water flame!

121

177 Take notice! Flying from his bed away, Do.
Eros, wild boy, is lost since break of day.
Much prattles he, and weeps as tho' he smil'd,
With sweet tears and sly laugh, a quick bold child,
Wings on his back, and quiver furnish'd well,
But of what father born I cannot tell;
For neither Air, nor Sea, nor yet the Earth
Own that they gave the saucy urchin birth:
Hated by ev'ry one; his fatal nets
Beware lest somehow on your souls he sets.
He can't be far. Lo! there the archer lies,
Laughing, Zenophila! in those bright eyes.

122

178 Let him be sold, in rosy rest Do.
While slumb'ring on his mother's breast.

Let him be sold. Why should I rear
A boy so bold who mars all cheer ?
Cunning of leer, with folded wings,
And venom'd nails, each breast he stings ;
Amid his sorrow smiling still,
Turn'd never from his naughty will,
Of restless tongue, keen look and wild,
In ev'rything a wondrous child,
By his dear mother uncontroll'd,
The saucy fellow must be sold.
If any traders list'ning are
Who, starting soon and sailing far,
Would buy him—What, Boy ! bath'd in tears,
With suppliant gesture ? Cease thy fears ;
Be cheer'd, I will not sell thee. Stay
With lov'd Zenophile alway.

*123

179 I swear by Cypris, Love ! in flames to throw Meleager.
Your all, your Scythian quiver and your bow ;
Yes, they shall burn. Why thus, with mocking mien
And silly smile, a grinning Satyr seen ?
Sardonic be the laugh which wreathes your lip !
For surely I your quick wings close will clip—
The guides of gay desires—and chains of brass,
Riveted strong, around your feet shall pass.
Yet fatal were such victory ! you to keep,
Dwelling so near my soul, a lynx o'er sheep.
Cease, hard to conquer ! your light sandals take,
And with swift wing your way to others make.

124

180 No wonder Love his arrows breathing flame, Do.
Bold-eyed, with bitter scorn, on man should aim !
Lov'd not his mother Mars ? Is she not wife
Of Vulcan, thus akin to fire and strife ?
And does not Ocean, who that mother bore,
Lash'd by the howling winds, tempestuous roar ?
Sire had he none, and he of none is sire,
Hence he alike possesses Vulcan's fire,
Cherishes anger equal to the storm,
And wields Mars' weapons with man's heart-blood warm.

125

182 Dorcas ! this message give : tell her again, Meleager.
Twice, thrice—be sure, good Dorcas ! all my pain,
Run, fly, delay not. Yet a little stay,
Dorcas ! a little. Whither haste away,
Ere, Dorcas ! all be told ? Yes, add this more–
Alas ! I doat—to what I said before :
Say nothing wholly—but that—nothing miss,
Nor spare yourself from telling her all this.
Yet, Dorcas ! why should you my message bear,
When, see, I'm walking with you—and we're there.

*126

187 Dorcas ! to young Lycænis say : Do.
" See how your love is led astray,
Tho' Art the false cheek well have dyed,
A feign'd love not e'en Time can hide."

188 *127 Leonidas.
Eros is sweet—I wrong him not, but Cypris' self attest,
How of his bow the treach'rous horn has pierc'd my naked breast.
I burn to ashes. One on one, the fiery shafts he sends,
Nor even for a little while his arrowy tempest ends.

128

189 A long rough night, the Pleiades half set, Asclepiades.
I to my threshold am returning wet,
Love-craz'd for that false fair. Cypris my heart
With love has pierc'd not but fire's painful dart.

129

190 Love's bitter wave—jealousy's restless gale— Meleager.
A stormy sea of revels—all assail
And sweep me on, with helmless hopeless mind
A Scylla sure in Tryphera to find.

194 130 Poseidippus, Asclepiades.
The Loves themselves from Cypria's golden home
Beheld the delicate Irenion come,
From head to foot a holy germ, as wrought
Of marble, with all maiden Graces fraught,
Then, with fair hands their purple bowstrings bent,
Against young hearts they many arrows sent.

131

195 Symbol of three-fold charms, a triple crown Meleager.
The Graces for Zenophila brought down :
One with desire her mien, her form one drest
With love ; and to her speech one music taught,
Thrice Fortunate ! her bed fair Cypris blest,
Her tongue Persuasion, Eros beauty brought.

132

196 Love on Zenophile has beauty shed, Do.
Cypris all charms which bless the mutual bed,
And grace the Graces show'r upon her head.

133

197 Do.
Now by the ringlets, dear to love, of Timo with bright locks,
And by myrrh-breathing Demo's skin whose softness slumber mocks ;
By the lov'd breasts of Ilias, and by the wakeful link
Which ever of my revels loves the melodies to drink ;
A little breath is still, O Love ! left on these lips of mine—
If this thou wishest too, say so—in life's last gasp I'm thine.

*134

198 Ancles of Heliodora ! Timo's curls ! Do.
And, breathing myrrh, Timarion's portal-pearls !
Voluptuous smile of Anticle full-eyed !
Dora's white brow ! where wreaths late bloom'd in pride.
Love ! thy gold-quiver now no winged dart
Conceals—all, all are centred in my heart.

135

209 Poseidippus, Asclepiades.
Paphian ! Cleander from thy shore beheld
Fair Nico swim 'mid waves which round her swell'd ;
Love in his bosom for the half-drown'd maid
Lit the dry fuel there so long which laid.
He stood, as shipwreck'd, on that beach, which gave
To her kind welcome from the salt-sea wave :
Both felt like love-thirst soon. Thus not in vain
His pray'rs on land for her on that wild main.

136

210 Slav'd by dear Didyme, alas ! I melt Asclepiades.
Like wax to fire, her beauty so is felt :
Tho' black she be, what then ? e'en charcoal glows,
If we but warm it, like the very rose.

*137

211 Why urge me, tears and revels ! on ? Posidippus.
Why follows Venus Venus gone ?
Ere from one fire my foot I raise
I fall into some other blaze :
I never cease from love. New pain
From Aphrodite drives again
Where precipice on precipice
Leads to worse suffering e'en than this.

138

212 Love's echo still is sounding in mine ear, Meleager.
Love softly melts mine eyes in dew most dear ;
Nor night, nor day bring ease, but in my breast
Love-philtres have one well-known form imprest.
Wing'd Loves ! who know so well the weak heart's track,
Have ye no pow'r a brief while to fly back ?

214 *139 Do.
Love in the tennis-court I train'd to play. Apt scholar, He
Throws, Heliodora ! to your hand the heart which bounds in me.
Come, ere it fall, receive Desire as playfellow. Aloof
If me you cast, I will not brook th' unmerited reproof.

140

215 Pity, O Love ! my suppliant muse, I pray, Do.
For Heliodore my sleepless flame allay :
Yes, by thy bow which knows no other aim,
But ever pours wing'd shafts against my frame,
Me if you kill, these lines I'll leave to tell,
" Stranger ! beneath Love's murd'ring hands I fell."

*141

216 Lover ! who would'st in wooing thrive, beware Agathias.
Of breathless awe, nor stoop to abject prayer :
Keep thine own counsel, use a wise neglect,
Careless thy glances, and thy brow erect :

To smile at tears, with breaking hearts to play,
To slight the arrogant is woman's way :
Who well combines the sighing and sublime,
Love's brightest triumphs crown him in all time.

142

219 Rodope ! steal we kisses, the soft hours, Paul Sil.
Long-sought, well-won, by Cypris lent, are ours :
So to lie hid, all prying eyes to cheat,
Stol'n loves are more than sanction'd pleasures sweet.

143

221 How long, concealing thus our looks of flame, Do.
Shall each at other furtive glances aim ?
Tell we aloud our cares : if any let
The soft ties of a bond which soothes regret,
Be this good sword a cure to both. How sweet
In life or death a common lot to meet !

*144

222 If, quill in hand, e'er touch'd her harp, this maid Agathias.
E'en 'gainst Terpsichore she might have play'd :
And spoke she ever with loud tragic tone,
Her voice Melpomene's deep swell had shown ;
In beauty's trial, judge tho' Paris were,
Cypris herself had vanquisht been by her.
But softly, Friend ! lest Bacchus hear, and feel
For Ariadne's bed his ancient zeal.

*145

223 O Day Star ! wrong not Eros ; let there be, Macedonius.
Thus near to Mars, no pitiless heart in thee ;
But, as, when erst with Clymene the Sun,
Thou did'st not from the East with swift course run,
So come to me, longing for her whose light
Slow comes, and stay a long Cimmerian night.

*146

224 At will, wound any other part, Do.
But, Eros ! spare my brain and heart.

147

225 I feel love as a sore—whence ichor flows Do.
In tears—a wound which never healing knows.

In this my suff'ring helpless, to my pray'r
Not e'en Machäon sure relief could bear :
I Telephus, thou, Girl ! Achilles true,
Thy beauty caus'd my love-wound, cure it too.

*148

226 Love's nectar will ye drink, O Eyes ! how long Paul. Sil.
Of undiluted beauty tipplers strong ?
Flee far, while yet ye may ! In calmer hour
We'll milk-libations to mild Venus pour ;
But if, e'en there, this madd'ning sting adheres,
O then at least be moisten'd with cold tears.
Just are your suff'rings ever, since, alas !
From you to these devouring flames I pass.

149

227 We pluck vines yearly, nor does any one, Macedonius.
Cutting the ripe bunch down, the tendril shun ;
But thee, the rosy-arm'd, my care's one shrine,
These stout arms, as a flexile band, entwine.
So love I cull, nor care to stay for Spring,
Or Summer, since to thee all graces cling.
May'st thou be ever young, but, if a stray
Wrinkle be seen, I'll bear it, as love may.

150

228 For whom wilt thou thy hair in tendrils twine, Paul. Sil.
Pare thy pink nails, and flash thy fingers fine ?
Why deck thy garments with the sea-shell dye,
When thou to Rodope no more art nigh ?
I wish not, Rodope unseen, to see
The golden beams of bright Heripole.

151

229 A swain a weeping Niobe once saw, Macedonius.
And wonder'd how a stone in tears could thaw !
While thro' the haze of ling'ring night I moan,
Euippe pities not, a living stone.
Our grief from love, sole cause and channel, flows
Her children Niobe, myself my woes.

*152

230 Plucking of her gold locks a single hair, Paul. Sil.
Me, as her captive, Doris hand-bound there.
I laugh'd at first, thinking to break the chain
Of lovely Doris easily in twain ;
But, when I could not, a deep groan I gave,
Bound, as with links of brass, for aye her slave ;
And now, thrice-wretched, I am often led,
As wills my mistress, by a single thread.

153

231 Equally blooming with the Graces Macedonius.
Thy mouth, and as May-flow'rs thy face is :
Thine eyes as those of Paphia glow ;
Thine arms are, round the harp, as snow ;
Those eyes from mine have stol'n the light ;
Thy song mine ears has ravish'd quite ;
Before thy feet the bright and young
As slaves, from ev'ry side, are flung.

154

232 Kissing Hippomene my fancy clung Paul. Sil.
To Xanthe : while on Xanthe's lips I hung,
Leandra's image in my breast I bore,
And while Leandra pressing to my core,
Back to Hippomene my soul return'd.
Cold to each fair for whom so late I burn'd,
All whom I have I hate : with constant change
My inconstant arms from one to other range,
Till fixt by some rich love : if any chide
Let her, in want, remain of one the bride.

155

234 I, erst in youth with spirit hard and proud, Do.
Who madd'ning Paphia's dear laws disavow'd,
Stranger to love's life-scorching arrows, now
Cypris ! to thee my neck in mid-age bow.
Welcome me ! now o'er Pallas victor more,
Than for the Hesperian fruit thou wast of yore.

156

235 Thou cam'st to my desire, unhop'd, and hast Macedonius.
Dash'd down, thro' wonder, all my fancies past.

I thrill ; my deep heart with a fierce controul
Swells, and the wave of Cypris chokes my soul.
Shining from land upon thy shipwreckt slave,
Within thy haven shelter me and save !

157

236 Haply of Tantalus the penal throes Paul. Sil.
In Acheron, are lighter than my woes ;
He, shedding floods of tears, could, nathless, sip,
When seen thy beauty, with his lips thy lip,
Sweet as the rose-leaf, but he fear'd to view
The stone above, and could not die anew.
I with love's fever waste away alive,
And, sinking thro' long weakness, scarce survive.

*158

237 All the long night I moan ; but, when the blest Agathias.
Morn would bring back a little welcome rest,
The twitt'ring swallows throw me into tears,
And honied heavy slumber disappears,
My glist'ning eyes roll round, my bosom burns,
As its each thought upon Rodanthe turns.
Cease, envious chatt'rers ! 'twas not I who wrung
From lips all gory Philomela's tongue :
Thro' the far hills lost Itylus bemoan,
Or with the hoopoe wail on seat of stone.
So may I sleep awhile, and, in soft dream,
Clasp'd in Rodanthe's arms perchance may seem.

*159

238 *A* Why thus, with sword unsheath'd ? Macedonius.
B By you I swear,
Maid ! not that Cypris any wrong may bear.
I would but show how Mars, when most in rage,
The spells of gentle Cypris can assuage.
'T is of my love the fellow-trav'ller true,
Nor want I mirror else myself to view.
A Beautiful as Love's self !
B If me you leave,
This sword my bosom instantly will cleave.

160

239 The strength of the fierce fire extinguish'd, I Paul. Sil.
Am scorcht no more, but, Paphia! shiv'ring lie.
Already thro' my brain, and bones, and flesh,
This sharp love, eating all, pants—creeps afresh.
Its victims all consum'd, the altar-fire
Will, wanting wood, of cold itself expire.

161

240 I follow love with gold: for not by spade, Macedonius.
Nor by the plough, the works of bees are made;
But gold, best workman, in the dewy Spring
The honey of the Foam-born knows to bring.

162

241 Rising to say "Farewell," in vain I tried Paul. Sil.
To speak, and, moveless, linger by thy side,
Whence absence seems as terrible to be
As the dark night of Acheron to me.
For like the day thy light; ah! heard no more
Its magic now, that seraph voice restore,
Sweeter than are the songs which Sirens sing,
To which the best hopes of my fond soul cling.

163

244 A soft kiss Demo gives, but Doris bites, Do.
Daphne's is loud and long. Which most excites?
Ears judge not kisses; but, all three mouths tried
And tasted round, the pebble shall decide.
My heart of Demo the soft kisses sips,
And the sweet honey of her dewy lips.
Wander no further, Fool! Abide by these,
She wins the garland fairly, and with ease;
And if another some one else prefer,
Let him—my love from Demo shall not stir.

164

245 Titter and hem a conquest both foreshow; Macedonius.
A gentle nod—in vain you tempt me so:
With mild eyes on the girl who love could scorn,
Never to look again I thrice have sworn.

Play by yourself at kisses : vainly smack
Yourself with naked lips, since lovers lack.
I elsewhere go : for me there others are
As Venus-votaries superior far.

165

246 Soft is the kiss of Sappho, soft and slim Paul. Sil.
Her snowy form's contour, soft ev'ry limb,
But hard as stone her soul ; love only creeps
Far as her lips ; all else the virgin keeps.
The man who will, or can, endure this worst
Would bear with ease of Tantalus the thirst.

*166

247 Macedonius.
Constance ! in act inconstant thou, e'en at thy name's first breath
I thought it beautiful, but thou more cruel art than death ;
From one who loves thee flying still, who loves thee not pursuing,
Until thou fly'st again from him e'en when his love renewing ;
A nimble and well-baited hook, thy mouth, whoe'er would bite,
Dependent on its rosy lips, the trespasser holds tight.

167

248 *A* How could'st thou bear to seize, O Hand all bold ! Paul. Sil.
The golden ringlet and with firm grasp hold ?
Did not low voice and softly shrinking neck,
To rescue the torn lock, thy daring check ?
Now with oft blows thou beat'st thy face in vain,
Ne'er on my breast that palm shall rest again.
B Doom me not, Sweet ! to punishment abhorr'd,
Willingly rather would I meet the sword.

168

250 Sweet to my soul the smile of Lais dear, Do.
Sweet from her eye soft-gliding the warm tear ;
Loud sobb'd she yesterday, while on my breast
Her fair head nestled in familiar rest ;
I kiss'd her, weeping : as a fountain drips,
Fell dewy tears upon our mingling lips ;
" Why dost thou weep ?" she ask'd : " My tears—they fall
Lest thou should'st leave me. Men are perjur'd all !"

169 Irenæus.

Thou roll'st thine eyes, where torches glow the while,
And poutest thy rose-lips in dewy smile,
And, loudly laughing, shak'st thy locks of gold,
Thy hands now gentle which were erst so cold,
But in thy high-neck'd heart, pride still has sway,
Soften'd thou art not, altho' pin'd away.

170

I swore–strange oath–fair Damsel! I would stay Paul. Sil.
Till the twelfth morning from thy side away,
But ah! I could not brook it. Seem'd to me
Tomorrow longer than twelve moons to be.
Sweetheart! implore the Gods these oaths of mine
Stand not against me in their books divine,
And, by thy favours, banish my despair,
Their frowns and thine, ador'd one! who could bear?

171

Shook Galatea in my face her door Do.
At evening, and with boasts revil'd me more:
"Insult should loosen love." In vain she spoke,
Insult but serv'd my mad love to provoke;
Afar from her I swore all day to flee—
Strange! morning saw me straightway at her knee.

172

Thy wrinkles, Phillis! have to me more charms Do.
Than all youth's sap: when clasp'd in my true arms
More love thy heavy hanging breasts engage,
Than the firm bosom of a younger age;
Thine autumn far surpasses others' spring,
Thy snows more warmth than others' summers bring.

173

Wear'st thou a head-band? In love's fire I waste, Do.
Tow'r-bearing Rhea's self in thee is trac'd!
Is thy head bare? Those auburn tresses drive
Sense from my soul which cares not to survive!
Hid'st thou thy flowing locks in snow-white veil?
Flames not a whit less fierce my heart assail.
Thy triple state the Graces three attend,
And its own fire knows ev'ry state to send.

174

261 I love not wine, but, if thou bid'st me drink, Agathias.
First taste, then bring to me, for, if its brink
Thy lips have hallow'd, 't will not easy be,
Sober, a cup-bearer so sweet to flee,
For then the cup conveys to me thy kiss,
And tells me, in my own, of its late bliss.

262 175 Paul. Sil.
Alas ! alas ! how Envy bars the converse honey-sweet
Of youthful hearts, the stolen looks which in frank love would meet ;
So standing near and seeing still that old duenna's gaze—
Thus Argos over Iö watch'd—needs must we feel amaze :
Stand, and look out then, far and long : in vain your heart you rend,
The eye into the secret soul can ne'er its pow'rs extend.

*176

263 Lamp ! never may thy wick a thief display, Agathias.
Nor rain descend my love's return to stay.
Jealous of Venus still, when Hero blest
Her young Leander—Soul ! omit the rest—
In Vulcan's rites it pleas'd thee to partake,
Since vexing Venus eas'd her husband's ache.

177

264 Why blamest thou the green old age of him, Paul. Sil.
Whose locks are grey, whose eyes with tears are dim ?
These of thy passion very playthings be,
Cares, of Desire which ne'er fruition see,
Symbols of darts which inner wounds express,
Works which betray a long night-wakefulness.
Around my loins untimely wrinkles now
Hang, and about my neck the lean skin plough.
Much as for thee the flame-flow'r blooms, so much
My joints grow old by care's limb-with'ring touch :
Be pitiful, be kind : and with new bloom
My head its raven colour shall resume.

*178

265 Phillis, her eyes directed where He sail'd— Cometas.
False roam'd the oath. In faith Demophoon fail'd.

But, Lov'd one ! I am true Demophoon now,
By the seashore : false rover, Phillis ! thou.

*179

266 Whom a mad dog has bitten, in each stream, Paul. Sil.
For him the images of wild beasts teem ;
So madd'ning Love has me with sharp fang bit,
And spoil'd my mind, by madness, of all wit :
The eddying river, and the glist'ning wine,
The blue sea show no form, Belov'd ! but thine.

*180

267 *A* Why sigh ? Agathias.
B I love.
A And whom ?
B A maid.
A Is she
Beautiful ?
B She seem'd beautiful to me.
A Where did you meet her ?
B At a supper first,
On the same couch reclining we convers'd.
A Hope you to gain her ?
B Yes, Friend ! yes ; but I
For private smiles not public favours try.
A Rather you shun a lawful wife. I know
Treasures not ours will ever largest show !
B You know it ?
A You love not ; a lie you tell,
Souls cannot madly love who reason well.

181

268 Let none the bow of tyrant Love fear more : Paul. Sil.
Spent on my heart is all his quiver-store ;
Fear not his wings tho' near : since on my breast
His tiny foot the God in triumph prest,
There, fierce usurper ! fast and firm he clings,
And ever must, for he has clipt his wings.

182

269 With two fair girls—dark night above—was I, Agathias.
Caressing one, carest the other by :

While, greedily, Rose drew me to her kiss,
More rare with Susan was my stolen bliss ;
Careful to cheat—lest lips too loud betray'd—
The jealous anger of each neighbour maid.
Inly I groan'd : To love, and lov'd to be,
Alas ! alike is punishment to me.

183

270 The rose no garland needs, nor thou, dear maid ! Paul. Sil.
Fair veil, nor head-dress with rare gems array'd ;
Pearls fade before thy skin : gold has no glare
To match the splendour of thy flowing hair :
In Indian hyacinths a beauty lies,
Dark-bright, but far inferior to thine eyes :
In thy harmonious honey-breathing grace
And dew-lips, we the Paphian cestus trace.
These all subdue me, and thy dear eyes ope
My single gleam of spirit-soothing hope.

184

271 Old age and fretful illness thus have spoil'd Macedonius.
Her who was once in her own beauty wild,
Who rav'd on gold and gems ; with many a vow
The lovers who swarm'd then desert her now
In shrinking fear ; moon following moon has left
Her of all charms, which once allur'd, bereft.

185

272 Mine arms around thee, and my lips to thine, Paul. Sil.
Love-mad, I revel on thy neck divine ;
But still I toil—not yet all mine the prize—
Waiting a damsel who at last denies :
Half of herself has vow'd to Venus been,
Half to Athene—both I waste between.

186

273 She, with her splendid form erewhile elate, Agathias.
Vain of her wavy curls and queenly gait,
Who in my homage greatly wont to boast,
Wrinkled by age, her pristine charms has lost :
With shrivell'd breast, wan face and wither'd brow,
And lips which mumble, in her dotage, now.
Gray hair the Nemesis of love I call—
Just ! that on haughty beauty first it fall.

*187

274 Love whilom on the warm depths of thy breast, Paul. Sil.
Thressa! the likeness of my form imprest;
Alas! alas! thou spurn'st me now, but still,
Stamp'd on my soul, thy beauties mem'ry fill.
This will I tell alike to Sun and Night,
Until on thee the Cretan judgment light.

188

276 I bring thee, my Betroth'd! a veil where shines Agathias.
Fine-tissued gold in beauty's wavy lines;
Thus, on thy locks. Now let this fair robe rest,
Over thy shoulders on that lily breast;
More on thy breast, that so, enfolding thee,
Its light touch scatter'd on thy bosom be.
This be thy virgin dress; yet still expect
Marriage and children in youth's beauty deckt,
Till I for thee of silver tissue braid
A belt, and hair-net with rare stones inlaid.

189

279 Cleophas long delays: already low Paul. Sil.
Of my third lamp the wick is wasting slow;
Would with its flames were spent my heart's old fires,
So long which burn with sleepless vain desires:
That Venus comes, how often Hesper swears!
But, or for men or Gods, She little cares.

190

280 Suffer you too, Philinna! from desire, Agathias.
Ill, and your sunk eyes dried with inner fire?
Or, haply, slumber you enjoy most sweet,
While all my cares no word nor reck'ning meet?
Like fate may yet be yours, and tears may streak
Frequent and fast, your then unenvied cheek:
For Cypris, spiteful else, one good by lot,
To hate in woman haughtiness, has got.

191

281 Paul. Sil.
Last night did Hermonassa, while, beside her well-known door,
I garlands wove, love's offering—our wine feast hardly o'er—

Drench me with water from a jug, and spoilt, the jade! my hair
So that 't will three nights' trouble take ere fit again to wear;
Yet by the ducking was I fill'd still more with fond desire—
Surely the jug from her sweet lips had caught a secret fire!

192

282 Slim Melité the graces of youth's stage — Agathias.
Wears at the threshold of increasing age:
Still fair her cheeks as marble, and her eye
Knows yet to lure, tho' decads have swept by.
And still the same her girlish pride—to show
Not even Time can Nature overthrow!

193

285 Divine Rodanthe, when my mouth in doubt — Do.
To kiss, her slim waist's virgin zone held out,
And kiss'd: then I, as one who from its source
Leads water, led love's stream a second course,
Her kiss imbibing, and, with loving smack,
On the girl's belt, from far, her kiss gave back:
So was our strait reliev'd: 'tween lips of both
That sweet belt serv'd to signal love and troth.

194

287 To know if bright Ereutho's heart were mine, — Do.
I tried her love by fond art to divine:
"To a far land I go: do you remain
True, and the mem'ry of our love retain."
Greatly she shriek'd, and storm'd, and struck her face,
And tore of her soft hair the clust'ring grace,
And begg'd my stay. I then, as loth to yield,
Yet mov'd by pity, slow consent reveal'd.
How happy is my love! What most I crave
Of her to win, as a free grace, I gave. [205]

*195

288 — Paul. Sil.
Since young Chariclo, o'er my wine in merry talk with me,
Loos'd from her brow, and bound on mine, her chaplet secretly,
A fatal fire devours me. Sure! her wreath had something wild,
Like that which erst consum'd the life of Glaucé, Creon's child.

196

289 Old as the hills, the crone, who, for our pain, Agathias.
Has oft from Fate receiv'd new life again,
Is hard of heart, and, melted nor by gold
Nor by large goblet of good wine and old,
Evermore guards my girl, and, if she see
That glancing round her eyes in secret be,
Then, greatly bold, with slaps upon her cheeks,
She hits the tender one, despite her shrieks.
If Proserpine ! thou held'st Adonis dear,
Pity the pangs of common suff'ring here :
Like favour grant to both ; from that old shrew
Defend the dear girl, mischief lest she do.

197

290 Cheating her keen-eyed mother, a kind fair Paul. Sil.
Of ruddy apples gave to me a pair :
But, sorc'ress-like, she, secretly, betwixt
Those token-fruits, of love a firebrand fixt.
Alas ! flame-circled, in her bosom's stead,
My silly hands but clasp those apples red.

*198

291 Charmer ! if these, as symbols of thy breast, Do.
Thou giv'st, in gift so rich I deem me blest ;
If these alone, 't is cruel to have lit
A fire so fierce and not extinguish it.
Who harm'd, heal'd Telephus. Thou would'st not be
A maiden, worse than enemies, to me.

199

292 Here with fresh buds the fair earth greenly glows, Agathias.
And all the charms of fertile foliage shows :
'Neath the dark cypress here is many a bird,
Mother of tender nestlings, sweetly heard :
Goldfinches chirrup clearly, and, among
Rough brambles living, linnets wake their song.
What joy in these to me–all whose desire
Is to hear thee–or in the Delian lyre ?
Me double love invades : I long to view
Thy bliss, my Friend ! and our sweet heifer too,
Round whom life-cares are dark'ning : but the Law
Far from my graceful fawn me still must draw.

*200

293 Love, fighting violently, knows not law, Paul. Sil.
Nor can aught else man's heart from love withdraw.
Thee if the Law and cares of court restrain,
No violent passion in thy breast can reign.
What is thy love, when a short trip by sea
Far from thy maiden knows to sever thee ?
Leander swimming show'd how great love's might,
Nought caring for the fickle wave at night :
My friend, with ships at hand, would put away
Cypris, and rather with Athenè stay.
For Pallas Laws, for Paphia Loves—say who
At once can Pallas serve and Paphia too ?

295 201 Leontius.
Touch, Cup ! her honey-dropping mouth : you've found it, bliss divine !
Draw it like milk : I grudge not, yet, Ah ! would such luck were mine.

*202

296 Since of the palm-struck poppy the loud bang, Agathias.
On my prophetic goblet's belly rang,
I knew I was belov'd : the long night thro'
Touch but my bed, at once I'll own it true :
Thus felt—all mine—the tipplers I resign
To joys of clashing cups and ruby wine.

203

297 Life to stout youth no trial has so great, Do.
As those which on the soft-soul'd female wait.
They have their mates in age, with whom to share
In mutual confidence each anguish'd care :
Pastimes are theirs which soothe, and in the street,
'Mid gorgeous paintings, they the long hours cheat :
We, hid at home, with dark thoughts waste away
For ours were crime to court the light of day.

*204

299 "Nothing too much" the wise man said. But I, Do.
Belov'd and beautiful, was rais'd too high,
And fondly fancied that my hands within
Lay all her life whom Heav'n it were to win.

She, colder still, uprear'd a haughty brow,
As if she blam'd her former weakness now,
And I, the stern and hard, to pity slow,
Aloft late soaring, at her knees now low—
For all was chang'd—mine error humbly own
"Be merciful! 'twas youth which err'd alone."

205

300 The bold and high, who look'd from lordly eyes, Paul. Sil.
The plaything of a feeble virgin lies:
Who, with his maid, thought erst by pride to cope,
Himself subdued, departs without a hope:
Falling, his piteous pray'rs but show him weak,
While flashing eyes her manly spirit speak.
Lion-soul'd Virgin! tho' just anger try,
Lay down this manhood, Nemesis is nigh!

206

301 E'en beyond Meroe if thy step should hie, Do.
There, winged Love! I too with thee can fly.
If to the East, 'neath Morning's amber smile,
On foot I'll follow thee for many a mile.
Smile, Maiden! on the gift I bring to thee,
A tribute 'tis from Venus of the sea:
Won by the beauties of thy sweetest skin,
Her loveliness as erst she trusts not in.

207

303
A clam'rous sound invades the ear, a tumult great indeed
Swells from the highways. Dost not thou, O Paphian Goddess! heed?
Lo! on thy home-returning boy, how ev'ry one lays hand
To coax and keep him, in whose heart Desire has lit his brand.

208

305 A maid to mine one even-tide,
Her moist and melting lips applied;
The kiss was nectar: from her mouth
Breath'd nectar, as o'er flow'rs the South;
I, after drinking, in her kiss,
So much of love, am drunk with bliss.

209

307 Eurotas, river of Laconia, see, Antiphilus.
In whose bright crystal Leda was reveal'd,
Where, as a swan, lay Saturn's son conceal'd.
Ye who light up, alas! such flames in me,
If one must be a bird love's feast to try,
A swan if Zeus, a lark at least am I.

*210

308 Philodemus.
Wait for me, Sweet-heart! what's thy pretty name?
Not see me, why? I'll give whate'er thy claim.
Still silent! where dost live? I'll some one send
To mark thy home. Is any man thy friend?
Farewell, thou haughty one! who dost not deign
Farewell to me. Again and yet again
I'll come to thee. I Woman know to quell
Colder than even thou—Woman! farewell.

211

309 Eros a thief we name not ill, Diophanes.
Restless, and bold, he robs us still.

*212

VI—71 Paul. Sil.
To thee of myriad garlands bright these rifled leaves and flow'rs—
To thee the broken wassail-cups which quench'd my better pow'rs—
To thee the ringlets dropping myrrh—but sorry spoils they be
Of love-struck Anaxagoras—all in the dust for thee,
Lais! for thee, all, all laid low. Oft 'neath thy lattice-light
Vain watcher, with my comrades young I've pass'd the livelong night,
But fav'ring smile, or friendly sign, or pleasant promise ne'er,
Nor sanguine word of honied hope to solace me came there:
Alas! alas! frail now, I leave each scene of love and mirth,
And blame the beauty of the maid whom nought can move on earth.

213

88 Love's cestus from her bosom first untied Antiphanes.
Ino! to thee did Venus' self confide,
That all might bow to its bewitching charm,
—But thou hast us'd it only for my harm!

*214

VII—217 Archeanass of Colophon, Asclepiades.
O bliss! is mistress mine;
Old—yes, but 'mid her wrinkles yet
Sits love enthron'd divine:
Lovers who of her blooming youth
The sweet flow'r knew—alas!
Thro' what fierce flames, what suff'ring sore
Must she have made you pass.

*215

669 Plato.
My Star! thou look'st upon the stars. O would that I were Heaven,
So that to me with many eyes on thee to look were given!

*216

703 Thyrsis, the cattle of the Nymphs who leads, Myrinus.
Thyrsis, Pan's equal on the tuneful reeds,
Sleeps, drunk with wine, beneath yon shading rock,
While Eros takes his crook and guards his flock.
Ho! Nymphs, ye Nymphs, your gallant herdsman wake,
Lest the wild beasts their victim Eros make.

217

IX—15 Thou who would'st burn the fire itself, by night
Desiring thus thy fair torch to relight,
Here, from my soul, kindle its blaze—within
So burn I, that great flames to mount begin.

218

16 The Graces and sweet-virgin Hours are three, Meleager.
And three the fair whose loves so madden me;
'Gainst me the bow not once but thrice was bent,
As if on my three deaths not one intent.

219

39 Said Cypris to the Muses, "Honour me, Musicius.
Lest my son, Eros, arm'd against you rise,"
And they replied, "For Mars thy menace be,
Not in our haunts that infant archer flies."

220

48 For Leda's and Europa's sake Plato.
For Danae, Antiope,

Zeus any form at will could take,
A swan, bull, gold, or satyr He !

*221

108 " Thine arrows all"—thus Zeus bespake
Eros—" from thee away I'll take :"
" Thunder thy worst" calm answer'd He—
" Ere long a swan again thou'lt be."

222

161 Once o'er the page of Hesiod as I hung, Argentarius.
I suddenly saw Pyrrha, bright and young ;
With start and cry the book on earth I threw,
" No more, old Dreamer ! I'll be pos'd by you."

223

220 Behold yon branching plane, whose foliage green Thallus.
Lends to the joys of love a sacred screen,
Circles around whose boughs the graceful vine
With gleamy clusters and with verd'rous twine ;
So flourish still, bright Plane ! and, 'neath thy shade,
Be cover still for Paphia's vot'ries made.

224

221 Lo ! scapeless Love on sculptur'd signet stands, Argentarius.
Curbing the lions' pow'r with master hands ;
One with a whip, and one with rein he guides :
Around him blooms great beauty from all sides.
Man's foe and plague, who tameth a wild beast,
Spares not us beings of a day the least.

*225

320 Eurotas said to Cypris once—" Or arm, Leonidas T.
Or go from Sparta, mad with war's alarm."
She, softly smiling, spake—" And yet I will,
Unarm'd inhabit Lacedæmon still."
For us, as shameless history declares,
Arms, e'en tho' armourless, the Goddess wears.

226

321 Why, Cypris ! weak in war, this martial vest ? Antimachus.
What cheat thy limbs in horrid mail has drest

Thine arms are sports abed, loves and desires,
And clacking castanet thy sex which fires:
Meet for Tritonis, these red spears dismiss,
And go where bright-hair'd Hymen calls to bliss.

*227

386 Cypris exclaim'd, thee naked seen erewhile,
"Envying the Sea my birth, does naughty Nile
Up-conjure from the drops of Uranus
A second Cypris from his sweet depths thus?"

228

411 Chang'd suddenly, Cornelia likes not— Q. Mæcius.
'Tis plain—my humble and Muse-loving lot;
On one slight hope, or on another, she
Depends. I am not as I wont to be.
Yield we, as beaten, Heart! nor anger show,
We by a money trick on earth lie low.

229

420 Think not, Telembrotus! tears Love can sway, Antipater.
Or fire intense a little water stay.
Gold is Love's sovran cure: e'en then He's not
Soon quench'd: great seas to drown him should be got.

230

429 Aristo sang of seaside Nauplium, Crinagoras.
Eubœa's landmark where the salt waves come,
And by the singing I was kindled quite
To boldness. But the lying torch by night,
From Caphereian rock, its former shine
Chang'd, wo is me! to this poor heart of mine.

231

440 Cypris for her lost son thus made loud cry— Moschus.
"If any have seen Eros wand'ring by,
In lanes or crossways, mine the truant is:
Whoso gives news, in recompense be his
The kiss of Cypris! an you bring him in
Not a mere kiss, but, Stranger! more you'll win.
The child 's of so remarkable a mien,
At once you'll know him, in a score tho' seen;
Not pale his skin, but ruddy as the fire;
Sharp are his eyes and lighten'd with desire;

His thoughts are wicked, pleasant is his talk,
His speech and meaning two, the sense to baulk ;
His voice is, like the mountain honey, sweet,
Stranger to truth he ever loves deceit.
Evil his mind when under passion's sway ;
A crafty boy and savage in his play ;
Of pouting look with pretty curling hair,
Secret his mind although his body 's bare.
Wing'd like a bird, 'gainst either sex, at will
He flies and fixes on the heart's core still.
With arrow set, he had in hand his bow,
Both small of size the shafts to Heav'n yet go :
Nay e'en to Acheron he shoots his dart,
And wounds, with tiny point, grim Pluto's heart.
A golden quiver rattles at his back,
Full of sharp bolts, e'en me at times which rack.
Cruel are all his ways, and, most of all,
Cruel his torch, which fires the sun, tho' small.
Take, bind, and bring, nor pity him the while,
Drag him along, how sweet soe'er he smile,
And should he weep, beware lest he beguile ;
If he to kiss you seek, avoid his lips,
Danger and death are his of them who sips ;
Should he, his arrows tend'ring, mercy claim,
Touch not the treach'rous gifts, they're dipt in flame."

232

443 Never thy mind to Paphia hollow make, Paul. Sil.
For light-wing'd Eros instantly will take
Flight from a heart against him which rebels :
A slipp'ry nature in love-madness dwells.
If any on that burning arrow-tip
A finger lay, the whole may in him slip ;
Soothe not the mind with meretricious hope,
Nor to sweet sanguine dreams its entrance ope ;
Ere long 't will raise a limb-consuming fire,
And to itself drag all thy soul's desire.

233

444 A lovely treasure is virginity, Eratosthenes.
But its own death if fenc'd from all it be :

Take then a lawful lord, and in thy stead
Give to the world a man—but lewdness dread.

*234

449 Whoe'er extinguish'd fire by fire ?
When did light e'er in light expire ?
Against my fatal sting, what foe
Has dar'd to draw another bow ?
Love in a new Love has at length
His equal met in spite and strength.

*235

496 O vers'd in Stoic wisdom ! who this best
Of doctrines have in holy pages prest,
The soul's one good that virtue is alone,
Protector of our lives and country known,
Yet one of Mem'ry's daughters makes it clear
That love's warm thrill may be to others dear.

236

508 Who wishes a bright day to see, Palladas.
Has a bright day when meeting thee ;
And in all suff'ring who is vers'd,
Not meeting thee, that day 's his worst.

237

515 Three are the Graces ; added to the three
Wert thou, that Graces should have grace in thee.

238

585 One of four Loves his mother's wreath conceals,
And one his rose-lips at her breast-fount seals,
Two more are playing at her feet—let fall,
A robe hides Paphia's waist, else naked all.

*239

620 Tho' poets say that Hope to Love is kin, Paul. Sil.
These women 't is not possible to win.
A little lattice out great Paphia keeps,
But pleasure from the very failure leaps ;
So in all acts which passion prompts, we meet
Something in Hope which is than Truth more sweet.

240

683 Alphæus' stream was masculine,
And Arethusa's feminine ;
Together mixt their waters two,
Eros delicious drink still drew.

241

773 Certes ! the fellow was no ass Palladas.
Who, from an Eros wrought in brass,
Made him a frying-pan : there still
Love fires and fries our hearts at will.

242

784 Feel no scorn of little things,
Grace to what is little clings,
Love, his Paphian mother's joy,
Was himself a little boy.

243

X—120 Woman loves more than man ; but, love-mad, she,
For shame, permits us not love's sting to see.

*244

XI—52 Young Love thy head his meshes has cast o'er ;
Thou pantest as a dolphin on the shore,
Which waits, and vainly waits, the falling wave ;
No Perseus with moon'd scimetar to save,
Gleams, Thrasybulus ! from afar on thee,
To cut thy net and from its cords set free.

245

XII—5 The fair contents me well : I set Strato.
Like love on auburn and brunette :
And, besides these, I love the black,
Nor turn e'en gipsy maiden back :
But to excess, all else above,
Dark eyes and brilliant looks I love.

246

11 If, grown a man, Demophilus employs, Dioscorides.
Cypris ! such kisses as love most enjoys—
Such now the infant gave to me—no more
Quiet at night will be his mother's door.

247

16 Hide not thy love, Philocrates! the God Strato.
Himself sufficiently my heart has trod;
Grant me some savour of a joyous kiss,
Anon from others thou wilt ask such bliss.

248

18 Unhappy they whose life 's of love debarr'd; Alphæus.
Aught without love to do or say is hard.
Now am I very slow, but, should I spy
Xenophile, as lightning quick, I fly.
Hence not to flee but follow Love, to all,
"Love is the whetstone of the soul," I call.

249

19 I cannot thaw this ice of thine:
Never thou askest kiss of mine,
When ask'd, those lips no kiss have got,
When giv'n, they meet my kisses not.

250

21 How long shall we steal kisses, and disguise Strato.
Hearts from each other thus with stinting eyes,
And dream—how long—of things undone, with vain
Delays inviting worse delays again?
We, scrupling, waste what's lovely. Pheido! ere
Comes envious age, add deeds to words, my Fair.

251

23 I have been caught, I, who oft laugh'd of yore Meleager.
At my young friends by luckless love undone;
Me winged Love, Myisca! at thy door
Leaves with this label "Spoils from wisdom won."

252*

28 King of my bosom, King by name! Numenius.
A double sov'reignty thy claim:
O wert thou beautiful of heart,
As beautiful in form thou art!

253*

29 Beautiful is Protarcha to behold, Alcæus.
But ah! the maid's unwilling yet, and cold:

The time will come when she too shall be won—
Beauty, which bears a torch, its race must run.

*254

32 Thymocles.

Thou wilt remember, sure ! when I this holy saying said :
The flow'r of youth is beautiful, but ah ! how briefly fled :
The swiftest bird which ether sails can beauty ne'er outfly—
Lo ! even now upon the ground its roseleaves scatter'd lie.

255

39

Love for Nicandra 's now extinct : all bloom is from her face
Vanish'd away, and there remains not e'en the name of grace,
She whom erewhile we rank'd amongst Immortals. Damsels fair !
No thoughts beyond a mortal lift. Still follows silver hair.

256

43 I hate the Cyclic poem, nor approve Callimachus.
The road where to and fro the many move.
I hate a roaming lover : from the spring
I drink not, but detest each common thing.
Lysanias ! Fair, O very fair art thou—
Says Echo, ere I cease, " Another's now."

257

44 Time was of old when gift of bird, or ball, Glaucus.
Or plaything, maidens would in love enthral :
Other allurements, ye girl-lovers ! seek,
Bright coin and dainties now since toys are weak.

258

45 Posidippus.

Yes, yes, ye Loves ! shoot on at me, with many more I lie
A glorious mark, nor let me pass in silly mercy by ;
For, surely ! known as archers you of best renown will be
To Gods and mighty-quiver'd lords if victors over me.

259

46 I'm tir'd of life, tho' yet not twenty-two : Asclepiades.
Why, Loves ! this spite ? why thus my soul inflame ?
Think, should I suffer aught, what will ye do ?
Faith ! as before, you'll play the same sad game.

260

47 Meleager.
When young Love on his mother's breast was playing at daybreak,
My life upon the die he plac'd, and won, ah me! the stake.

261

48 Prostrate I lie. Who ne'er dost feel, Do.
Tread on my neck with lordly heel;
O despot Deity! I swear
Thy yoke is difficult to bear:
Thine arrows too of fire I own,
But, tho' against my heart are thrown
Live brands, it cannot more be burn'd,
Already 't was to cinder turn'd.

262

49 Drink, lovesick heart! and thy lass-loving fire Do.
In Lethe-giving Bacchus shall expire;
Drink! of the vine a flowing goblet drain,
And from thy bosom drive its cruel pain.

*263

50 Drink, Asclepiades! What tears are these? Asclepiades.
How ails my friend? In thee harsh Cypria sees
No single spoil, nor 'gainst thy breast alone
His mortal shaft has spiteful Eros thrown.
Why, strong of life, in dust and ashes pine?
Of Bacchus rather drink we the good wine.
The rosy morn our cupbearer shall be!
Wait we the moon, which sleep should bring, to see?
Drink, and be gay. A brief space, and, alas!
To endless night in death's dull sleep we pass.

*264

51 Fill forth, and to Diócle all drain up, Callimachus.
No water here dilute our sacred cup.
Fair, passing fair, the girl! If one denies,
O may her beauties bless alone mine eyes.

265

52 The south wind, sweet to sailors, ye lovelorn! Meleager.
Andragatha, my soul's best half, has borne;

Thrice happy ocean-waves, thrice fortunate, thou
Wind, of my girl who waft'st the thrice blest prow !
Would I a dolphin were that so, on me,
To Rhodes' fair isle of youth, she borne might be !

*266

53 Well-freighted Ships ! the Hellespont who sail, Meleager.
With white wings welcoming the northern gale,
Of Coa's isle if, haply, on the shore,
Phanion ye see the wide waves looking o'er,
Tell her " O lovely Nymph ! as ships the sea—
Not pilgrim-like—my love would speed to thee."
This said, Zeus instantly fair winds shall send
And waft your vessel to its voyage-end.

267

54 Cypris denies that Love 's her child, since seen Do.
A new love, young Antiochus, has been ;
This last Desire, young men and maidens ! love,
For this boy-love is Eros self above.

*268

55 Artemon.
Latona's Son ! thou Delos rul'st, flow'd round by the sea-swell,
Child of great Zeus ! thine oracles to all their fate foretell :
Another Attic Phœbus holds these old Cecropian shores,
On whom of beauty the bright flow'r the soft-hair'd Eros pours ;
His country Athens, o'er the sea and on the land which reigns,
Has now, as beauty's slave to be, all Helle laid in chains.

*269

56 Praxiteles, the sculptor old, Meleager.
Love's Parian image wrought,
When from the child of Cypris he
the beauteous model caught :
Now Eros, handsomest of Gods,
his own best image takes
As type, and for Praxiteles
a breathing statue makes :
So one on earth, and one in heav'n
love-philtres may assign,
And thus Desires the sceptre hold
o'er mortals and Divine.

O holy happy City ! thou
of Merops, where has sprung
Son of a God a second love,
the leader of the young.

270

57 Praxiteles, old sculptor, to a rock Meleager.
Giving a likeness, from a lifeless block
A delicate statue wrought of dumb Desire :
But Sculpture nowadays with bolder fire
Has living things with some new magic fraught,
And to the heart a love thrice-wicked taught.
Chance gave them both one name ; the last is best,
Not merely stone, of breathing thought possest.
Me too may Art propitious mould, and win
A fane for Eros my fond soul within !

271

59 Do.
Fair are Tyre's daughters, Eros ! yes—but they are all outdone,
Extinct, when shines Myisca out, as stars before the sun.

272

60 Do.
The world, on Theron if I look, is present all to me,
But, tho' I look on worlds, if there He is not, nought I see.

273

61 Look on me well, all round. I, Aribaze,
Wasted all Cnidos. Struck flints yield a blaze.

274

62
Mothers of Persians ! verily, ye loveliest children bear,
But Aribazus is to me than beauty's self more fair.

*275

64 O Pisan Zeus ! where looks high Cronia down, Alcæus.
Pithenor, second son of Cypria, crown :
Nor let thine eagle him, my wine-page, lift
In place of that fair Dardan boy to be,
But grant—to thee if welcome e'er muse-gift—
The godlike youth one heart and mind with me.

276

65 If Zeus be still the same in sooth Meleager.
Who seiz'd sweet Ganymedes' youth
And bore away above, that he
Might wine-page of his nectar be,
'T were well that also I below
Hide beautiful Myisca, so
That never from my loving care
May eagle wings the maiden bear!

*277

66 Decide ye, Loves! who's worthy of the girl,
If an Immortal should possess the pearl,
Let it be Zeus—with him I may not fight—
But if for mortals any hope by heaven
Be left, O then, ye Loves! say whose the right,
To whom should Dorothea now be given?
Plainly in answer they proclaim "Thine own
The beauty is." But she away is flown.
Then, silly one! pursue her not, for she
As fickle is as fair, and not for thee.

278

69
Zeus! thy first Ganymed enjoy. I grudge not, nor rebuke;
But only from afar, O King! on my Dexander look;
If, nathless, thou bear'st off by force my fair one, then thy sway
No longer can be borne—in life, who, under thee, would stay?

279

70 E'en Zeus will I oppose, Myisca! thee Meleager.
If he would take his nectar-page to be
"Why fear"—oft asks he—"I'll not jealous strike;
I can show pity, having felt the like."
Good words in sooth! But still, if stir a fly,
I fear lest Zeus against me forge some lie.

280

71 Callimachus.
Thessalian Cleonichus! where, most miserable one!
Where hast thou been? I know thee not–no, by the dazzling sun!
But bones and hair are left of thee. Has then my demon fate
Assail'd thee, and harsh destiny sunk to this cruel state?

Euxithea, sure ! has stol'n thy heart, and thou, when passing by,
Saw'st the fair girl, and victim then did'st fall to her bright eye.

281

73 Tho' half my soul still breathe, half is not here ; Callimachus.
If Death, or Love has seiz'd it, is not clear ;
Sure ! tho' so often I forbid, 't is got
Back to some fair. Receive the truant not.
—Ah ! 't is Cephisa's. Still, with love opprest,
From the world's scoff it turns to that true breast.

282

74 Worse, Cleobula ! can there be— Meleager.
What more is left to bear by me ?
Since thrown into love's furnace I
A cinder amid ashes lie.
But, ere thou lay'st my head below,
I beg of thee one cup bestow
Of unmixt wine, and write above
" This gift to Hades is from Love."

283

75 Asclepiades.
If thine were wings, and in thy hand were bow and arrows now,
Eros had never painted been as Cypria's child, but thou.

284

76 Had Eros neither quiver, bow, nor wings, Meleager.
Nor, all around him, of Desire the stings,
By the wing'd God ! I swear, you had not known
Which, Zoilus or Eros, was your own.

*285

77 If golden wings of angel shine, Asclepiades, Poseidippus.
A dowry from above, were thine,
If, from thy snowy shoulders flung,
Were arrow'd quiver rattling hung,
And thou wert standing, O most dear !
To her own brilliant Eros near,
Cypris, by Hermes ! would not see
Which were her offspring, thou or He.

286

78 Had Love a cloak, not wings, bore he, instead Meleager.
Of quiver'd bow, plum'd bonnet on his head,
By the fair God! Antiochus would be
Love, and Love's self Antiochus were he.

287

79 Me Anthocalle kiss'd, when love was low,
To the cold cinder rend'ring its first glow.
Twice to one flame condemn'd, O! who love much
Avoid me, lest I burn whom e'er I touch.

288

80 O sad Soul! from Love's wound so lately heal'd, Meleager.
Wherefore this new flame in thy depths reveal'd?
By Zeus, high Zeus! O stir not thou, unwise,
The fire which slumb'ring 'neath its ashes lies;
Blind to thine evil, Love thy rebel flight
Will stay, and pains this treachery requite.

289

81 Love-sick and soul-deceiv'd! who know love's fire, Do.
And taste the bitter honey of desire,
Cold water, the cold child of winter-snow,
Ere all is melted, on my heart-sore throw.
I've seen Diona—fellow slaves! suppress
My flames, to life's seat ere they win access.

*290

82 I urg'd my flight from Love. With torchlet he Do.
From ashes lit, in hiding soon found me:
Unbent his bow, with tips of fingers two
He broke the torch, and slyly at me threw:
Flames on all sides o'er-ran me. Surely it
Was Phanion who in me this great fire lit!

*291

83 Love with his arrows has not wounded me, Do.
Nor, lighting now his torch as formerly,
Has sent within my heart its burning fire;
But bringing—the co-rev'ller with Desire—
Phanium, of Cypris the myrrh-scented light,
Has thrown a fire-spark on my dazzled sight;

Thief of my soul a little torch has been,
Burnt in whose flame my heart is wasted seen.

292

Help me, O Friends ! my foot just plac'd on shore Meleager.
From the rude ocean, my first voyage o'er,
Love drags me here perforce, before my sight
Glancing a heav'n-born vision, young and bright ;
My spirit dazzled with a beauty, so
Lovely to look on, at his beck I go,
Step after step. Ah ! that those wond'rous charms,
Vision'd in air, would bless my lips and arms,
Else have I vainly 'scap'd the salt-sea wave
To find, worse fate ! from Cypris a land-grave.

293

Receive and pity, Ye wine-drinkers ! me ; Do.
But now escap'd from winds and thieves at sea,
I perish upon land ; for scarcely, o'er
The vessel's side, I plac'd my foot ashore,
At my first forward step a captive caught,
By Love I violently here am brought,
Swept on unwillingly by self-mov'd feet
Where well I know the fatal girl I'll meet :
No rev'ller full of wine—rather of flame—
Am I, your friend, a little help who claim.
By Love, our common God, kind hearts ! apply
Help, or the suppliant of your grace will die.

294

Me, Eumachus ! two wasting loves confound,
And to a double madness I am bound :
Here on Asandra's form I look, and there
My keen eye turns to Telepha the fair ;
Between ye, Tyrants ! of my quiv'ring frame,
In equal balance tried, your portions claim.

295

Why, Cypris ! at one targe drive thrice thy dart ?
Why fix three arrows in a single heart ?
One burns, one draws, one leaves not where to turn,
But with a violent flame I wholly burn.

296

91 A double love consumes one soul. On all, Polystratus.
Eyes! ev'rywhere too much your glances fall;
Behold, the flow'r of maids with beauteous faces,
Antiocha belov'd by golden Graces,
Let her suffice you. Wherefore too have ye
Look'd on the sweet and soft Stasicrate,
Own child of violet-crown'd Paphia She?
Ye burn, and waste, and are consum'd—in vain,
Two tho' ye be, one soul ye cannot gain.

*297

99 Love-caught—it was no dream—too late I learn
That hot fire will man's heart to madness burn;
Love-caught—by no vile lust—a maiden look,
All modesty, my soul a captive took.
Lost of the Muse its long toil, for in fire
My senses, burthen'd with sweet pain, expire.

298

100
Me, in strange port of fierce desires, tho', Cypris! thou hast plac'd,
Thou pitiest not—yet thine own fate has trouble been to taste;
Would'st thou I brook things hard to bear, that so it may be said,
"Singly has Cypris wounded him whom wise the Muses made."

*299

102 The sportsman, by the chase's ardour drawn, Callimachus.
Thro' frost and snow tracks mountain hare and fawn:
Should any say "There lies the quarry low,"
He scorns to take it up. My love 's e'en so.
It knoweth to pursue who from it flies,
But it flies past what close before it lies.

300

104 Mine only be my love, for, if she rove,
O Cypris! I detest a common love.

*301

105 I, tiny Love, tho' still at pap, Asclepiades.
Who left my loving mother's lap,
Fly not, in fickleness, away
When Damis' dwelling courts my stay:

I love him, and am lov'd in turn—
Pure flames, ungrudg'd, should mutual burn,
Thus I, on one, contented fix,
Who hardly with the many mix.

302

106 One beauteous thing I know : my greedy eyes, Meleager.
Blind to all else, Myisca only prize.
She is mine all. Or do mine eyes see true,
For my soul's joy, or are they flatt'rers too ?

107 *303

If Dionysia beautiful, O Graces ! me prefer,
Her handmaids Ye, forthwith again to happy hours lead her ;
But, ah ! if she another love, me flinging off, be flung
Her myrtle wreath of yesterday to mingle with dry dung.

304

110 A winning beauty lightning darts— Meleager.
Lo ! from her eyes what lustre starts.
Eros the girl has surely shewn
To fight with lightning-flash alone.
Myisca ! hail, who bring'st the fire
To mortal bosoms of Desire,
Still may on earth thy shining be
A friendly beacon-light to me.

305

111 Eros is wing'd, thou fleet of foot,
Beauty in both I find,
Shaft-like, whichever way we shoot,
Eubia ! we 're left behind.

306

112 Hush, Girls ! Arcesiläus brings
Love bound in Cypria's purple strings.

*307

113 Timarion ! in thy bright eyes' fatal snare Meleager.
Wing'd Eros self was captive caught in air.

114 308 Do.

Herald of morn, Day-bringing Star! farewell; and, Star of Night!
Come quickly thou, and back, by stealth, bring her who shuns
the light.

309

116 A right good revel now—well-drunk with wine,
Boy! take this garland wet with tears of mine;
No long vain road I go. Tho' dark it be
And early, Themisa, bright star, lights me.

310

117 Cast is the die. And now a light. I'll go, Meleager.
Thus, without fear. Soliloquising so,
What thought hast thou, O Man! heavy with wine?
Revelry, revelry be ever mine!
Whither, O Soul! intruding cares pursue?
What has cold reasoning with love to do?
Light quickly. Ah! where 's now old reason past?
Aside be the great toil of wisdom cast.
This one thing only do I know that Love
Has humbled e'en the haughty port of Jove.

311

118 Came I for dalliance wilfully, abuse, Callimachus.
But, if perforce, my rashness then excuse;
Urg'd by strong drink and Love, this dragg'd me here,
That left me not a sober mind and clear;
When come, I mark'd not how. I kiss'd my fair,
If this be wrong, I'm guilty, and will bear.

312

119 O Bacchus! by thyself I swear, Meleager.
Thine utmost boldness I will bear;
On, on to revels, on. A God
Holds over mortal heart his rod.
Born in the flames thyself, the fire
Thou lovest well of fond desire.
Captiv'd by thee, my soul again
Follows a suppliant in thy chain.
A traitor verily at heart,
Not to be trusted in thou art,
Who would'st thy mysteries conceal,
Yet bid'st me all mine own reveal.

313

120 Being well-arm'd, I'll even fight with thee, Poseidippus.
Nor faint of heart, altho' a mortal, be.

Love ! when I'm sober thus, approach me not,
But if thou com'st when wine has mast'ry got,
Take me thy captive, but, so long as I
Am strong in reason, I thy force defy.

314

121 A narrow path while Cleonica trac'd, Rhianus.
The bright-eyed Graces met her face to face,
And with their rosy hands the girl embrac'd—
Instantly she became a sister Grace.
Adieu ! at this safe distance. 'Tis not well,
O dear one ! that near fire dry stubble dwell.

315

122 Meleager.
The Graces, when they saw him first in all his youthful charms,
Clasp'd beauteous Aristagoras in their voluptuous arms ;
Since, from his form darts forth a flame, his words are soft and wise,
Tho' silent, a strange eloquence still flashes from his eyes ;
But let him pass ! What matters it ? Like Heav'n's Almighty King,
Olympus-thron'd, the Boy-God knows his lightnings far to fling.

316

123 The victor in a fight of fists,
with headbands soft as these,
I ten times Menecharmus crown'd,
the son of Anticles,
And thrice I clasp'd him in my arms,
tho' crimson'd with much blood,
For manly kiss to maiden lips
as myrrh is sweet and good.

317

125 Love brought to me by night a vision sheen Meleager.
Of a sweet-smiling damsel of eighteen ;
I, round her soft skin throwing my fond arms,
Enjoy'd, in unsubstantial hope, her charms ;
E'en now the recollection warms regret,
And my lids close the fond thought fost'ring yet.
Cease, love-crost soul ! to kindle to vain bliss
With beauty's shadow e'en in dreams like this.

318

126 Troubles begin my heart to try, Meleager.
And ardent Love despondingly
Has laid it with his nail-tip bare,
Depositing worst venom there.
Smiling he said " O crost in Love !
Again the sweet wound shalt thou prove,
And in fresh fever burn once more
With fatal honey as before."
Since Diophanta first was seen—
'Mid fair young plants the fairest she—
I have, alas ! unable been
Near her to stay or from her flee.

319

127 I saw, at noon, Alexa on the road, Do.
The leaves as summer of the orchard strow'd :
Rays of two kinds consum'd me then, of love,
From the girl's eyes, and of the sun above.
These last Night chases, but the former gleam,
Her form recalling stronger in my dream ;
And sleep, to others which is rest from pain,
To me brings trouble and unrest again,
Making her beauty, suff'ring soul ! to thee
The likeness of a dazzling fire to be.

320

130 Yes ! I have said it, o'er and o'er have said,
And evermore shall say till love be dead,
Beautiful, beautiful is Dosithé.
In form how fair, in look how lovely she !
I have not upon oak, fir, wall, imprest
This saying sweet—Love stampt it on my breast.
Believe not who deny or doubt, they lie ;
O God ! by thee, the sole truth-teller I.

321

131 Who to Cythera bend'st thy course, Poseidippus.
In Cyprus or Miletus found,
And where with hoofs of trampling horse
The lovely plains of Syria sound ;

O may thine advent ever be
Propitious to Callistium : she
A lover from her door away
Ne'er drove, nor let him long delay.

322

132 Did I not cry, O Soul love-crost ! to thee, Meleager.
Flying near birdlime oft, thou caught wilt be,
Did I not cry ? The trap has caught thee now.
Why vainly in thy fetters flutt'rest thou ?
'Tis Love's own hand which pinions so thy wings,
And sets thee by the fire, and myrrh-drops brings
To moisten thee, ere breath and senses sink,
And proffers to thy heart warm tears to drink.
Soul ! sadly troubled, now in flames abhorr'd,
And now cool'd back to life, with breath restor'd,
Why weep ? When in thy breast hard Love was nurst,
Did'st thou not know him fatal and accurst ?
For thy kind nurture, in requital, know
Him now in hottest fire and coldest snow :
The choice was all thine own, bear then thy chain,
Worthy thy deed thou sufferest its pain :
Well are the wages of thy labour earn'd,
Thrilling in ice, in boiling honey burn'd.

323

134 Sore-wounded was our guest ere yet we knew ; Callimachus.
Thou saw'st, erewhile, how sad a breath he drew ;
He drank but a third cup : yet, from his head,
Their leaves upon the ground the roses shed.
He burns, ye Gods ! not idle this belief,
A thief myself I know to track a thief.

324

135 Wine is love's proof. Nicagoras reveal'd Asclepiades.
After oft cups the flame he long conceal'd ;
He sobb'd, he slept, and had a down-cast air,
The wreath which bound his temples stay'd not there.

*325

136 So soon, Ye twitt'ring Swallows ! why ?
Ye Nightingales ! bough-perch'd on high,

Waken her not. Upon my breast
A fair cheek nestles in warm rest;
Soft arms are round me twining. Since
Ever the female sex evince
A chatt'ring turn, grant this my prayer,
Leave her in quiet slumber there.

326

137 Thrice-cursed, crowing still, O Bird of morn! Meleager.
The messenger of ill to me love-lorn,
Flapping with noisy pinion thy strong sides,
Thine early vigour my small bliss derides:
Vain of thy loves, that Night so brief remains
Alas! for mine, light-laughing at my pains;
Woe on thy breeder! by the God of day,
These hateful notes, the last of thine are they!

327

138 Mnasalcas.
Speed not, O Vine! thy leaves on earth—thro' dread
O' th' Pleiads setting in the West—to shed;
Stay till sweet sleep upon Antíleon fall,
Beneath thee laid, then crown his beauties all.

328

139 Ay, by old Pan! by vine-crown'd Bacchus! ay, Callimachus.
Some sparks beneath these ashes hidden lie.
I doubt: embrace me not: by sapping soft
Eats through high walls the silent river oft.
I too now tremble lest this stealthy fire
Should glide into my heart and love inspire.

*329

140 When seen, the fair Archestrata I deem'd, Do.
Not fair, by Hermes! for not so she seem'd.
Nemesis stirs me as I speak: in flames
I lie: on me Zeus all his lightning aims;
To please the girl, or Goddess? Dearer is
The first than last. Good bye to Nemesis!

*330

142 'Neath a green plane a thrush with birdlime caught, Rhianus.
Holding its wings, had Dexionica brought;

When the poor bird oft moan, outshrieking, made—
"O blooming Graces! Eros dear!" I said,
"Would that I were a blackbird or a thrush,
That there my fond voice and sweet tears might gush."

144 331 Meleager.

Why dost thou weep, Mind-robber? Why, thy darts and cruel bow
Thus thrown away, thy two bright wings now clipt and crippled so?
E'en thee Myiscus with his eyes has, hard to conquer, burn'd;
How hardly thine own practice erst hast thou by suff'ring learn'd!

332

146 I've lost my captive fawn: after great pain Rhianus.
Endur'd, and placing nets and stakes in vain,
I go with empty hands: to those who find
With ease my truant, Eros! be unkind.

333

149 Certes! thou wilt be caught at length, Callimachus.
Roving Menecrates! said I—
This on the twentieth of July—
In August on—the what?—the tenth,
O blessed Fortune! 'neath the plough
The ox of his own will did bow.
Hermes! 't is well—'t is well I say,
Nor will I blame the brief delay.

334

150 While still o'er Polypheme the spell held good, Do.
The Cyclops counted not his fleecy brood:
The Muses, Philip! dissipate Love's thrall,
And wisdom 's a sure remedy for all.
E'en hunger has, methinks, 'mid all its ills,
This single good—the force of love it kills,
And both are amply mine against love-stings;
With these I clip, sly urchin! thy bold wings.
I fear thee not a whit: 'gainst thy sharp wound
Both these sure spells with me at home are found.

335

151 If, Stranger, thou hast anywhere
A maiden met of beauty rare,

The lovely and surpassing she,
Be sure ! was Apollodoté.
And, Stranger ! if, that marvel seen,
Thou hast not conquer'd, captiv'd, been,
Nor felt thy bosom, as with fire
Burning of passionate desire,
Then either art thou God, or stone,
So cold and hard thy nature shown.

*336

152 My love, Magnesian Heraclite
Surpasses natural magnet quite ;
His beauty draws not to a stone
Iron, but makes my breath his own.

337

153 In by-gone days Archeades Asclepiades.
Was mine in many a loving squeeze :
But now, not e'en, alas ! in play
By me neglected will he stay :
And yet not always do we meet
Of honey-colour'd Love the sweet,
And often dearer, after pain,
To lovers grows the God again.

154 338 Meleager.

Sweet is the girl, and sweet her name, Myisca, is to me
And graceful is she : her to love there no excuse need be.
Lovely, by Cypris ! lovely all, or, if a fault we meet,
It shows but how Love mingles well the bitter and the sweet.

339

156 A spring-storm, tost on an uncertain sea,
O Diodora ! is my love for thee,
All shadow now, and now again all shine,
Pearl-dropping, laughing-sweet those eyes of thine !
I a wreck'd sailor, on the sea swell hurl'd,
Measure the blind waves, in a great storm whirl'd ;
Lay down a fix'd mark or for love or hate,
So, in what stream to swim, I'll know my fate.

157 340 Meleager.

Cypris the vessel's captain is. Eros her helmsman stands,
Holding, as tillers of the wheel, my heart-strings in his hands,

And, blowing a stiff breeze Desire, the waves impetuous swell—
Thus am I in a sea of girls afloat, and like it well!

341

158 The Goddess-Mistress of Desires, Meleager.
Theocla! me thy slave requires;
Soft-sandal'd Eros serves to guide
My naked neck beneath thy chain:
A stranger to a stranger's side,
Taming us both with constant rein.
But I am eager to secure
Friendship from thee, unswerving, sure,
And thou rejectest all my love;
Thee neither length of time may move,
Nor of a common self-control
The symbols reconcile thy soul.
Yet, Queen! O yet propitious be,
Since Fate a Goddess has made thee,
For in thy governance are rife
The issues of my death and life.

342

159 Do.
To thee, Myisca! of my life the cables all are bound,
In thee the breath, which still remains, of my sad soul is found.
Yes, Maiden! by thine eyes I swear which speak to deafen'd ear,
By thy soft voice which lures the blind, and by thine eyebrows dear,
Cast on me but a clouded look a certain storm I see,
But Spring is blooming sweet if thou look'st joyously on me.

*343

160 Boldly beneath my breast I bear sharp pain,
And a hard clog's indissoluble chain.
Nicandra! I have felt—not now alone—
Love's darts, but oft his passion-touch have known.
May Nemesis, of Deities the worst,
Fitly avenge on him his deeds accurst!

344

162 Not yet his bow behind him hung, Asclepiades.
No savage spirit yet, but young

And gentle, Eros is as erst,
Still in the lap of Cypris nurst:
A golden tablet in his hands,
Thro' coral gums he lisping stands
The soul-spells which Philocrates
Writ for the fair Antigenes.

345

163 Eros knoweth how to cull — Asclepiades.
Beautiful with beautiful;
Not the emerald with gold
Blooming richly, but, to hold
Matching ill, nor dark as night,
Ebony with iv'ry white,
But flow'rs of Friendship and Persuasion—thus
He mates Cleandra with Eubiotus.

346

165 — Meleager.
A white flow'r Cleobula is, but of a diff'rent hue
Sweet Sopolissa—flow'r-girls fair of Cypris are the two:
Hence for them both is my desire, "For"—said the Loves to me—
"A compound rare and excellent from white and black shall be."

347

166 Life's remnant, whatsoe'er it be, — Asclepiades.
End, O ye Loves! and pity me:
So may at length some peace be mine.
Else strike not with your arrows fine,
Rather let angry lightnings fall,
And burn me instantly and all;
Yes, strike, ye Loves! if any ill
Be worse than this to suffer, still
I'll bear, tho' sadly shrunk of late,
A skeleton 'neath sorrow's weight.

348

167 — Meleager.
Cold is the air: yet cogent love, of tender tears the cause
Me, from the banquet borne away, to thee, Myisca! draws;
From passion blowing a full gale which lifts on high the wave,
Me, mariner of Cypria's sea, in thy blest harbour save.

349

170 Libation, frankincense, and cup-Gods, Ye ! Dioscorides.
Who of my friendship the chief partners be,
Your names aye-honour'd I in witness call
How a soft Attic girl forswears you all.

350

171 O Zephyr ! mildest wind, bring back to me, Do.
Beautiful as she went, Euphragoré ;
Tho' gone but a few months, the time appears
To longing lover as a thousand years.

351

172 If it a labour be to hate, Evenus.
To love the labour is as great ;
Wherefore of two vexatious things
I choose the pain which profit brings.

352

173 Demo and Thermion kill me both ; Philodemus.
One I may touch, she's nothing loth,
The other's young and tender yet,
And therefore must alone be let.
By Cypris ! I know not on which,
As pref'rable, my choice to pitch :
And yet, more sweet the maid to me,
Than little Demo, seems to be :
I wish not what is close at hand,
And covet what is barr'd and bann'd.

353

177 Mæris one eve, just as I said adieu, Strato.
Embrac'd me—do I dream, or was it true ?
All else is clear to mind and mem'ry brought,
Both what she said to me and what she sought ;
But, if she kiss'd, I doubt me, for if so,
How, rais'd to heav'n, still wander I below ?

354

178 Young 'mid the young when Theudis shone, I burn'd ; Do.
So sunrise shines when stars their course have run :
E'en now I burn, his youth to age tho' turn'd,
The setting sun is equally a sun !

355

179 What Theude whisper'd me, I swore by thee, Strato.
Zeus ! even to myself ne'er told should be,
But my false soul, exulting, soar'd in air,
Its secret bliss unable all to bear :
I'll tell—what pleasure 's in good-luck unshewn ?
Sire Zeus ! forgive—she bid me come alone.

356

180 A great fire burns me : but do thou, sweet girl ! Do.
Near me in air a thin line cease to whirl :
I have another fire within me, lit
By cups—thy fanning worse enkindles it.

357

181 They lie, Theoclea ! who say that three, Do.
At Orchomen, and mild, the Graces be ;
For fifty, frolicking thy sweet face round,
Archers and robbers of our soul are found.

358

182 Love's torch extinct, why kisses show'rest thou, Do.
When scarce as friend mine arms enclasp thee now ?
Daphne ! despite thy scruples, struggles past,
Finds penitence in thee a place at last ?

359

183 In kissing, Heliodora ! what the bliss Do.
Unless we mutual meet with greedy lips ?
But, so immovable of thine the tips,
Thy wax doll left at home I'd better kiss.

360

188 If I do wrong caressing thee, Do.
If my rash kiss an insult be,
Cold one ! thy vengeance not to miss,
Instant take back the hateful kiss.

*361

189 Wholly with roses who has thus crown'd thee ? Do.
Happy thou art, a lover if he be—
But if thy sire, he too has eyes to see.

362

190 Happy who painted thee ! and happy too Strato.
The wax which moulded to thy beauty grew !
Happy were I a wood-worm, with the pow'r
There to leap up, and so thy frame devour.

363

194 If Zeus from earth to heav'n still bore off boys Do.
To be cup-bearers of his nectar'd joys,
His winged eagle mine Agrippa fair
Had borne, ere this, to serve the Blessed there.
Yes, Son of Saturn ! World-Sire ! him to see
Ganymed instantly at fault would be.

364

195 In spring's rich splendour, when the meadows green Do.
Soft Zephyrs kiss, not flow'rs so rife are seen
As here of well-born maidens we behold
Sweet forms which Cypris and the Graces mould :
Amongst them all Milesia blooms the chief,
Bright as the rose and od'rous as its leaf ;
Little she wots that Time will soon devour
Her Spring, as Summer withers the fair flow'r.

365

196 Lycina ! thou, of form divine, Do.
Hast eyes which as the fire-spark shine,
Or rather, like the dazzling rays,
Mistress ! which, shot from torches, blaze ;
Mine cannot e'en a little brook,
When face to face, in thine to look,
Such lightnings dost thou ever dart
From both eyes on my flaming heart.

366

198 I am youth's friend, and, beauty to define Do.
Of form or face no single mould is mine ;
Fair, or brunette, by one charm one is grac'd,
Another by another—all is taste !

367

202 Wing'd Eros carried me thro' air, Do.
Demo ! when seen thy letter late

Which told me that thou would'st repair
From Smyrna soon to Sardis' gate :
Had Zetes run, or Calais here,
They would have panted in my rear.

368

When I would not, thou kissest me, Strato.
I too, when thou would'st not, kiss thee ;
All kindness when I turn away,
All cruelty if I would stay.

369

The tender maiden, at next door, Do.
Stirs, not a little, at my core ;
And, in a way unutt'rable,
Giggle and glance her wishes tell.
Her age just opens on thirteen :
The grapes, yet immature, are seen
Unguarded, but in season when,
There need be stakes and sentries then !

370

Now is thine April, presently comes June : Do.
Cyris ! reflect, if still withheld the boon,
Thou wilt be like November's stubble soon,

371

Eagle ! to yon divinest ether, ply Do.
Thine outspread wings, bearing the youth on high
Fair Ganymed : for God's sake let not fall
The page who serves his sweetest cups of all :
Let not the lad, thy blessed load, take harm
From thy curv'd talons, lest it Zeus alarm !

372

My wet eyes stain'd by night tears to excess, Do.
I check my sleepless thoughts in the distress
Which weigh'd them down, my sweet friend torn away,
Since Theodora left me, yesterday,
For her own Ephesus—if not soon back
A partner'd bed I will no longer lack.

373

227 If, meeting any fair one, I Strato.
Have let her pass unnotic'd by,
I measure but short space of ground,
Ere, to look on her, I turn round.

374

230 Theocritus tho' black is fair—indeed, Callimachus.
Hate he or love, your hate and love exceed.
With bright-hair'd Ganymed, O Heav'nly Jove !—
More need I speak—thou too wast once in love.

*375

234 Vain of thy form ! the rose's fate be known ; Strato.
It flow'rs, and fades, and soon aside is thrown :
An equal life have flow'r and beauty got,
And envious Time both equally will rot.

376

235 Do.
Grows beauty old ? O yield the flow'r, ere lost its fragrance be :
If it endure, why fear to give what still remains for thee ?

377

241 Thou hast made a baited hook : Do.
Me, a fish, it, Sweetheart ! took ;
Pull me where thou wilt, but O
Run not, lest I 'scape thee so.

378

244 See I any blonde I'm lost, Do.
Honey-hued, in flames I'm tost.
If brunette before me pass,
Instantly I melt, alas !

379

246 Two sisters love me : which shall be my queen Do.
I know not, for my love lies both between ;
One goes away, the other comes ; of one
What 's here is best, of the other what is gone.

380

248 Who always lives with her and never leaves, Do.
Ne'er that the lov'd one 's past her prime perceives.

To-day who cannot please, pleas'd yesterday :
If still she pleas'd, her pow'r to please would stay.

381

249 Why, oxborn bee ! the precious honey found Strato.
Upon her bright cheek, fly my girl around ?
Wilt thou not cease to buzz, nor wish to win
With thy flow'r-laden legs, her purest skin ?
Go, truant ! to thy honey-making hives,
Lest thee I bite—love's sting in me survives.

382

252 Do.
Door ! I will burn thee with my torch, and, in my winecups, burn
Thy tenant too, and instantly in homeless exile turn ;
And, after sailing the wide wave of Adria's amber sea,
Roam a night wand'rer wheresoe'er are doors which open be.

NOTES.—2 Lines 3 and 4. "At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs."

3 Line 6. The Greek is "carried away in the water."

4 It would seem that Rufinus had sworn to be for some time absent from her, and he now questions with himself whether he should incur the guilt of perjury by returning: the question is soon decided in favour of love.

6 Venus was especially worshipped in the island of Cyprus, whence her name Cypris, and Cypria.

11 Line 6. By "silver hounds" we are to understand silver coin : in like manner Philip of Macedon was told to use silver spears if he desired to become master of Greece.

24 This specimen, instead of being, as translated, of only six lines, has, in the Greek, ten, two distichs being introduced between the second and third of our version. Their genuineness, however, is questionable ; and, besides, they are not complete, Melite being left quite unnoticed. But there is a certain Greekishness about the idea which likens the light-draped limbs of Rodocleia to roses blown asunder by Zephyr. The comparison of Rodope to the "figure-head" of a vessel is not elegant nor complimentary. The additional lines are simply voluptuous, ill-suited to the sprightly movement and epigrammatic turn of the others. Wherefore, and because, even if otherwise admissible, they are clearly deficient in the distich due to Melite, I have omitted them altogether.

30 The main features of the Greek are retained, although the details are somewhat varied. I have applied the fourth line to the hair, as affording a better comparison for the δίκτυα καὶ ταγίδες : and I have dropped the proverb (see B. vii—100) in the seventh line, which here means little, in order to amplify the allusion to the old story of Midas.

31 Toup remarks that the soul of a lover is here compared to a moth, fluttering around a light, which, though slightly burnt, still contrives to fly away.

35 The allusion in the last line is to the story of Danae. See 22 and 23.

37 This is also attributed to Nicarchus.

38 The poet prays that he may either be freed from his love, or that it may be returned by her who was its object. Byron has the following:

"'Tis time this heart should be unmov'd,
Since others it has ceas'd to move;
Yet though I cannot be belov'd,
Still let me love."

of which, by the bye, we have the original in II Corinthians xii—15.

42 Rufinus affects to deprecate the anger of Venus, as if it was her whom he had seen bathing, assuring her it was not by design, but through accident—but, in the end, recognising Rodocleia, he compliments his mistress as having stript the very Goddess of Beauty of her charms.

43 A pretty little poem of Waller, "Go, lovely Rose," &c., has been referred to this; but the similarity is nowise complete, nor even close, although its last stanza approaches somewhat to the general idea.

44 Line 1. For Αὔτη it has been suggested to substitute Αὔγη as the lady's name.

48 On a pretty flower girl.

49 Of Nos. 83 and 84 of the Greek the authorship is not ascertained. Though here combined, they are separate in the original. I have added to them another, in the third distich, which has been attributed to Theophanes. But Planudes gives all three to Dionysius. Anacreon, 23rd Ode, pursues a similar train of ideas in addressing his beloved, wishing successively to be transformed into a mirror, a robe, a stream, perfume for her hair, the zone at her waist, the ornament on her neck, nay, even the shoes of her feet.

55 He presents sweet myrrh to his mistress, herself sweet as the myrrh he sends.

59 The last couplet may be compared with the commencement of Sappho's famous ode.

63 Last couplet may be compared with lines 5 and 6 of 134.

66 Similar to the idea of the last line is our own homely proverb, "A cat may look at a king."

68 This is elegiac rather than erotic.

84 Line 1. Cecrops anciently reigned in Attica, where were made earthen vessels, celebrated in all Greece, and transported everywhere.

96. The beauty of the Greek in no little degree consists upon the five times repeated verb πλίξω, which is also found a sixth time in a compound form. The peculiarity renders a line for line version in English somewhat difficult, and may excuse a *little* amplification.

101 The translation, following, in its inversions, the Greek, is not so clear as it might be; it would, *perhaps*, be improved by reading the first couplet *after* the second.

102 Last line. It is only in some such way that the play on the word Τερυφίεα, repeated in a different sense, can be preserved.

111 The original seems imperfect, and its meaning almost requires to be guessed at. Although not word for word, my translation is as near to the Greek as I can bring it.

112 Brunck thought that something had been lost between the 1st and 2nd distich, and also after the 4th verse; but to me the idea seems perfect, although the expression is concise. Jacobs accepted it as complete.

116 "When Charicles handed her the goblet, she carefully applied her lips to the very place that his had touched." Bekker's Charicles. This was a silent declaration of love, or a sign of mutual understanding. Ovid Amor. 1—4, 31.

123 Line 5. "A laugh on the wrong side of the mouth."

126 Several eminent scholars have thought that these lines are connected with and should be prefixed to No. 125. That, however, is evidently a message of love. This is rather one of reproof and suspicion.

127 I have omitted the last distich, as, out of it, no one has yet been able to make any clear sense. Grotius is perhaps the nearest, who turns it in something of the following style:—

"And yet, as mortals wild beasts tame, and love is mortal too,
I'll try to arm me from his hate, and force by force subdue."

134 Merivale has translated the second line of the Greek—

"Portals of Timarion's bow'r,
Besprent with many a fragrant show'r."

The original—scarce consistent with itself—seems to have a double object, the one not quite compatible with the other. To me it seems that Meleager sought to describe those particular personal charms of his several sweethearts in which they respectively excelled, and for which he preferred them himself. Inanimate objects—the sandals, for instance, and the wreaths—are not praised so much with reference to any peculiar elegance of their own, as to the surpassing beauty of the ancles of Heliodora and the forehead of Dorothea. The less is made to stand for the greater, a part for the whole. This or that charm is hinted at, not heaped with encomium in detail. I have preferred to translate according to this my idea, rather than to submit to verbal restrictions which individualise mere material ornaments. I therefore subject wreaths and sandals to—that which alone adorned and gave them any value—their wearers. And, as regards the "portal," I at once apply it, by a somewhat Italian concetto, to the mouth, and thus the teeth may be, not inelegantly, described as portal-pearls. Surely it were strange admiration, a clumsy compliment, to extol the softness of the kid and the fit of the shoe, the lightness of the ball-wreath and the grace of its *pose*, when our real concern is with the beauty of the feet, and the ivory of the brow.

137 I have adopted the proposal of Burges to render the last line ἵν' ἐκ κρημνῶν κρημνὸς ἄγ' εἴς τι πάθος, which corresponds with the meaning of the alteration suggested by F. Jacobs, and also with the ideas of the preceding lines.

139 "The ball was given by one party and returned by the other, and so on alternately until it fell to the ground, when the game was over." (Reiske). Evidently a counterpart to the modern battledore and shuttlecock.

141 The translation comes nearer to Stanza xxxiv Canto ii of Childe Harold (which I am conscious of having had too much in my mind) than exactly suits the original.

144 These lines are on Ariadne, a famous harp player and tragic actress.

145 From Ἀρεῖ γειτονίων in the 2nd line of the Greek it would seem that this invocation to the Morning was made when the planet Mars was still visible and not far distant.

146 Line 2. In the Greek it is "heart" and "liver."

148 This is also attributed to Dioscorides.

152 Last line. "And Beauty draws us by a single hair." Pope.

158 Lines 7, 8. See Anacreon, Ode x., Τί σοι θέλεις ποιησω.

159 There is probably something to correct in the Greek. I have translated the last distich in two parts, and not as if it were entirely spoken by the male lover, and have applied the remark of the damsel, in a sarcastic sense, to what immediately precedes, which also seems to me to connect it better with what follows, for he is annoyed at her trifling, and sees in it some sign of faithlessness, which makes him threaten her that he will take his own life in case she should desert him.

166 Jacobs doubts whether the last distich properly belongs to the piece, but it seems to me quite relevant and tenable. She is constant only in tempting and torturing: in turn she slights and seduces, flies and follows, is "one thing never," while her victim is bound to her perforce, for she hooks him at the first nibble, and never lets him go. The third line of the Greek corresponds precisely with Theocritus Id. vi.—17. The same idea is also expressed in the epigram of Callimachus, translated here under 299.

176 Line 2. A thief in the candle or lamp was considered a sign of impending rain.

178 "Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti:
Vela queror reditu, verba carere fide." Ovid.

179 Some of the old Doctors so described the symptoms and effect of canine madness.

180 Line 15. The sense of the Greek, verbatim, is "The residue of possessions is much." In other words, that which we have not appears to us more than what we have.

187 Burges for θρασὺς ingeniously suggests Θρῆσσ' as the name of the damsel, or rather of her country.

195 Anacreon, Ode 1. See the last lines of T. Moore:

"I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine;
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:
I feel that ev'n his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much."

198 It seems probable that this is a continuation of the preceding epigram.

200 This is a reply to the preceding epigram, sent to the Silentiary by Agathias.

202 There is a country superstition connected with poppies: the girl places a petal of the poppy leaf in the left hand, and strikes it sharply with the right; if it snap, the lover is constant: if not, he is faithless.

"By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found
Your chang'd affection—for it gave no sound,
Tho' in my hand struck hollow as it lay,
But quickly wither'd, like your love, away."

"Just as the leaves of the ox-eye daisy are consulted in Germany as love's oracle—a game immortalised by Goethe's Gretchen—so the Greeks had recourse to more than one μαντεία of this sort in affairs of the heart. The usual way was to place the leaf on the ring made by bending the forefinger to the thumb, and then to burst it with a clap of the other hand. The broad petal of the poppy-flower, hence called πλαταγώνιον, was used, as well as that of the anemone, but the τηλίφιλον is much more frequently mentioned, though it is uncertain whether this word denotes a particular plant, or was only another name for the πλαταγώνιον In Theocritus iii—28 a different sort of augury is described, derived not from the sound produced by the clap, but from the discoloration of the skin by some corrosive principle in the leaf or fruit. In the case of a favourable augury this was red. On the whole it seems that the word τηλίφιλον was used to designate the leaf (or fruit) of every plant used as an oracle of distant love." Becker's Charicles, pp. 189-190.

204 Jacobs considered this connected with No. 194.

210 This is also attributed to Antiphilus.

212 This, as seeming to me less a votive than an erotic poem, I have placed here.

214 Athenæus, B. xiii c. 56, assigns this to Plato.

215 Ἀστὴρ is alike the name of the fair one who is addressed, and of a star.

216 Line 3. The Greek has "pine," not "rock."

221 Another version: "I will"—so Zeus to Eros spake—
"Away thine every arrow take."
"Thunder thy worst," calm answer'd He—
"Nathless, a swan again thou'lt be."

225 This epigram, as also No. 226, was probably written for a picture or rather statue of Venus armed like Pallas.

227 The verses seem in compliment of some Egyptian beauty.

234 Eros in love.

235 Line 5. The Muse alluded to is Erato, who sang of love.

239 Upon a public bath, where both sexes bathed, divided from each other by a gate-screen.

244 In the selections here given from Books xi and xii of the Anthology the sex is usually altered in the translation.

252 Save, in some degree, in the first line, the Greek is intentionally departed from.

253 There is an allusion in the last line to the λαμπαδηφορία or torch-race—an Athenian ceremony, in which the runners carried lighted torches—which cannot be expressed in English closely. The torch-race was run thrice a year at Athens during the Panathenæa, in honor of Minerva, and in honor of Vulcan and Prometheus, likewise upon their respective festivals. Its celebration was as follows: the young competitors lit their torches at the altar of Prometheus in the Ceramicus, and with their utmost speed ran toward the city. He whose torch went out during the course gave place to the next, and the victory was adjudged to him who first reached the goal without any such accident.

254 I have adopted in the third line Pierson's ταχθάσει.

263 In the fifth line of the Greek δάκτυλος ἀώς is difficult to translate satisfactorily. Merivale, who, in an earlier edition, rendered it thus: "The day—the day's our signal," substituted in 1833: "The rosy ray of morn fades swiftly." There is a nearly similar expression δάκτυλος ἀμίρα in a fragment of Alcæus, preserved by Athenæus, B. x—430.

"Drink we! why wait the torches' light?
The day is but a span in height;" &c., &c.

264 With the commencing words of this epigram those of No. 85 may be compared.

266 There is great doubt as to the proper rendering of the message to Phanion contained in the fifth and sixth lines of the Greek. I have rendered it in the way that, I think, a lover would feel and speak under the circumstances described.

268 Burges for ἄνθος would read αἶθος: if this be preferred, the fourth line of the translation may run, "On whom the light of a fair flame," &c., &c.

269 Line 14. The inhabitants of Cos were called Meropes (from Merops, a King of that island), a word which elsewhere is applied to mankind as "voice-dividing."

275 Line 4. Ganymede is meant.

277 Although not, strictly, a soliloquy, this dialogue between the Poet and the Loves—and afterwards Reason—is purely imaginary.

285 Read φίλ' ἄγλαον, not φιλάγλαον.

290 Φανίον is alike the Greek for a torch and the name of the damsel.

291 The paranomasia of the last is continued in this epigram. Lines 7-8. So we speak in English of a thief in the candle.

297 For ποιμαίνειν θεσμὸν the translation reads πῦρ μαίνειν θερμὸν in the second line.

299 Horace closely imitates this epigram in I. Sat. ii—105; Ovid also in Amor II, xix—35.

301 For εὐθήρατος Burges would read εὐθήλαστος

303 For καλόν in the second line read καλας.

307 It has been proposed to unite this to No. 61 above.

325 Lines 1-2. Such are probably the birds alluded to. They are frequently mentioned together. Both are migratory, and both found in Greece at the same time of the year.

329 This is ascribed by Pierson to Philippus; and also as ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

330 This has been attributed to Sappho and also to Nossis.

336 The loadstone was known as λίθος Ἡρακλεία.

343 The original, besides Nemesis in the last line, has Adrasteia in that previous: the tautology seems to warrant the suspicion of some corruption, which I do not attempt to correct but confine myself to one of the two titles.

361 The sentiment of the last line is left, as in the original, incomplete: the meaning doubtless is that he too has eyes for beauty.

375 This is in Planudes assigned to Meleager.

CONVIVIAL, HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL.

1

Jac.B.5. Ep. 20 Nor fifty, nor fifteen as brides are dear ; Onestes.
The last I pity and the first revere.
Dried grapes, or green I like not ; the ripe fruit,
Luscious and lovely, best with Cypria suit.

2

30 Homer said all things well, but best of all Antipater T.
His words which Aphrodite golden call.
No porter tracks your heels, nor heard the bark
Of door-chain'd dog, if yours the guinea-mark ;
Else, there's a Cerberus. O Known for greed !
Ye wrong not wealth but poverty indeed.

*3

31 The ages have been call'd gold, silver, brass ; Do.
But all ores now with Cytherea pass.
She'll honour Gould, kiss Argent, old and gray,
Nor e'en turn Penny from her doors away.
[The Paphian is a very Nestor now,
To whom all ages and all purses bow]
Zeus came to Danae not as nugget-gold,
But in her lap a hundred guineas roll'd.

4

39 Hap else what will, Death 's certain. Light of limb, Nicarchus.
Or gouty, I am doom'd to Hades grim.
If lame, crowds yet will lift me—for their sake,
Why cease the bowl to drain, the song to wake ?

5

41 When, naked thus and scourg'd, he cast out thee, Rufinus.
Whose was the heart of stone which would not see?
Haply, return'd too soon, there met his view
Thy sweetheart present—women all so do.
Henceforth when one is out and t'other in,
Bind fast the door, if thou would'st save thy skin.

*6

43 Naked he cast thee out, thy sweetheart seen— Do.
All-chaste, has he a sinner never been?
Child! wilt thou weep, and rend thy face and hair,
And shiver at the tyrant's threshold there?
Dry up thy tears, another will we find,
No spy, nor scourger he, but just and kind.

*7

71 Palladas.
Nicomaché her mother, and Protomachus her sire,
Zeno! perpetual war hast thou plac'd at thy household fire:
Seek out Lysimachus, that kind adult'rer—pitying, he
From this Andromaché, child of Protomachus, may free.

8

77 If, pass'd the honeymoon, a wife possest Rufinus.
The same sweet charms which then her husband blest,
His love, tho' others smil'd, would never fail,
But somehow, once enjoy'd, all wives are stale.

*9

114 Philistium, who—so scarce of access she— Q. Mæcius.
A lover ne'er endur'd without his fee,
Seems to be now more tol'rable than erst,
Seems—no great wonder!—yet is nought revers'd;
For, gentler tho' she seem, the shameless asp
Stings one as ever in her poison-clasp.

10

125 Ne'er would I flow in stream of gold, Bassus.
some other may for me
Become a bull, or on calm lake
a swan sweet-singing be;

Such pastimes be for Zeus reserv'd ;
but to Corinna I
Two honest oboli in gift
bring here, and need not fly.

135 11

O smoothly turn'd, and single-ear'd, high-headed, and long-neck'd,
Globe! gurgling with a narrow mouth sweet music seldom check'd,
Of Bacchus and the Muses and of Cypris joyous friend !
Still at joint revels with bright smile delighted to attend,
Why, when I'm sober, art thou drunk ? when drunk, why sober thou ?
To fellow-drinking friendship thus thou doest wrong, I trow.

161 12 Hedylus, Asclepiades.

Boïdion, Thais, Euphro—all of Diomed old trulls—
Broad each as merchantman which oars from twenty benches pulls,
Have overboard quite naked thrown, as shipwreckt on our beach,
Antagoras and Cleophon and Agis—one to each.
The piracies of Venus flee together with her ships,
For these of all the Siren race have most pernicious lips.

*13

175 Yes ! oaths to me are vain : those ringlets rife Meleager.
With myrrh still moist betray thy shameless life :
Those heavy eyes thy wakeful nights declare,
So too that band tight bound about thy hair,
Whose loose threads seem as torn by some rude hand,
While all thy limbs, wine-shaken, scarcely stand.
Go, vile one ! where the hand-struck castanet
And revel-loving pipe invite thee yet.

14

183 Boon fellows four, and with his sweetheart each, Poseidippus.
A Chian flask not far with eight will reach.
Go to the Shades, Boy ! bid old Best send o'er
A quarter anker of his choicest store ;
'T will hold six bottles, haply more—but run,
We meet together all at set of sun.

15

185 Demetrius ! to the market go, and get Asclepiades.
Of old Amyntas, fresh as from his net,

Ten smelts, eels three, of sea-shrimps twenty-four,
And bring them here—yourself will count them o'er—
Then, from Thauborius six rose-wreaths brought,
Bid Tryphera to join me, quick as thought.

16

186 Thy specious tears, Philænis ! cheat not me : Poseidippus.
I know that none so lov'd as I can be,
At least while in thine arms : but, if they blest
Another, thou would'st say thou lov'st him best.

*17

213 "Pythias ! I wait for thee below, Do.
If any one's within I go.
But if thou slumberest alone,
Grant me a short embrace, but one."
She answered she had heard my sign,
That some one somehow, flush of wine,
Or with bold Love his guide, the stair—
How could she leave it dangling there ?
Had mounted up as night thieves do,
(She could not tell between the two)
And so came in, and then—But here,
Was it a joint laugh met mine ear ?
As close I drew her words to trace,
She shut the window in my face !

18

217 A Zeus of gold the virgin's band broke thro', Paul. Sil.
And pass'd the brass-barr'd room of Danae too ;
So runs the myth. Against all-conq'ring gold
But weak are walls and bars of brass to hold.
Gold keys and bolts entirely disavows,
Gold bends the damsel with the haughty brows ;
Gold master'd Danae's mind. To Paphia ne'er
Let lovers who bring silver lift their pray'r.

*19

218 Proud Polemon, in old Menander's play, Agathias.
Tore of his wife the tender locks away :
So now young Polemon the curling hairs
With shameless hands of fair Rodanthe tears :

Thus Tragedy to Comedy succeeds !
Beneath the scourge of jealous anger bleeds
The graceful woman. What her dire offence
Which draws from me a pity so intense ?
He sever'd us, the brute ! and let us lack
Love's mutual glances in his envy black.
Perichiromené denied to me,
Dyscolos I, Misoumenos is he.

*20

220 Altho' old age has now thy passion lull'd, Agathias.
And of love-madness the warm sting be dull'd,
O Cleobulus ! mindful of thy youth,
Look upon hers too, calmly and in ruth.
An evil 't is—yet bear the common lot,
And of the slim girl tear the tresses not ;
The poor thing lov'd thee—as a father—so !
Be not thou suddenly her cruel foe.

21

233 *A* Tomorrow come. Macedonius.
B That morrow ne'er is mine,
A growing habit of delay is thine :
Words cheat my longing, and my love disown,
But other favors are to others shown.
A Come then at eve.
B What is a woman's eve ?
The wretched wreck old age and wrinkles leave.

22

284 All things of yours I love : I hate alone Rufinus.
Your eye, which likes men hateful to mine own.

23

298 Lovely Maria haughty is. May you, Julian.
O rev'rend Justice ! her wrong pride pursue,
But not with death, O Queen ! rather may we,
Her face with old age hard and wrinkled see,
Her gray locks pay my tears, and, beauty flown,
The sinful cause the sinning mind atone !

24

301 Unripe and ripe since grudg'd the grapes by thee,
O grant at least these raisins few to me !

VI—307 *25 Phanias.

A barber to philosopher once turn'd,
His mirror and hair-loving napkin spurn'd,
Spurn'd too the bonnet-felt, whereon were laid
His razors, to keep bright, and combs reed-made,
Spurn'd straps and stones (whene'er the knife's edge fails
To sharpen it) and scissors to pare nails,
His soap-bowl, his warm water, and his stool,
Spurn'd his whole shop for Epicurus' school,
The garden-lecturer, whose ev'ry word,
E'en as an ass a lyre, he wond'ring heard :
Sure death and speedy—learning his sole fare—
Had Eugathes of Lapithæ met there,
But, ere too late, from hunger's clutches sav'd,
Home went he, and, as erst, cut hair and shav'd.

26

327 One against one the pebbles tally best, Leonidas, A.
Not two and two. Long writing I detest.

VII—727 *27 Theætetus.

Philenas fancies to none else that he should second play,
But let his envious heart complain until its dying day ;
Vain is the pleasure of renown. Like honours in the dust
Boasting Thersites recompense as circle Minos just!

28

IX—165 A woman is Heav'n's anger—sent us, sure ! Palladas.
As if, by fire, the pain of fire to cure.
She by her whims her husband wears and wastes,
So that to old age e'en in youth he hastes :
Not even Zeus, without a care, has known
Immortal Hera on her golden throne :
Oft from the Gods in heav'n he makes her fly,
In air and clouds suspending her on high ;
This Homer knew, and in his verse avows
Th' Almighty angry with his wilful spouse ;
And thus a wife has never with her lord,
Tho' living on a golden floor, accord.

29

80 Prophets ! the starry road who seek, Leonidas, T.
And lies of seeming wisdom speak,

Folly for you has midwife been,
And rashness father'd you, I ween—
Perish ye, Wretches! worst in shame,
Who know not e'en your own bad fame.

30

166 Homer has shown that, whether good or frail, Leonidas, T.
Chaste or unchaste, all women are Man's bale.
Lives many for adult'rous Helen fell,
And chaste Penelope caus'd death as well.
An Iliad if one woman's act produce,
Penelope 's the Odyssey's excuse.

167 31 Do.

Fire in the place of other fire, Zeus gave to Woman birth:
Would that ne'er fire nor woman had appear'd on this our earth!
A fire indeed is soon put out: but woman is a fire
Burning and blazing at all times, flames endless and entire.

*32 Argentarius.

229 Flagon! my partner old in many a meal,
Who lov'd'st the tapster's measure to conceal,
Thou pretty prattler! with a gentle smile,
And a long throat, who servedst, at small cost,
Of my low purse the myst'ries to beguile,
Welcome again, to hand, so long tho' lost.
Wert thou but mine, unwater'd and unwed,
As comes a virgin to her husband's bed.

232 33 Philip, T.

I, of an Adriatic vase the tuneful throat of yore,
When in my goodly belly I the wealth of Bacchus bore,
Now broken lie, a strong defence of vineshoots young and green,
Against this nursing cottage-wall which widely stretcht are seen;
Still, in some way or other, I to Bacchus' service clung,
Guarding him faithfully when old, or nursing him when young.

246 *34 Argentarius.

Thou wert broken, pleasant Pitcher! where boon fellows often dine,
After pouring from thine utmost depths the last drop of good wine;

A well-aim'd stone, with heavy crash, from afar against thee drove,
As a thunderbolt, by Jovian sent, not from the hands of Jove :
A great uproar then arose of friends and many a merry joke,
And our laughter loud against thee rung in pieces lying broke :
I lament thee not, O Pitcher ! who so oft had'st Bacchus seen,
That by Semelé and thee at last like fate has suffer'd been.

35

If almost as a swan the lark sing sweet,
And screech-owls dare with nightingales compete,
If than the tettix clearer the cuckoo,
E'n I, Palladius ! may make rhymes like you.

*36

If to the lotus-lyre and the sweet sound — Antiphanes.
Of minstrelsy, and good old wine pass'd round,
To glad lights, to fair girls, gay flow'rs and myrrh,
Any light fare and secret cups prefer,
Who leaves in grasping hands his gold for greed,
Who stints his own another's throat to feed,
Such is one dead for me, and I pass by
His unremember'd corpse without a sigh.

*37 — Argentarius.

Joy! joy! to see the golden dance of bright stars in Heav'n's west,
For one whose heel ne'er heavily at earthly dances prest:
And after crowning my long hair with flow'rs upon it thrown,
I've wak'd to life with tuneful touch the tambourine's deep tone ;
In doing so I pass a life like that the world desire,
For e'en the world itself is ne'er without its Crown and Lyre.

38

Ulysses once a bag of winds receiv'd, — Palladas.
A gift, in great need as the seas he cleav'd ;
But this mine Œolus with windy mind
Sends me a bird where only wind I find.
Friend ! winged winds thou sendest me, not meat,
Winds, squeez'd together so, I cannot eat.

*39

What, as a sausage, you sent shut to me, — Do.
Open'd, the boy a bladder found to be.

40

487 Before me, sore athirst, thou set'st of pigs — Palladas.
The dry lean flesh in Cyprus fed on figs :
Good host ! ere felt its favour, slay me first,
Or, in a Cyprian flood, allay my thirst.

41

489 A school-mistress of twins was brought to bed— — Do.
Male, female, and yet neuter both, when dead—
In birth who died. What better proof would we
That she knew well her grammar genders, see ?

42

497 Time love allays, — Cratetus.
Or hunger stays ;
If, spite of both,
Its fire have growth,
Thine only hope
Is then a rope.

43

502 I want mull'd wine, but whence the wine has got — Palladas.
The name of "mull'd" I can explain it not.
Not Greek the word, if Latin, thee, of all
Most Latin, we, to tell us why, may call ;
Prepare then some for me : the gripes I feel
At stomach, need, they say, such drink to heal.

*44

503 — Do.
Theirs verily no error is in Zizyphum who say
There dwells a certain healing pow'r. It was but yesterday
I to a patient, suff'ring sore beneath an ague-shock,
Gave one, when, presto ! he was well and sound as any rock.

45

530 Fortune advanc'd thee in thine own despight,
To prove how boundless, e'en on such, her might !

46

772 I am of all the butler's fav'rite cup — Phocus.
And save for him the supper remnants up.

*47

781 Shut me, I open fly, and, if you open me, I shut—
Certes ! in sorry custody my house and gear I put.

*48

XI—1 Curses on Aphrodisius ! clumsy loon ! Nicarchus.
Cause of great grief to us his comrades boon ;
Lifting six gallons of good wine alone,
He slipt, and smash'd it on the staircase stone.
Wine slew the Centaur. Would it us had slain !
We had not then our liquor lost in vain.

49

3 Rich ! e'en as Crœsus once was rich, I fain
Would be, and monarch of great Asia reign ;
But, when upon Nicanor's dismal trade
I look, and count the coffins he has made,
I, scatt'ring cates, with good wine moisten'd well,
Asia, for myrrh and garlands, freely sell.

*50

4 Pliable had a willing wife, Parmenio.
Who pleas'd a Plutus at next door :
His henceforth was an easy life,
To feast all day, at night to snore :
Neither had he to dig, or sail,
But, with a well-fill'd paunch and large,
To sleep, be blind, to swill good ale,
Fed richly at his neighbour's charge.

*51

5 To him who buys not, yet at home has corn, Callicterus.
His wife, be sure ! has Amalthéa's horn.

52

6 Marriage is to the poor a life of brutes, Do.
Tumult, abuse, blows, damage, deeds, law-suits.

53

7 None loves his own one wife with soul and sense, Nicander.
Firm, Charidemus ! never to part thence :
Man's prurient nature, passions fair and fresh
Still coveting, intrigues for other flesh.

*54

8 Nor myrrh, nor garlands on my grave be lain,
Nor fire be kindled. The expense is vain.
So love me living. You but make a slop,
Moist'ning my dust: the dead have not a drop.

55

9 When the full paunch I can no more persuade, Leonidas.
Why sweet-bread and sow-teats before me laid?
No good, the harvest o'er, the farmer sees
In rain, nor harbour'd sailor in fair breeze.

56

10 Known be our *petit souper* law. To-day, Lucillius.
Aulus! inviting thee, new rules I lay
For our symposium. While reclining here,
Thou shalt not, as a lyric bard, appear,
Nor any wise—to ask, or answer—deal
With grammar matters which disturb one's meal.

57

11 Epicrates! I knew not, I aver, Do.
That of the stage or orchestra you were,
Or anything at all 'mid those who own
The buskin. I invited you alone,
And not a company. As to their home,
With you an entire *corps de ballet* come.
Since ev'rything to them behind your back
Freely you hand, while we at table lack,
'T were well to bid our slaves to be reclin'd,
While at their feet we stand or wait behind.

*58

12 Not thee Epicrates alone, Alcæus.
And Callias' lovely youth beside,
But wine the Centaur has o'erthrown;
To our great toper, the one-eyed,
May wine, from Hades, quickly send
In his oft cups the self-same end.

14 59 Ammianus.
Ask'd yesterday abroad to dine, when sleeping-time arriv'd,
My pillow for some Gorgon seem'd, or Niobe, contriv'd;

No human hand had woven it, by some one saw'd, or cut
From a stone-quarry, and within the house of Proclus put:
Had I not thence been quickly rous'd, host Proclus had for me
A monumental pillar soon that pillow found to be.

*60

15 If Lycius all our senators, Ammianus.
whose names begin with A,
Will bury, let Adolphus first,
his brother, lead the way:
And if, as reas'nable, for guide
he take the alphabet,
That mine is Zachary, betimes,
I bid him not forget.

16 *61 Do.

Chyllus and Leurus, lance-men apt, from Thessaly were they;
But Chyllus of the pair, for choice, is best at such lance play.

*62

18 Philœnium, who had borne no child before, Nicarchus.
Brought suddenly a girl to Heliodore;
He, at a daughter's birth, felt some annoy:
Six days pass'd over when Nurse cried "A boy!"
Bubastis' reign is done—if all should bear
As this one, for the Goddess who need care.

63

19 Drink now, and love, Damocrates! for we Strato.
Not long shall drink, nor with the youthful be:
Deck we our heads with garlands, and with myrrh
Anoint, ere others in our tombs inter:
Now o'er my bones be wine in plenty shed,
Deucalion deluge them—when I am dead.

17 *64 Nicarchus.

Stephánus, a poor gard'ner once, who liv'd one scarce knew how,
By fortune blest and wealthy grown, is Fitz-stephanus now,
By adding pretty letters four to his paternal name:
Of Hippocratippiades ere long the style he 'll claim,
Or, better yet, as title take Bromio-pegáno-dorus—
But still, in ev'ry market list, Stephanus stands before us.

20 *65 Antipater T.

Those who in verse use hard strange words reject,
A tribe of poets who but thorns collect,
Who, practising of feet the order'd count,
Drink little water from a muddy fount.
For Homer and Archilochus to-day
Our flask, which says to water-drinkers nay.

66

23 Astrologers predict quick death to me, Antipater.
Seleucus ! I care not, though so it be ;
For all to Hades there is one descent,
He soonest Minos sees who soonest went.
Drink we ! with wine we travel on horse-back,
Let sober spirits follow the foot-track.

24 67 Do.

Bœotian Helicon ! 't was oft thy water's wont of yore
To gurgle, from thy fountain clear, for sweet-voic'd Hesiod, o'er ;
But now a youth of his bright name is pouring out for me
Italian wine from other fount yet more from sorrow free,
And rather would I drink thereof a single draught from him,
Than if for me from Pegasus a thousand cups should brim.

68

25 Sleep'st thou my friend ? the flowing cup Apollonidas.
Itself invites thee to get up.
Let not fate-cares concern thee more,
Nor spare thyself, O Diodore !
From noon till eve with right good will
Thine own from Bacchus' barrel fill ;
Drink the neat wine until thy knee
'Neath the oft glass we stagg'ring see :
For, drink we not, to our kind host
So much good liquor will be lost ;
Make haste then, drink we—on our heads
Wisdom its snow already spreads.

69

26 I reel and stumble, drunk with unmixt wine— Argentarius.
Will no one save these rolling limbs of mine ?
I serve an unjust God. Who carries thee
Should in his turn, O Bacchus ! carried be.

70

27 Myrrh-breathing dust of wild Sorrentum, hail ! Macedonius.
And thou, Pollentum's honey-flowing vale !
And envied Asti ! where the Graces three
Moulded the revel-cup of Bacchus free,
To poverty the chattel of its need,
To wealth its wasteful luxury to feed.

71

28 Five feet of earth are thine, when life is done, Argentarius.
Past all its pleasures, seen no more the sun.
Drain then the cup of genuine wine with zest,
And, Cincius ! clasp thy sweet wife to thy breast ;
But, if thou crav'st immortal wisdom, know,
Cleanthes, Zeno, both have gone below.

*72

31 Not with such fears the setting Pleiads shock, Antipater.
Nor wild waves howling round the rugged rock,
Nor heav'n all round me light'ning—as I dread
Bad sober men, rememb'ring all one said.

32 *73 Onestes.
Bacchus first taught the playful Muse familiar style and free,
Bringing the Graces' merriment, O Sicyon ! to thee ;
Sweet of sharp wit this temper-test, for in its laugh there lies
What pricking pleases : who is drunk so makes the sober wise.

74

33 Ivy ! thy course that lead'st as in a dance, Philip.
Creeping and winding with slow sure advance,
Strangling the cluster'd beauty of the vine,
No hindrance, harm is ours, the loss is thine.
Who for his brows would ivy choose, unless
Good wine were near his spirit first to bless ?

*75

34 White flow'rs again, and songs, and Chian wine, Philodemus.
And Syrian myrrh again I wish not mine,
Nor revelry with venal loves again—
All these I hate, mad fumes which spoil the brain—
Touch the light flute, the pale narcissus wreathe,
And round my limbs let myrrh of crocus breathe,

With Mitylene's wine mine inside wet,
And face to face some village maiden set.

*76

35 Artemidorus gives of greens a dish, Philodemus.
And Aristarchus brings us pickled fish,
With onions Aristagoras adds part,
And Philodemus sends a dainty heart,
From Apollophanes two ribs of meat—
Three sav'd from yesterday—our meal complete.
Eggs, garlands, sandals take from us, and myrrh ;
At the tenth hour my presence I'll confer.

*77

37 Already from Boötes' belt is seen, Antipater.
Rising at Autumn's close, Arcturus sheen—
Where stays Epicleës ? already are
Grapes calling for the sickle near and far :
And, late and early, on the wattled roof
Men toil to make the cottage winter-proof ;
But never the warm wool again shall line
Or outer cloak, or inner garb of thine ;
Vainly the stars as cruel dost thou blame,
Deep in earth's breast and cold in death thy frame !

78

38 The poor's best panoply 's his bag of bread, Polemo.
And, wet with dew, the green wreath for his head,
And, outwork of dead scull, this sacred bone
Life's upper guard, our senses' central throne :
" Drink " says the scroll " and eat and lie with flow'rs
Round you : like fate may suddenly be ours ! "

79

39 One drank with me yestreen, of whom men think Macedonius.
No good—Boy ! break the glasses, or they 'll stink.

80

40 Small is Eumenes' Cleodemus, yet Antistius.
With lads he dances in their little set :
Lo ! how he girds him with a fawnskin there,
And shakes the ivy o'er his auburn hair.
Bacchus ! thy little votary bigger make,
That he the lead of youths hereafter take.

*81

41 To thirty years sev'n more have added been ; Philodemus.
Already my life's leaves are falling seen,
Already the white hairs bestrew my brow,
Xanthippe ! heralds of a staid age now :
Yet music still and revels me concern,
And in my insatiate heart old fires yet burn :
Mistresses of my madness, Muses ! ye
Soon, very soon, my last line writ shall see.

82

42 Altho' thy life has sedentary been, Crinagoras.
Tho' seas thou hast not sail'd, nor much hast seen
Of roads in other lands, at all risks, go
To Attica, for there the solemn show
Thou wilt behold, which signals the long nights
Appointed for Demeter's holy rites :
So wilt thou have, while living, a mind free
From care, and, when thou diest, happier be.

83

43 Give me a cup made of the clay, whence I Zonas.
Myself was made, wherein I dead must lie.

*84

44 His twentieth year to welcome, you, at nine Philodemus.
Tomorrow, to his cottage snug and small,
Dear Piso ! a muse-loving friend would call.
There, tho' you miss the teats, and Chian wine
Haply be scant, true hearts at least you'll meet,
And strains you'll hear as those of Sirens sweet ;
There, Piso ! if your eyes upon us rest,
Our birthday banquet will be richly blest.

*85

45 A drinking at one's own free will Onestes.
Is the most pleasant drinking still :
The cups which from compulsion spring
Harm both to drink and drinkers bring :
Upon the earth excess of wine
Layeth one silent and supine,
Nay oft it sends one earth below,
Where Lethe's bitter waters flow.

Ye topers all from morn to night,
Farewell then, what is sweet and right,
That of my drink the measure be
Sufficient for hilarity.

86

46 At eve, when drinking, we are men : at morn Automedon.
We are, as wild beasts, each by other torn.

*87

47 How can Gyges, Sardia's King, Anacreon.
Aught to me of int'rest bring ?
Me nor heapéd gold can buy,
No thron'd tyrants envy I ;
Me suffices it, if smear'd
Fragrant myrrh upon my beard ;
Me suffices it, if bound
Roses are my temples round.
Cares suffice me of to-day—
Who can of to-morrow say ?

*88

48 Silver in thine apt hand take, Do.
And for me, Hephæstus ! make,
Not a suit of armour new—
What has bard with Mars to do ?
But a hollow wine-cup mould,
Wide and deep, yet light of hold :
Let not on its outer round,
Little Bear, nor Great, be found,
Nor abhorr'd Orion's sign :
But the green and graceful vine,
And, o'erlapping grapes between,
Be beautiful Lyæus seen.

89

49 Bacchus' best measure is not small, nor much ; Evenus.
Madness or grief he makes, when serv'd in such :
Mix'd with three Nymphs, himself a fourth, he's best,
And then for marriage has the readier zest :
But love he kills, when strong and rank his breath,
Or, when he 's drown'd in sleep, akin to death.

90

50 Happy is he who nothing owes to none : Automedon.
Happy who marries not, and has no son.
But if a man, o'erta'en in weakness, wed,
He too is happy—when his wife is dead,
And buried out of sight—if he receive
Great dowry. Knowing this, be wise, and leave
To Epicurus the vain search afar,
Where is the vacuum, what his nomads are.

*91

54 As old the women jeer at me, Palladas.
And in the mirror bid me see
My wreck of youth. But, tho' I bear
White hairs or black, I little care,
Near as I am to life's last day,
Cares which annoy me, I allay
In od'rous myrrh and rosy wine,
And bright-leav'd garlands round me twine.

92

55 Give me to drink—so, chasing care away, Do.
Bacchus may make my cold heart warm and gay !

58 *93 Macedonius.
Nor with Earth's myriad cities, nor with gold would I be blest,
Nor wherewithal blind Homer says that ancient Thebes possest,
But that with lov'd Lycœan wine the round cup still may gleam,
While evermore its lip is wash'd with an o'erflowing stream,
Whereof to drink the garrulous choir of greybeards love to join,
While labour on the cold and wise, mere treaders of the vine :
That plenteously this treasur'd bliss be mine is all I ask,
Nor for the golden Consul's care while I hold fast the flask.

*94

56 Drink and be glad. What may tomorrow be
No mortal knoweth. Neither faint nor flee.
Now while you may, all things as mortal deem'd
To be or not to be alike esteem'd,
Laugh, love, and eat—what can the rest avail ?
All life is thus, the mere turn of a scale ;
Who most anticipates it best secures,
Die, all things are another's, nothing yours.

*95

57 The old Œnopion, with sweet-scented wine Agathias.
Brimful, yet did not all the cup decline,
But, thirsty still, his hand in fault he thought,
Evermore drawing from the flagon nought.
The young men snor'd, and had no pow'r to count
Of ever-emptied cups the full amount.
Drink on, Old man ! and live. To say, by youth
That age is worsted, Homer err'd in sooth.

96

59 Macedonius.
The champions of Iacchus King, We, drinkers fast and far,
The course will order of the feast where cups our weapons are,
And from Lyæus' lib'ral gifts we'll large libations make ;
For glories of Triptolemus the care let others take ;
Where are the plough and harness-yoke, the coulter and the kine,
The cornfields and the footprints of the ravish'd Proserpine?
But, for the mouth if ever need of any food there be,
The raisin of the vine 's enough for drinkers such as we.

*97

61 A great Physician yesternight— Do.
be sure no friend of mine !—
Close by the bed where sick I lay,
forbade me nectar'd wine :
Vain prig ! that I should water drink
to counsel he began,
He knew not what wise Homer said
that wine 's the strength of man.

98

60 Paul. Sil.
To laughter-loving Bacchus We, wine-drinkers, honour pay
In his own grape, and o'er the glass cast mortal cares away :
Let the hard-working countryman his hungry stomach line
With corn-cakes from the mother of the dark-rob'd Proserpine :
We leave to raw-devouring beasts and birds the unenvied flesh
Of the fat oxen slain, for meals where yet the blood is fresh,
The meat-dividing bones of fish to lips of men, for whom
Agreable than sunlight more is Hades with its gloom—
But let the bliss-bestowing wine our food and drink be still.
Others may envy of the Gods the ambrosia if they will.

99

62 Death to all mortals is a debt: not one Palladas.
Knows if he shall outlive tomorrow's sun.
This clearly known, O Man! let joy be thine,
And find forgetfulness of death in wine,
Joy with the Paphian with life's day while blest,
Let Fortune, as she will, control the rest.

*100

63 Macedonius.
All ye who take in the glad rites of painless Bacchus pride,
Full of the hopes his vine begets, throw poverty aside,
But let *my* cup a crater be, and near me a wine-press—
Not a mere keg—an honest tun of cordial joyousness:
Straightway of good Lyæus having drain'd a goblet large,
Fearless, Canastræ's giant youth in mortal fight I'll charge:
I fear not the red thunderbolt, nor seas which never rest,
While Bromius' spirit, firing me, emboldens my sure breast.

101

64 Treading of Bacchus the luxuriant fruit Agathias.
In mirthful measure with promiscuous foot,
Streams out the silent juice, where, each a boat,
On the rich billows bowls of ivy float,
Whence we a hasty draught by turns take up,
Nor wait the Naiad's kiss to cool the cup:
While bending o'er the vat Rodanthe bright
Makes the live flood with flashing beauties light,
So charming our quick hearts, not one but bows
To Paphia's spell and Bacchus' strength allows.
Alas! He everywhere with bounty treats,
Heaping our path, with hope alone She cheats.

102

65 Hunger and an old wife between Parmenio.
Decision's difficult, I ween.
Hunger 's indeed an evil sore,
But such a spouse were painful more.
Hunger an old wife prays: abed
Phillis for hunger prays instead.
Such is the hard unequal chance
Of youth without inheritance!

103

68 Some dare to say Nicylla dyes her hair— Lucillius.
'T is false—she bought it, jet black, at a fair.

*104

67 ϒ of four hundred is the sign, Myrinus.
But double of that age is thine :
Thou, old as Hecuba who art,
Would'st play the delicate Lais' part :
Mamma of Sisyphus art thou,
And Sister of Deucalion. Now
Go, and thy white hairs dye, and all
The world Ta Ta, as children, call.

69 *105 Lucillius.
Thrice old as crow, her white hairs dyed, seems Themistonöe,
Chang'd suddenly, not Nea-like, but Rea-like to be.

106

70 When young, Philinus an old wife Leonidas, A.
chose, and when old a child
Of barely twelve. On neither life
the Paphian Goddess smil'd.
He, in a sterile soil who threw
his seed, had ne'er a son,
And, wedded to a young bride, too
left her a childless one. [231]

71 107 Nicarchus.
A Niconoe once was young and fair.
B And so say I—what time
Deucalion saw the boundless main, she then was in her prime !
A Of matters past so long ago we nothing know nor speak—
B But it behoves her now a tomb and not a husband seek.

*108

72 The hoary-brow'd and ancient wife Bassus.
so many tales who told,
Cytotaris, compar'd with whom
not Nestor's self was old,
More days who numbers than a stag,
whose lithe left hand, to run

A second time her old age thro',
again has just begun,
Hale as a lass, lives, sees, and hears,
so that I almost doubt
Lest Hades' self, who puts out all,
be not himself put out.

109

75 This batter'd visage—sure! Olympia's worst— Lucillius.
Had nose, chin, eyebrows, ears, eyelashes erst;
But he lost all, when pugilist enroll'd,
E'en to a portion of his father's gold;
So like, his brother as sole heir was deem'd,
And he a stranger, so unlike, esteem'd.

74 *110 Nicarchus.

I can no more—on that old wife, sand-blind, and deaf as stone,
A bore, a blockhead, let the street, O'Shaughnessy! be shewn.
If I but tell her, as is wont, my pot o' tea to get,
Potatoes from the kitchen quick will she before me set:
Last night when I a pillow ask'd to ease mine aching brow,
She fetched me—only fancy what—a huge and hot *pillau;*
She 'll pepper-box for paper-case, for biscuit basket give,
Nay! bid her serve the 'sparagus she brings a cinder-sieve:
When told to heat she eats my toast, for bowl she hands a bow,
In short, whatever one may ask she nothing seems to know.
Sore shame it is that I for her like common crier shout,
Wak'ning the house with horrid din—by George! we'll turn her out.

111

76 Go not, with such a nose, near crystal fountain, Lucillius.
Nor look in limpid waters of the mountain;
Else, as Narcissus did for love of his,
You 'll die, self-hating, when you see your phiz!

112

77 Argus, Ulysses' dog, knew well its lord, Do.
Safe, after twenty years, to home restor'd;
Thou, Stratophon! in four hours' fight art grown
To the whole town, including dogs, unknown:
If in a mirror thou thy face should'st spy,
Thyself wilt swear, "No Stratophon am I!"

113

79 Cleombrotus, once pugilist, took recently a wife, Lucillius.
And combats had at home as hard as e'er in Isthmian strife,
Or at Nemœa: with stout fists Olympic blows she dealt,
Striking in him more fear abed than in the lists he felt:
Breathes he, she quiets, if at rest, she rouses him: if ill
He does his work, she thrashes him; if well she thrashes still.

114

78 O Apollophanes! thy phiz Do.
To cullender transmuted is,
Or, like the leather of old books,
Worm-eaten and mothworn it looks,
Or, like the boring to and fro
Of ants which mine in ring and row,
Or, as the Lydian Phrygian signs,
Above, below, in music-lines—
Nathless, box on with fearless heart
For if above thou wounded art,
Already there so many are,
Thou can'st not have another scar.

115

80 His grateful brother pugilists, not one, in life, of whom Do.
He ever damag'd with his fists, to Apis rear'd this tomb.

116

81 Whate'er the trial Greece ordain'd of might, Do.
In all with all did I Androleos fight:
Pisa one ear, one eye Platœa reft,
At Pytho I insensible was left,
Me victor, from the course half dead and maim'd,
Damoteles my sire and town proclaim'd.

82 *117 Nicarchus.
Charmus—tho' wonderful, 't is true!—while running the long race
With other five in Arcady was sev'nth adjudg'd in place.
How! sev'nth you ask? There were but six. A friend ran by his side,
Wearing a cloak, who, evermore, to Charmus "Courage!" cried:
So was he sev'nth. And, Zoilus! if five more friends had he,
Last of the dozen in the course we still should Charmus see.

*118

84 None among foes e'er quicker fell than me, Lucillius.
And none in all the race could slower be ;
At quoit, I miss'd the mark, and, when to leap
I tried, my feet the ground would ever keep :
The maim'd flung jav'lins better : I was first
Proclaim'd for having in all five been worst.

119

83 Do.
The great earth which itself but now quak'd with all else below,
Could not swift Erasistratus the stadium-runner throw.

120

85 When clos'd the stadium was on ev'ry side, Do.
Mark once an armour-race at midnight tried.
No armour-runner—all the watchmen thought—
Could stand, as stands an effigy stone-wrought ;
Gently ! the op'ning doors found Mark our friend
A stadium distant from the stadium's end.

121

86 If Pericles the stadium ran,
Or sate him down, tell no one can,
Tell truly, fully, as on oath,
So extraord'nary his sloth,
The start still sounding in our ears
Crown'd his competitor appears,
But Pericles, meanwhile, at best
Had not a finger's length progrest.

*122

87 Lucillius.
A house of fathoms five scarce holds the great Timomachus,
When, at full length upon the ground out-stretcht, he lieth thus,
And if, at morn, he would stand up—needs must his slaves contrive
To bore above him in the roof a space five feet by five.

123

88 Little Erotion while at play Do.
Was seiz'd on by a gnat one day :
"O Father Zeus !" she cried "if you
Wish for me now, what shall I do ?"

*124

89 Lucillius.
Tiny Hermogenes when aught he lets fall on the ground,
Long-trying, lifts it from below with hook on spear-shaft bound.

*125

90 O Dionysius! with his sire Do.
Marcus the little when in ire,
Plac'd on the wall, just two feet high,
A pin, and hung himself thereby.

126

91 Do.
Thin Stratonicus, in a straw a needle fast'ning high,
Tied himself to it with a hair, and hung himself thereby.
And wherefore, since his weight below had never stretcht the thread?
No! but his corpse was hung aloft when winds in heav'n were dead.

127

92 Gaius the thin, who breath'd his last yestreen, Do.
Left not for burial an ounce-weight, I ween:
As when in life he went to Hades so,
The thinnest of earth's skeletons below:
An empty bier his kinsmen should'ring bore,
Above it written, "Gaius is no more."

128

93 Marcus the slender, with his head, Do.
into an atom floating by
Once made a hole, and, in its midst
lodging, was lost to ev'ry eye.

129

94 Blowing a trumpet with his little breath Do.
The little Mark was split in two by Death.

*130

95 A mouse into its hole, by his small feet Do.
Dragg'd little Long, asleep in summer's heat:
He, in the hole, unarm'd, the mouse dispatch'd,
Crying "Sire Zeus! now Hercules is match'd."

*131

96 Nicarchus.
Not so did the Stymphalian birds Arcadia erst perplex,
As me the dry and skeleton bones of these dead thrushes vex ;
Wretches of Harpies! of my last poor drachma ye lean ten,
Henceforth not meadow-thrushes, but night-birds abhorr'd of men.

132

98 Ammianus.
First let Metropolis a City be,
And let it then be call'd—if fit you see—
Metropolis : to give it now such name,
Before 't is e'en a City, were but shame.

133

99 Lucillius.
Puffing his fire into a flame
The smoke-drift caught thin Proclus' frame,
And thro' the little doorway swept
Where in and out the pigmy crept:
With difficulty none a cloud
Floated him in its fleecy shroud,
Whence he alit again below,
By atoms bruis'd from top to toe.

134

100 Do.
So very light was Gaius that, whene'er he went to swim,
A block of stone, or weight of lead, he us'd to tie to him.

135

101 Do.
While, at her bed, Demetrius fanning kept,
Slender Artemidora, as she slept,
Was by the wind out of the window swept.

136

102 Ammianus.
While Diodorus with a needle thin,
Was once a thorn extracting from his skin,
The foot, than needle finer, as a thread
Slips thro' the open eye, slipt in its stead.

137

103 Lucillius
" The whole world is of atoms made,"
So Epicurus writ or said,
Thinking, my Alchimus! and well
Such matter's smallest particle :

He would have written—among men
If Diophantus had liv'd then—
The world from Diophantus springs,
Than whom of all around we see
No atom e'er so small could be;
Or that, while made all other things
Of atoms, which in ether swim,
Atoms themselves are lead to him.

104 *138 Lucillius.

An ant, as 't were an elephant, Menestratus bestrode,
But on a sudden, luckless wight! was stretcht upon the road,
Where, being kick'd, he faintly cried, as felt the mortal blow,
"O envious fortune! Phaëton rode, fell, and perish'd so."

*139

105 Great Long we search'd for, near and far— Do.
He, with his hands stretcht out,
Lay 'neath a sconce of vinegar,
Sleeping through all the rout.

140

106 Upborne by a light wind, Chæremon, thro' Do.
The buoyant air, than chaff much lighter, flew:
But round his feet a spider's cobweb clung,
So that, with face upturn'd, he, dangling, hung:
And, after swaying there five days and nights,
He, on its wavy thread, on earth alights.

107 *141 Do.

Chæremon, stricken by a leaf which autumn winds had driven
From a dark poplar, lay outstretcht with face which look'd to heaven,
His long thin body, as a stalk of hemp, upon the ground
Extended, was, like Tityrus, or Palicampes, found.

142

108 With Lady Loftie Colonel Small,
Rare courage! chanc'd in love to fall:
Her four to his two cubits wed,
When lying, foot to foot, a-bed,
Such diff'rence was between them plac'd,
His fond lips only reach'd her waist.

143

110 Three lean ones lately quarrel'd as to size, Nicarchus.
To which of them of leanness due the prize ?
Great skill was shewn by Hermon, first of all
Who thro' a needle with its thread did crawl ;
Next Demas from his hole, a cobweb found,
Up by the spider to her net was wound :
" Crown me," exclaim'd Sosipater " for I
Am nought but air, I yield if *one* can spy."

144

111 To hang himself thin Diophantus sought, Do.
And, for his death-noose fit, a cobweb caught.

112 *145 Do.
Poor friend Demostratus ! ere yet anointed, " Fare thee well,
Dear Light !" exclaim, for Dion in his aim, doth all excel :
Not only was Olympicus blinded by him—but, lo !
E'en of his very effigy the eyes are out also.

*146

113 The surgeon Mark a Jove in stone Do.
touch'd only yesterday :
The place knows now nor God nor stone
for both are borne away.

114 147 Do.
Lilly, the fam'd astrologer, addressing Doctor Rayne,
Thus spoke : " To me no more of life than nine months now remain."
He laughing answer'd, " Why to Time's old musty rules resort ?
His count is false : be stout of heart ; we'll put him out of court :"
He said, and stretching forth his hand, he felt the patient's pulse,
And instantly the pangs of death did Lilly's frame convulse.

148

115 If, Dionysius ! thou hast any foe, Do.
Let him not by your curses be consign'd
To Isis or Harpocrates below,
Or to whatever Gods make mortals blind,
Leave him to Simon—which, a God or he,
Can that way do the most we soon shall see.

149

116 They say, Lord Cæsar ! by Eurystheus sent, Nicarchus.
Great Hercules of old to Hades went ;
Is then Menophanes, who there sends me,
A tyrant ? was Eurystheus a M.D. ?

*150

117 Ere Capitò anointed Chryses' eyes,
He, at eight furlongs saw a tall tow'r rise,
A man at one, at cubits twelve a quail,
Nor at a louse, e'en two spans off, would fail,
But, at one furlong, now he cannot spy
A city, nor is able to descry
A lighted Pharos from two hundred feet,
Nor, at a span, if right or left, the street,
And where he clearly saw a quail of old,
He could not a large ostrich now behold.
If Capito again his eyes besmear,
He 'll miss an elephant tho' standing near.

151

118 Undrench'd, untouch'd, but of a fever ill, Nicarchus.
Doctor, thy name alone suffic'd to kill.

*152

119 Whether the doctor the old dame o'er-purg'd, Do.
Or strangled her, the secret ne'er emerg'd :
The stroke of death as sudden came to her
As if it heav'nly intervention were :
At once was heard the clyster-sound, and seen
Her coffin deck'd, while strangers ate the bean.

153

120 To straighten Diodorus' ugly crook, Do.
Socles three stones of huge dimensions took :
Poor Hunchback's life was crush'd out by their weight—
When he came home no rod so stiff and straight !

154

121 The surgeon Ageläus has kill'd Achestoridé,
" For if the patient liv'd" he said " a cripple she would be."

155

122 Manton gave five a clyster, five a purge, Nicarchus
To five a liniment, on five a call ;
There was one night, one doctor thus for all,
One hearse, one grave, one Hades, and one dirge.

123 *156 Hydelus.
Agis to Aristagoras nor touch nor clyster gave,
But Aristagoras soon found, once Agis seen, his grave :
O ! when has e'en in aconite a pow'r so mighty dwelt ?
Agis with crowns and chaplets then, Ye coffin-makers ! pelt.

124 *157 Nicarchus.
A What seek you, Stranger !
B Who are here entomb'd ?
A These from the sun's sweet light has Griffiths doom'd,
Sinclair, and Ainslie, Murchison and Veitch,
Frend, and the rest, as far as eye can reach.
Like Hermes, with ash-wand and sandals soft,
He leads below the shades he dos'd aloft.

158

125 A doctor and an undertaker made
A mutual pact, to help each other's trade ;
The undertaker filching from the grave
The very cere-cloths to the doctor gave ;
The doctor hurried all his patients hence
Sooner his sexton friend to recompense.

*159

126 Charinus did mine eyes anoint
Not with a probe but trident point,
A new sponge at its end it bore,
Part of a painter's pallet-store ;
But, while the probe outdrawing, too
Mine eyelid from the roots he drew :
The point within the orb remain'd.
Should he anoint me twice, if pain'd
Ever again in eye, for me
'T will surely his last trouble be.
How could I, for a third time, call
Him in—without an eye at all.

160

127 When bard they styl'd thee for thy ceaseless line, Pollianus.
Washy and weak, sure! Furies seiz'd the Nine.
Write on, write on! I cannot ask on thee
That greater madness or worse plague should be.

128 161 Do.

If I a dactyl were, or e'en a shorter foot, of those
Lines, long drawn out, which, Florus! thou hast often to compose,
I could not, in such rivalry, congratulate with thee,
Tho' to thy merits, I confess, no crown can equal be;
Be of good cheer then, Florus! keep thy poet-heart in force,
So shalt thou triumph even in the dolichum's far course.

*162

129 When rival poets at the Isthmian game Cerealis.
A poet found, Ant-isthmian he became;
The presence of competitors would bring,
To such, antipithy in Pithia's ring.

131 163 Lucillius.

Neither Deucalion's deluge old, when ev'ry thing was drown'd,
Nor Phaëton whose fiery fall burnt up the very ground,
As Potamon the poet, with so many victims fill'd
The tomb, or as Hermogenes the surgeon here has kill'd.
Hermogenes and Potamon, two ills, have beat at last
The two—Deucalion, Phaëton—our plagues in ages past!

164

130 I hate those Epics in pet phrase who deal, Pollianus.
Never asham'd another's thoughts to steal:
I Elegists prefer, *if* nought they take
Or from Parthenius or Callimache.
Dub me a long-ear'd ass, if I could dare
With such a set the name of bard to share:
Homer, from some, such shameless treatment hath,
Their thief-songs open "Goddess! sing the wrath."

132 165 Lucillius.

I hate, Lord Cæsar! those from whom no one, if young, can wring
Approval, e'en if he should say "The anger, Goddess! sing"

Who if one be nor bald, nor hump'd, nor old as Priam yet,
Condemn him as unable e'en to write his alphabet.
Of matters if indeed the state, O Highest Zeus ! be such.
Wisdom has come to those alone who suffer hernia much.

*166

133 Eutychides, the lyric bard, is dead— Lucillius.
Ye, under earth ! avaunt, and hide the head :
Eutychides is coming, in his hands
He holds his odes, and issues his commands,
Chests twenty, full of verses to the brim,
And twelve guitars to burn along with him.
Alas for us ! when Charon cometh—there
To go, will any one hereafter dare ?
Eutychides, on earth our past life's bore,
Beneath will victimize us as of yore.

*167

134 *A* Each against other, who shall win ? Do.
Come Heliodorus ! let 's begin
This poem-play where line caps line.
H If will to strive with me be thine !
A That thou may'st near thy master be,
Come, Heliodorus ! sit by me.
H Haply a silly bore I'll find—
A Much of the Heliodorus kind.

168

135 Marcus ! lament no more your boy, but me, Do.
Equally dead and by worse pain than he:
Your odes and elegies on me indite,
Me of your fatal rhymes the victim quite,
O would that he who pen and paper first
Us'd, were for aye to hear your doggrel curst !

169

136 Man never, for a sudden ambuscade, Do.
From metal forg'd so mischievous a blade,
As thou, Callistratus ! my peace to mar
Of fierce hexameters this truceless war ;
Sound quickly a retreat ; e'en Priam's grief
By pray'rs and tears obtain'd from men relief.

137 170 Lucilius

Before me Heliodorus plac'd a beef-steak raw and rude,
And pour'd, with glist'ning eyes, three cups of some strange liquor crude,
Then drench'd me with his epigrams. Now, if herein I've err'd,
Eating a portion of some ox of the Trinacrian herd,
I rather, once for all, would die by swallowing a wave;
If far the flood, then take me up, the next well be my grave.

171

138 If thoughts e'er rise my memory o'er Do.
Of the grammarian Heliodore,
Instantly on my fetter'd tongue
I feel as solecisms were hung.

139 172

Zenonis to grammarian Menander of the beard
Sent her one son, that carefully he might by him be rear'd:
Certes! well-chosen—all night long their labour ceases not;
Inflexions, genders, articles, conjunctions—none forgot.

173

140 To those, our peace at meals who mar, Do.
Who praters and verse-valiant are,
To those, of Aristarchus bred,
Grammarians of the puzzle-head,
To whom it is no joke to ask,
"Take, Friend! and drink, then pass the flask."
Who, while reclin'd, as children, will
Of Nestor prose and Priam still,
Leave me not thus, as proverbs say,
Lest I become their prize and prey:
Me better things today engage
Than their "O Goddess! sing the rage."

*174

141 I lost a little pig, an ox, a goat, Do.
For which you, Meneclés! receiv'd a groat
In small retainer—neither I, nor these,
Have aught in common with Othryades;
My thieves I trace not to Thermopylæ;
Against Eutychides is this our plea:

Why Xerxes bring again on Grecian ground,
And Lacedæmon with my loss confound?
The facts, the law, or else I raise loud cries—
So, Meneclés!—the rest my pig supplies.

175

143 Marcus the orator when dead Do.
Grim Pluto, scarce admitting, said:
"One dog is here enough for us,
Rather mine old friend Cerberus!
But, if you wish it so indeed,
Your case before Ixion plead
And Melito, the lyric bard,
And Tityrus doom'd to penance hard.
For my part in these realms below
No greater ill than you I know
Till here with his barbarian speech
Shall Rufus the grammarian teach."

*176

144 Who coins big words, the Attic five who wields Cerealius.
Nor shews great art nor genuine pleasure yields:
Even if Homer's outward air he catch,
Needs there not more his inner fire to match?
Mind must inform the line's familiar phrase—
So all may understand what any says.

177

145 The marble 's eloquent, himself tho' mute,
Thus speaking bust and silent member suit.

*178

146 When to the Rhetor Flaccus I Ammianus.
In gift sev'n solecisms supply,
He, of the like who ne'er had lack,
Sends me a thousand others back,
Adding "to number at your ease
I only send at present these,
Hereafter, without number, more
Your advent wait on Cyprus' shore."

*179

147 A rhetorician—who till now seem'd dumb— Do.
Is Asiaticus at once become:

Herein there 's nothing strange ; in Thebæ e'en
This very moment, is like marvel seen.

148 *180 Lucillius.

Flaccus the rhetorician still is solecist tho' mute ;
About to speak, he instantly barbarian turns and brute ;
He solecises sorely too by sawing with his hand,
But lo ! he comes—on seeing him my mouth is barr'd and bann'd.

*181

149 The rhetorician Medon—Aye ! 't is he
Himself. Alas ! what marvel may this be ?
Speechless he stands, and yet to speak prepares—
The portrait's truth that speechlessness declares.

*182

150 "Athnagoras the orator Ammianus.
Hermes of Arcady before
Presenteth an Arcadian hat
According to his dream." Write that.
—Softly ! an orator if he
According to a night-dream be,
Hermes the gift may, haply, take,
But if he saw it, when awake,
According to a dream by day,
Then will it be enough to say—
More would not with such off'ring pass—
"Presented by Athnagoras."

183

151 *A* The likeness of an orator behold.
B How, as an orator's can this be told ?
A The likeness of an orator is he.
B How so ? he speaks not.
A Liker nought can be !

184

152 Paul ! if your son a speaker you would breed, Ammianus.
Let him, as other speakers, nothing read.

185

153 A shoeless Cynic shiv'ring in the breeze, Lucillius.
Such is Menestratus the world agrees :

But, snatching thus for bread and broken meat,
I call him dog, and with my cudgel beat.

*186

154 Illiterate and poor who be, Lucillius.
Ho! listen ev'ry one to me.
No longer grind ye at the mill,
Nor carry loads for wages still:
Nourish a beard, and, staff in hand,
Upon the cross-road take your stand,
And say to ev'ry passer-by
The first of dogs in virtue I.
The very wise Hermodotus
Delights to teach and practice thus:
Is any without money here,
Let him no longer famine fear,
But, his light tunic laying down,
Levy a tribute from the town.

187

156 You think, old fellow! that a beard is wise, Ammianus.
And therefore nourish it, a flap for flies;
Come! be advis'd, and clip it, neat and nice,
Beards less betoken wisdom than breed lice.

*188

157 What needs it now philosophers to make? Do.
A few pet phrases from old Plato take:
Short cloak, loose hair, long beard, and shoulders bare,
The boasted wisdom of our age declare.

189

158 The bag, and—Hercules' best weapon sent— Antipater.
The strong staff of Diogenes lament;
Laments the doubled cloak, of cold snow-storms
Ever the foe, which constant filth deforms
From thy foul back. One Dog in heav'n is seen,
But thou wert born in dirt, a dog unclean;
Arms, not thine own, lay down then. One denotes
Brave lions, and the other bearded goats.

190

159 As with one voice, astrologers declar'd Lucillius.
To ripe old age my uncle would be spar'd,

Save Hermoclides, who "His death is near"
Said, but who said so, when we wept his bier.

191

160 Who Mars and Saturn our birth-planets make, Lucillius.
Are worthy all of meeting at one stake:
Haply, I'll see them soon, and then know true
What can the Bull and what the Lion do.

192

161 Onesimus the pugilist Do.
Olympus sought, th' astrologist,
Wishing beforehand to be told
If he were destin'd to grow old:
"Yes! if you will but cease," said he,
"At once your art, old age you'll see;
If you persist in boxing so,
Saturn as ruling planet know."

*193

162 Some one the seer Olympicus addrest Nicarchus.
"If he should sail for Rhodes, how, when were best?"
Him the seer answer'd "First, a new ship get,
And sail in summer, not in winter set:
Act thus, and to and fro you'll pass at ease—
Unless a pirate in mid-ocean seize!"

*194

163 To sage Olympus, seer of fame, Lucillius.
Onesimus the wrestler came
With the race-runner Menecles,
And Hylas the pentathlete. These
Desir'd to know which of the three
Should in the games a victor be.
Consulting first his sacred books,
He with slow words and solemn looks
"Ye all are victors," said, "*if* none
Onesimus shall overthrow,
If Hylas meet no stouter foe,
And Menecles the *fastest* run."

*195

164 Aulus th' astrologer, himself who cast Do.
His own nativity, announc'd at last

His end approaching, that he should survive
But four more hours. When he had reach'd the five,
And found life still was his, as one asham'd
That he knew naught, he Petosiris blam'd,
And hung himself for spite, and high in air
Died, but died knowing nothing, here or there.

165 196 Lucillius.

The miser Elwes us'd no scents, but with the smell of gold
His stinted stomach's languid powr's, as pref'rable, consol'd.

197

166 All say that thou art rich, not so my creed.
Use is the proof of wealth—else poor indeed!
Employ, enjoy it, seed for thee it bears;
For others kept it is not thine but theirs.

167 198 Pollianus.

How hast thou nought, with pence in hand? Listen! thou lendest all,
And thus possessest nought, that his another thine may call.

168 *199 Antiphanes.

You count, poor wretch! with pebbles. As the wings
Of Time speed onwards, int'rest tho' he brings,
Hoary old age too presses on his rear;
And, tho' you pass not the bright wine-cup here,
Nor Pleasure round your temples wreathe her flow'rs,
Nor Love and Beauty solace the swift hours,
Yet shall you die, your wealth enrich your heir,
And your cold hand clasp only Charon's fare.

200

169 The stingy wretch had hang'd himself to-day, Nicarchus.
But for the halter that he grudg'd to pay:
He thought its cost at sixpence all too high,
Hoping perchance a cheaper death to die.
Such of the dying miser the sad end,
He could not part in peace—so much to spend.

*201

170 The dying miser wept not life to end, Do.
But on his funeral so much to spend.

In this oblige him, and, as only just,
Pay for him, Ye his heirs! and place in dust.

202

171 Hermocrates the miser, in his will, Lucillius.
When dying, wrote himself sole heir to be,
But, reck'ning his expenditure when ill,
And, were he well, what then the doctor's fee,
He found, if life were sav'd, 't would cost the most,
So, of two ills the least, gave up the ghost.

172 203 Do.
To rear it what his cost would be, when he had counted just,
His new-born child into the sea the skinflint Aulus thrust.

204

173 Lent, lending, and to lend, part after part, Philip.
Of thine own gold thou never master art.

*205

174 A golden Cypris Dion stole yestreen, Lucillius.
As rising from her mother ocean seen,
And also to himself Adonis drew,
And, which stood near, a little Eros too:
"Now will they own, who are of thieves the best,
In hands with Dion we no more contest."

175 206 Do.
Eutychides the very God, by whom he sought to swear,
Stole, and then said "I can't swear now, God is no longer there."

176 *207 Do.
When winged Hermes carrying off—the messenger of Jove,
Arcadia's King, whose craft away Apollo's cattle drove,
Of our gymnasium arbiter—the night-thief Aulus cries,
"Nothing surprising! scholars oft from masters bear the prize."

208

177 Eutychides stole Phœbus, whose skill'd touch Do.
Thieves fear, and whisper'd "Chatter not o'ermuch,
Match art with art, and hands with mysteries,
Prophet with thief, with God Eutychides,
But straightway for thy mouth unbridled sold,
Let what thou wilt to those who buy be told."

178 *209 Lucillius.
Feed, Herdsman! farther off your drove, lest Pericles the thief
Together with the cows themselves on you too fix his neaf.

210

179 Feet like his hands had Dion, Dion then Do.
Had been—and Hermes not—call'd wing'd by men.

211

180 Polemon never at the Ides Ammianus.
The money due from him provides:
Somehow, he doubts—until the Nones,
And then its payment he postpones;
Giving and giving not between
The selfsame character is seen:
Polemon, wav'ring first and last,
Decides not—till the time is past:
A safe cheap principle he uses,
He never pays but ne'er refuses.

*212

181 Dropt the first syllable which forms his name, Do.
Juvenal, as before, is still the same.

183 213 Lucillius.
That Saturn vex'd his horoscope was Heliodorus told;
By night he from a shrine away a Saturn took of gold;
"Try we, good master mine! which comes as evil-doer first:
Two play that game: say, who of whom as evil-star is worst?
Ill to another he who does to his own heart does ill:
I've found at last my money's worth—now rise, and work thy will."

*214

184 Meniscus took from Jove's Hesperidæ, Do.
As Hercules of yore, gold apples three:
What else? when caught a great sight he became,
Burnt, as was Hercules, alive in flame.

215

186 Death follows as the owl at midnight screeches, Nicarchus.
But e'en the night-owl dies at Ormely's speeches.

216

187 Smylus, the sleepless house whose crack'd flute fill'd, Leonidas.
His neighbours all, save Origen, has kill'd:

He was deaf-born : kind Nature would not give
Him ears, that one at least might longer live.

217

188 A new Apollo is Nicetas sure ! Ammianus.
Our ears to charm, our illnesses to cure.

191 *218 Lucillius.

Cease, bloody barber ! Cease, O thou man-fatal Mars ! to cut
My face : there not an inch is left another gash to put.
Rather my muscles take, and knees, or lower at thy wish,
Cut corns, pare nails, shave, scrape—in all I yield me to thy dish,
For now thy shop is full of flies, and, if thou stay'st, ere long
Thou wilt the vulture and the crow behold in hundreds throng.

*219

189 The tragic actor Apollophanes Do.
Sold for five pence the club of Hercules,
Tisiphone's dread emblems, Neptune's spear,
Athene's shield, the bow to Dian dear ;
Five Gods, next Zeus, he stript that he might dine
On a small share of coarse bread and thin wine.

220

190 The barber of Hermogenes might ask : Do.
" How am I to begin, and where, my task ?
No speck of face, one forest all of hair—
Am I call'd in to shave a man, or bear ?"

221

192 Crucified on a higher cross to find his brother thief Do.
So stung the envious Diophon, he died thro' very grief.

222

193 Envy ! worst vice, this only good is thine
To wound thine eyes, thy heart away to pine.

223

195 As Gallus Aristagoras had danc'd, Dioscorides.
And, with much labour, when he had advanc'd
Thro' the shield-loving stern Temenidæ,
Discharg'd with honourable praise was he.

One noise of rattles and the gen'ral hiss
The mis'rable Hyrnetho did dismiss.
Perish the deeds of Heroes! Soulless men
Deem sweeter than the swan the simple wren.

224

198 Theodorus.

Him of the nose, Hermocrates—for sure! his nose to call
After Hermocrates but were to liken great to small.

225

196 Lucillius.

Bito—who has a face in shape
Ugly and lewd as any ape,
A face, methinks! which Hecaté
Hell's Queen, would hang herself to see—
Says "Chaste, Lucillius! am I
In life, and yet alone I lie,
A virgin still, altho' the blush
Of shame my cheek, to tell it, flush."
—Her words to gainsay I decline;
But if on earth one foe be mine,
May he in wedlock have a wife,
Of so rare charms and as chaste life.

226

199 Leonidas.

Our hook-nos'd friend Sosipolis need never buy him fish:
With much good living, of free gift, the sea supplies his dish;
He brings no rod, he casts no line, but, fixing to his nose
A bait, he catches instantly whate'er the deeps inclose.

227

200 Do.

His house on fire, Zenogenes had labour'd long and hard
From sill to doorway to descend, but thence escape seem'd barr'd;
Planks, ropes, all fail'd him, till—bright thought! thy nose, Antimachus!
Us'd as a step, he, from the flames, alighted safely thus.

*228

201 Ammonides.

If any Parthian had, I ween,
Antipatra when naked seen,
He would have fled afar from these
Which match thy columns, Hercules!

229

202 His first old wife in earth soon laid,
Moschus, as second, took a maid:
The old one's dowry, whole and sole,
Remain'd in her wise lord's controul:
Excellent practice! well he knew,
With each the right course to pursue;
Of this to be the single heir,
Of that the bridal bed to share.

*230

203 A mattock, when he digs, is Castor's nose,
Snores he a trump, a dibble when he sows,
A hook for fish, a sickle for ripe fruits,
Its axe the wright, its fork the flesh-pot suits,
Bolt for a door and anchor for a ship,
The gard'ner's leek-knife, the boat-builder's grip—
Thus, carrying a tool for all trades fit,
On a most useful nose has Castor hit.

231

204 With blubber lips and elephantine snout, Palladas.
What marvel! Moor a brute sound bellows out.

232

205 Eutychides, at Aulus' board, O Dionysius! there Lucillius.
Left not his host a single crumb but carried off the spare:
A great feast in his turn at home has now Eutychides,
While Aulus, uninvited, sits eating dry bread and cheese.

*233

206 Ever be Dionysius blest Do.
These and all good things to digest:
But, in the name of all that 's fair,
Grant that I have, at least, a share;
I too was ask'd: and Poplius plac'd
Before me some of these to taste:
For me too is a part design'd,
Unless indeed, as I reclin'd,
Seeing me thin, as wont, and pale,
You thought me suff'ring from some ail,
And so were on the watch to see
Lest I eat something secretly.

234

208 Smike, in the race who ever lagg'd behind, Lucillius.
Runs to his dinner like the very wind.

*235

207 Do.
Gamus! thou dost devour as much as five wolves, and e'en more;
Not only thine but others' share thy slaves behind thee store:
Tomorrow to the fragment-feast, with sawdust, sponge, and brush,
And basket—not one chance to lose—incontinently rush.

*236

209 Tho' you should reach to earth's extremest bound, Ammianus.
Extending evermore your acres round,
A nook of land awaits you, as all men,
Where you shall lie, your equal Irus then,
Of all your wealth a farthing left alone,
And, into earth resolv'd, no more your own.

*237

210 Lucillius.
Aulus the soldier, if he hear or coal, or laurel crack
In the hearth-flame, his saffron cloak binds closer to his back:
He trembles at his proper sword: if any whisper round
"The foe" he suddenly, face-down, falls prostrate on the ground:
He never visits Polemon, nor Stratoclides names,
But, as sole friend and general, Lysimachus proclaims.

238

211 When, as is wont, wall-painted, a sea fight Do.
First met Calpurnius the soldier's sight,
Pale, breathless, prostrate, cried the man of wars,
"Take me alive, ye Trojans! friends of Mars."
When safe he found himself, with heart reviv'd,
Tho' scarcely conscious that he still surviv'd,
Frankly he own'd his ransom fairly due,
To those upon the wall who fought so true.

*239

212 I ask'd the portrait of my son from thee: Do.
That of some other's child thou bring'st to me,
To whom is given of a dog the phiz,
As if to show that my Zopyrion is

Born of some shrivell'd Hecuba, and how
I, Erasistratus, flesh-seller, now—
Paid my six drachmas of full weight—a son
Have, like the Anubis of Isis, won.

240

213 This image of Menodotus has Diodorus wrought, Leonidas.
Like, most like anyone, except Menodotus, 't is thought.

241

214 Deucalion, Phaeton, both drawn by you! Lucillius.
You ask what price you now for each should claim;
If fix we must their sev'ral value true,
This to the water give, that to the flame.

*242

215 Tho' Eutychus the painter have of children twenty got, Do.
Even in one of all the score we trace his likeness not.

243

217 That Apollophanes might be Do.
Suspicionless, a wife took he,
And, thro' the forum, at its head,
As bridegrooms wont, the marriage led;
"Wait but a little while" to some
He said "a son and heir will come."
We wait the promis'd issue long—
Was our suspicion right or wrong?

244

219 Tho' others trust, me doubt holds still— Antipater.
A middle path I take,
Pamphilus! love me if you will,
But kiss not for heav'n's sake.

245

220 Flee from Alpheius' mouth: the lap of Arethusa he
Loving, was lost, and headlong fell into a bitter sea.

246

226 Lie lightly, Earth! Nearchus' bones about— Ammianus.
That so the dogs may easier drag him out.

247

227 From gnats shall milk, from beetles honey flow, Ammianus.
Ere any good from you, a scorpion, grow:
Nought done yourself, you let not others do,
Till, like a pestilent star, all shrink from you.

*248

228 One has his mother murder'd, and another Do.
His father, and a third has slain his brother,
But Pollianus has all three in one,
First from the times of Œdipus, outdone.

249

229 A subject worthy of itself Gout has at length found out, Do.
One who a hundred years ago deserv'd to have the gout.

250

230 From Crossley's name the three last letters take, Do.
A word, which well his crimes deserve, you 'll make.

251

231 Wolfe is a man—one letter less a beast: Do.
The name he has not he should have at least.

252

232 A brute, Polycritus! thou always wast: Callius.
Now, after drinking, suddenly thou hast
Become a thing of evil, raging-mad.
And yet, methinks! that thou wert always bad.
Wine proves the temper and unlocks the heart,
Thou art not chang'd, but known for what thou art.

253

233 Rufus the painter rashly chose, Lucillius.
The attorney Phædrus to oppose;
Which in his work the quicker hand,
And liker truth whose work would stand.
'T was done, and done. His easel fixt,
Rufus his colours scarce had mixt,
When Phædrus sharp before him laid
Their bet by his own bankers paid:
So cunning was the counterfeit,
Rufus detected not the cheat,

But, as it feign'd to be, believ'd
The cheque was his, himself deceiv'd.

254

234 That Craterus had hands and feet Callius.
I nothing doubt, and both complete ;
But surely brains he wanted quite
Who nonsense such as this could write.

*255

235 Chians are bad, not here and there a few, Demodocus.
But all, save Procles—who 's a Chian too.

256

236 Bad men are the Cilicians all. Save Cinyres is none Do.
Cilician good : and Cinyres—he too 's Cilicia's son !

257

237 A deadly viper, which, perchance, Do.
a Cappadocian bit,
Tasting that blood, than poison worse,
died instantly of it.

258

238 Do.
Bad fellows Cappadocians are : and worse when they obtain
The military panoply : but worst for sake of gain :
If haply, on the car of state, they mount but twice or thrice,
Puff'd with the pride of place they e'en themselves excel in vice.
Let them not hold a fourth time, King ! the reins of pow'r, lest so
The whole world Cappadocianized by bad example grow.

259

240 Not only stinks she, but knows e'en to make Lucillius.
All us who nose her in the smell partake.

*260

239 Not the Chimæra, Homer-sung, so villainously smells, Do.
Nor of fire-breathing bulls the herd, as Jason's story tells,
Nor universal Lemnos, nor what Harpies foul reject,
Nor Philoctetes' wounded foot when rotting in neglect,
So that all rivals by all votes, O Telesilla ! you,
Bulls, birds, Chimæras, rottenness, and Lemnian stinks subdue.

*261

241-2 Thy mouth is not less stinking than thy tail, Nicarchus.
To say which is the worst wise noses fail :
One should be told, so foul of both the scent
From one or other if the sound were sent ;
Else, comes it hence or thence, one cannot know—
Poison breathes equally above, below.

243 *262 Do.

At April Ides to bathe himself, Onesimus from home
Went to a bath : Antiphilus was Consul then of Rome :
He left behind a sucking child : ere ended was his bath,
That child himself, to manhood grown, two other children hath.
He wrote us oft " I'll soon return " and " At this very hour,
The fire removing, the bath-man reduces the steam pow'r."

263

244 If Heliodorus ! thine the thought
That a brass *warmer* thou hast bought,
I fear me, Friend ! thou 'rt sadly sold ;
'T is than the North in Thrace more cold :
Puff not, nor labour at it more,
Mounts but the vain smoke as before ;
Rather hast thou for summer's heat
Purchas'd of brass a *cooler* meet.

264

245 Thro' thy rent sides all waves of Ocean rush, Lucillius.
And to and fro thy ports the free tides gush,
The dolphin shoals, the Nereids' offspring bright
Far in thy hull swim, fearlessly, in sight,
And shortly we expect that ships will sail
Within, for water, sure ! without will fail.

265

246 From what stone-quarries were these timbers brought? Do.
Of what mill-stones am I, a vessel, wrought ?
Nor pine am I, nor oak, if wit be mine,
But, tho' scarce rooted yet, of lead my line.
Perchance a stone I suddenly shall grow,
And then what worse remains ? That Melito
A worthless drama should indite on me,
Under the title of poor Niobé !

*266

247 O'er ocean, Dionysius ! sail we, Lucillius.
Shipping on ev'ry side this briny sea,
The Adriatic and Ægean main,
The Istrian and Tyrrhene pump'd out again ;
'T is not a ship wherein we, moonward, mount,
But, made of wood, a very ocean fount.
Arm, Cæsar ! Dionysius holds in hand
Not of mere ships but whole seas the command.

248 *267 Bianor.
A No deeps destroy'd her.
B Not the deeps ?
A She never had set sail.
B Nor winds ?
A The ship was lost before she felt the sea or gale.
The builders with fat drops of pitch her well-constructed frame
All had anointed, e'en to where the rower-benches came :
Beneath the fire's untended heat the pitch flow'd flaming o'er,
So what was built for trust at sea was trustless found on shore.

268

249 Menophanes bought ground : but, famine thro', Lucillius.
He hung himself a stranger's oak unto :
Earth to throw o'er his corpse himself had none :
His burial at some neighbour's cost was done.
Had Epicurus known this field, then he
Of fields not atoms had said all to be.

250 269
The painter well the fat one paints, but cursed may he be !
We had one hateful heavy plague, now two, alas ! we see.

270

251 Two persons, deaf as posts, invok'd the laws : Nicarchus.
A judge than either deafer, tried the cause ;
One said the other ow'd him five months' rent,
One that all night in mill-work he had spent ;
" Wherefore contend ye ?" frowning said the Court,
" Of both the mother, both must her support."

*271

252 Thy kisses hateful are to me, Do.
Thy hate as love would welcome be,

But if no hate thy heart have got,
At least, Beloved ! kiss me not.

*272

253 Say, O Ariston ! from what tough oak-tree, Lucillius.
Or mill-stone quarry has thy sire hew'd thee ?
Sure ! thou'rt a dancer made from oaks of old,
Or rock—of Niobé a breathing mould.
Wond'ring I say, that with Latona thou
Hast fought—a natural stone else wherefore now ?

*273

254 Yes ! you dance well, but, as a mime you fall— Do.
Sore pain to see—in worst neglect of all :
Dancing, as Niobe, you stand a rock ;
You fall, as Capaneus, with sudden shock ;
While, sword in hand, as Canache, you go
Alive from off the scene—tells History so ?

255 274 Palladas.
Well Daphne was, and Niobe, by flat-nos'd Memphis shewn,
He play'd the Daphne like a stick, the Niobe like stone.

256 275 Lucillius.
They say that Heliodora loves to bathe the livelong day,
Yet washes not of her old hulk its hundred years away.
The cause is clear, known well to me : she hopes, like Pelias old,
By being boil'd, to issue forth again in youthful mould.

276

257 In dreams when Diophant had seen Do.
Draw near his doctor, Hermogene,
He never stirr'd again—a charm
Altho' he carried on his arm !

259 *277 Do
Friend Erasistratus ! you boast your fine Thessalian horse,
Whom not all spells of Thessaly can to a caper force,
A horse of very wood, for whom, if all the Phrygians, join'd
With all the Greeks, at Scæa's gate no entrance they could find.
Me if you heed, present him soon an off'ring at some shrine,
And for your little children make his oats in gruel fine.

*278

260 Slave-master now ! I recognise thee not ;
A *slave* thou wert, whence hast thou *master* got ?

279

261 " Sae unco guid " was Patrickson, he turn'd
His back on all whom loves unlawful burn'd.

263 280 Palladas.

Menander to the actor Paul once rose in dreams of night,
"Thee I ne'er wrong'd, yet, day by day, by thee am murder'd quite."

264 281 Lucillius.

Hermon the miser dream'd that he had spent some cash one night,
Next day he went and hang'd himself, so painful was the fright.

282

265 'Gainst the light cavalry of frogs or fleas, Do.
Dog-flies, or grasshoppers, or mice, should we
An army raise, fear, Gaius ! against these
Worthy to fight, our choice *may* fix on thee :
But, if we need an army of brave men—
No war with cranes have Romans—fear not then !

283

266 False is your mirror, Mabel ! were it true, Do.
'T would not so often be look'd in by you.

284

267 No want of wand to measure with is thine,
Whose nose, unenviably, has cubits trine.

*285

268 Proclus's hand can never wipe his nose,
Short of the end its utmost tension goes:
Sneezing, his nose too distant from his ears,
He ne'er says " Bless me !" for no sound he hears.

*286

269 The gloriously-triumphant child
Of Jove, I Hercules was styl'd
In bygone years, but to be Luke
Me, afterwards, by force they took.

*287

270 World-wasting King! this iron image We,
Less valuable than brass, erect to thee:
Famine and anger, blood, and deadly need,
Thy tools to ruin all for love of greed.

*288

271 As men near Scylla harsh Charybdis place,
So We the savage cruel Anastase:
Fear thou too, Scylla! his huge maw, lest he
Cut in small change thy brass divinity.

289

273 Limping alike in intellect and foot,
How outward form and inner nature suit!

*290

274 *A* Cyllenian! say, to Proserpine's dark land — Lucillius.
How went Lollíanus? what now his fare?
Strange, were he silent!
B As if speech he plann'd—
A Alas! then for the dead who meet him there.

291

275 Block-headed and ridiculous, — Apollonius.
The scum of earth, Callimachus,
Guiltiest in that he left to us
"The Causes" of Callimachus.

*292

276 So lazy Marcus! once, in prison thrown, — Lucillius.
And loth to leave, he dar'd e'en murder own.

293

277 — Do.
Once lazy Marcus in a dream so ran that, fill'd with dread,
Lest he should run again, he now goes never to his bed.

*294

278 Of Menelaus, Paris, thou — Do.
abroad the ills art telling,
While many Parises at home
enjoy thine own chaste Helen.

295

279 Grammarian never can be called complete, Lucillius.
In whom at once, wrath, anger, choler meet.

296

280 Better beneath the doomsman's sword who stands, Palladas.
Than in Gennadius the surgeon's hands:
That, in just hatred, cuts the murd'rer down,
But this to Hades sends one—for his crown.

*297

281 When Magnus went to Hades, Pluto said Do.
Trembling "He comes to raise up e'en my dead."

298

283 *A* Many say many things: but all alike Do.
The sources of thy sorrows fail to strike.
Beyond belief, one paradox appears
How thou, so thieving, hast such ready tears?
B Of Chalcis land, the thief dechalcidiz'd
Our town, his thefts by gainful tears disguis'd.

*299

284 From land of the Lotophagi a mighty captain see, Do.
Lycaon, born in Chalcis, who from Antioch boasts to be!

300

285 Another paradox and new Do.
Of woman-weakness here we view,
To rob, and, robbing, weep the while,
Yet, weeping, carry off the spoil:
To rob, and absolution get,
And, when absolv'd, a robber yet:
Body and mind, of this be sure!
In such a nature are impure.

301

287 Who with an ugly wife is curst, his light Do.
Tho' he at evening kindle, looks on night.

302

288 A barber and a tailor got,
Somehow, oppos'd in contest hot:

But quickly was the needle keen
Victorious o'er the razor seen.

303

291 What benefit hast thou e'er done the State, Palladas.
By writing ribald verses long and late,
Receiving for thine iambs golden spoil,
And selling slander as a tradesman oil.

*304

292 Seated on a celestial car, hast thou Do.
To one of silver learnt thy soul to bow ?
Infinite shame ! when lower greater known,
Thou in ascending art inferior grown.
Come ! by descending, Heav'n's ascent be won,
Since by ascending thy descent begun.

*305

293 Dick promis'd me a horse and brings a tail, Do.
Whence of a worn hack hangs a figure frail.

306

294 Poor soul and worldly wealth meet well in thee, Lucillius.
Starving thyself that rich thine heirs may be.

*307

295 If, in thy house, thou hast a Bacchus, down Do.
His ivy take, and with a lettuce crown.

*308

296 Timon.
What 's he who eyes the ranks of men, as eyes a ram the fold ?
A heavy Assian, full of words, a bully yet not bold.

*309

297-8 Lo ! the poor infant, with sore thirst opprest,
His small hand stretching to his mother's breast :
" O Mother mine ! as step-mother who art
The tears of this best vine to me impart."
She, flask in hand, the child obliquely eyed,
And, as, in wine, her sex is wont, replied :
" Why, Infant ! from my small draught any ask ?
See ! of four gallons scarcely is my flask."

"Wine more than me, why lov'st thou, Mother mine ?
As once thou gavest milk, now give me wine."
"Child ! since my milk could then thy thirst allay,
Go now, and water drink, thy thirst to stay."
"Mother ! ill mother ! hard thy heart must be,
Something to drink, if dear thy child, give me."

310

299 *A* Thou dost insult ! Palladas.
B What wonder ? where
The hardship ?
A But with thee I bear :
For ever of the insolent
Boldness is its own punishment.

311

304 All cowards are, and boastful, e'en if here Do.
Another feeling amongst men appear :
But he who reasons, thro' good sense, conceals
That failing from his neighbour, not reveals :
But thy soul's portal open is, which none
By crouching or by bullying can shun.

305 *312 Do.
Offspring of folly, most unlearn'd, O child of impudence !
Why, knowing nothing, strut you so with insolent pretence ?
Among Grammarians Platonist, if summon'd to explain
The principles of Plato, you Grammarian are again :
From one to other still you fly : the art you neither know,
Of Grammar, nor are Platonist, except in outward show.
You boast, I know, of all yet are in all a tyro known,
Having a taste of ev'ry thing with nothing of your own.

313

306 Should'st thou depart from Alexandria's strand Do.
For Antioch, and in Italy thence land,
Not one in pow'r will wed thee—vain the thought
From shore to shore thy sanguine course which brought.

307 *314 Do.
Eros and Aphrodite since your son and wife you name,
'T is meet and right all parts to fill, that, Blacksmith ! you are lame.

315

308 So slender Cleonichus, when Lucillius.
His foot with a sharp thorn
Should have been bor'd, we found it then
Safe thro' that sharp point borne.

316

309 Tharsymachus, by an unhandsome trick Do.
Lost his great wealth, to nothing sinking quick :
Unhappy Miser! lending out thy gold,
At int'rest upon int'rest, rates untold,
Drinking but water, often eating not,
So that, by starving, something more were got.
Had'st thou of hunger reckon'd but the cost,
Both then and now, thou would'st not thus have lost
Thy soul and substance, but had nothing less
Than what thou fondly dreamedst to possess.

317

310 Hair, teeth, paints, washes, dyes, bought lot by lot, Do.
At the same cost a face you could have got.

318

311 Do.
So lazy is Pantænetus that all the Gods he pray'd
He ne'er might rise from off the bed where burning fever laid :
And now that, in his own despite, to health he is return'd,
The Gods he blameth, as unjust, because his pray'r they spurn'd.

*319

312 Marcus the poet built, O Passer by! Do.
This tomb, where yet no corpse has come to lie ;
A single line he wrote, and carv'd it thus
" Weep Magnus, twelve years old, of Ephesus :"
No Magnus ever seen, it prompts who pass
To say, o'er poet vanity, alas!

320

313 Bid to a feast, the board where silver fill'd Do.
But food was scant, mine host has well-nigh kill'd,
Till famish'd, furious 'mid the glare, I say
" Give me a steak, tho' serv'd on plate of clay."

*321

314 Wherefrom might I derive of dish the name ? Lucillius.
By you invited, I found whence it came :
Great dishes for great hunger you have plac'd,
Well in whose emptiness is famine trac'd.

322

315 Antiochus by chance once saw Lysimachus's pad, Do.
Last hope of seeing it again Lysimachus e'er had.

323

316
Once singly to the sacred games the wrestler Milo came :
Him straightway for the prize of strength the judges victor name.
He slipt, as he advanc'd, and fell. Some cried out that the crown
Should not be giv'n to one who thus alone had fallen down.
He, standing in the midst, exclaim'd "Three falls there are I trow;
Once I've been laid ; to throw me twice let any venture now !"

*324

317 A friend, to help my weary track, Palladas.
Gave me an ass, which loves to back,
Sluggish in spirit, quite a bar
To all who journey fast and far :
An ass, the son of sloth extreme,
A trouble, terror, and a dream,
The last to speed upon his way,
The first, alas ! to turn and stay.

325

318 Philodemus.
Anticrates knows better than Aratus all the spheres,
But of his own birth, where and when, knew nothing it appears :
Whether he 'neath the Ram was born, or with the Twins came out,
Or with the Fishes first was seen, in all he is in doubt :
One answer only offers. He was born in all the three,
Lewd, sheepish, and effeminate, and a gourmand is he.

326

320 Philostratus Antigone Argentarius.
Lov'd—miserable wrestler he !
A vagrant poorer by times five
Than even Irus when alive :

Yet, against cold, 't was his to meet
A sure restorative and sweet
When he Antigone as bride
Took, and slept cosily beside.

319 *327 Automedon.

Ten measures of good charcoal bring, if citizen thou'dst be :
Present a pig, Triptolemus himself is nought to thee !
With lentils green, and cockles fresh, and heads of cabbage bribe—
What matters little, if enough—Herclides the chief scribe ;
Bring these, and then for ancestors, whom best it pleases, name,
Erycthеus, Cecrops, Codrus choose, not one will bar thy claim.

328

321 Grammarians ! ye of hateful Momus born, Philip.
Mischievous moths ! by whom all books are torn,
Ye snarling puppies of Zenodotus !
Blustering bravos of Callimachus !
Whom, as your shield, you evermore display,
Nor turn ye from his cynic tongue away,
Co-hunters ever of some pet pronoun,
Whose glory mis'rable conjunctions crown,
Anxious to prove what dogs the Cyclops kept,
How fed the Harpies, why the Gorgon slept,
For ever perish ye ! whose joy is blame,
Malicious chatt'rers against others' fame,
Still as of wont be this poor verse your targe,
And all your venom-shafts on me discharge. [349.]

322 329 Antiphanes.

Uprooters of another's Muse ! ye over-busy breed
Of critics ! bookworms mis'rable ! on thorns who ever feed !
Blotches upon the great ! who in Erinna place your pride,
Cruel and thirsty dogs ! who hunt Callimachus beside,
Manglers of poets ! genius young who would in darkness chain,
Perish ye ! secret-biting bugs of all the tuneful train.

*330

323 Raven, or Craven ? either English name, Palladas.
Save in one letter only, is the same :
Both bipeds equally are foes of ours,
This shames us living, that when dead devours. [424.]

*331

324 *A* Take Phœbus ! what I bring. Automedon.
B If take I may,
I will.
A Who dares Latona's son gainsay ?
B None else but Arrius : stronger his right hand
Than the rapacious vulture sweeps the land :
Serving a smokeless altar, should you slay
A victim, he takes all with him away.
Great thanks to Jove's ambrosia ! For, as you,
I should be, if, tho' God, I hunger knew.

332

325 Upon a goat's foot yesterday I din'd, Do.
With sprouts of dried hemp, old and yellow, join'd :
My lib'ral host—quick temper is his vice !
I name not, fearing much he'll ask me twice.

*333 Do.

326 Black beard, and shaggy hair on thighs,
How quickly, changing all, Time flies !
From boy to man—said I not thus ?—
Thou hast past on, my Connichus !
Then be not thou to all unkind,
Nor yet of mercenary mind :
Of beauty, e'en tho' bright as star,
Avenging Deities there are.
Proud one ! within the fold art thou,
Well know we what thou wishest now :
Erewhile it was within thy pow'r
To win a heart—but past the hour.

334

330 Bid yesterday to dine, Demetrius ! I— Nicarchus.
Don't blame me—come today. Your stair, so high,
Kept me till now, and I'd been mounting yet,
But, blessed chance ! my hand an ass-tail met.
You touch the stars. When Zeus took Ganymed,
This way the eagle-ravisher, sure ! fled.
Fall hence to hell one can't. You're shrewd, I see,
And have found out immortal how to be.

335

331 Philon a skiff call'd "Safety" had, whereon Nicarchus.
Perchance not Zeus himself had safely gone,
Safety in name alone: aboard who go
Sail, or to land, or Proserpine below.

336

332 Icander comes on board, to bale Do.
His bark of twenty oars, not sail,
For there already is within
No little depth of water got,
And Neptune seems resolv'd to win
His passage to the farthest spot.
'T is for the first time now, I ween,
A vessel dropsical was seen.
I have my fears, and shrewd they be,
What was erewhile, his boasted bark
Of twenty oars, we soon may see
Our coffin-car to Hades dark.

334 *337

Like numbers in "Damagoras" and "Plague" we see prevail—
So some one heard, whose brains it struck to weigh both in the scale:
Instant Damagoras went down. What sort of man is he,
Than whom, in Greece, a lighter ill a mortal plague can be?

338

333 With potions, pills, Rose takes off our diseases, Callicterus.
And, without medicine, all else he pleases.

*339

337 Now a grand Senator, so late a slave—
How much the bribe which this promotion gave?

*340

338 Yes! we in Homer find coarse *words* and lewd—
But with a coarse lewd *mind* who thee endued?

335 341

O Cynegirus! wretched both when living as when dead,
How oft, with words and blows, piecemeal thy name and frame are shred;

In former wars thy fearless hands, while thou wert fighting, fell,
And now the epigrammatist lops off thy feet as well.

342

340 I've sworn ten thousand times I'd write no more ; Palladas.
Epigrams hate entail of many a bore.
Pantagathus the Paphlagonian seen,
I cannot, if I would, command my spleen.

343

342 Altho' himself unseen the ruptur'd yet,
'T is a rare rupture here before me set ;
Talk not of him, for in his rupture's size
The ruptur'd is himself before mine eyes.

*344

343 Two slaves on Sylvan—Wine and Sleep—attend,
So that he loves no longer Muse or friend ;
Wine wakes from bed with soothing hopes of more,
Sleep chains him in his bedroom still to snore.

345

344
Metrodotus, of leeks and greens the endless painful weight
Detesting, keeps this garden-stall in mem'ry of his hate.

*346

346 How long, O Polycarp! wilt thou Automedon.
Parasite of an empty board
Forget, with itching palm, that now
Thou makest use of others' hoard ?
If ever in the market place,
Or upon 'Change, thy form I trace,
It slinks away, as seeking where
Thy feet from sight may soonest bear.
To each thou say'st " Dismiss thy sorrow,
Come, and receive thine own tomorrow."
This tho' thou swearest long and loud,
No further credit is allow'd.
Fair be the wind from Cyzicus
To Samothrace which wafts thee thus ;
This fitting fate remains for thee
An exile for life's rest to be.

347

348 Thee, Man! than wild beasts wilder, all things hate, Antiphanes.
Murd'rer of all, track'd ev'rywhere by Fate.
If trod the plain, the wolf is near: if thou
Climb'st the high tree, death-asps infest its bough:
Try Nile—the crocodile its whirlpools near,
A beast against the impious most severe.

348

349 Thou, whose small frame has from its dust had birth, Palladas.
How meas'rest thou the wide world and vast earth?
Thyself first measure, know thyself, that so
The boundless globe to measure thou may'st know:
But if thou meas'rest not thy little clay,
The limits of the infinite how say?

349

347 Now, fare ye well! whose wand'ring gaze, Philip.
In all the world sees nought to praise;
Ye worms of Aristarchus born,
At best but pickers of the thorn,
What is 't to me that I should learn
How many rounds the sun should turn,
Or know of Proteus who the sire,
And of Pygmalion inquire?
Rather may I such poets know
As a clear verse and happy show;
Tho' by Callimachus's herd,
Be dark and pedant style preferr'd.

*350

350 Blind to law's use and wont, Fool! not to know Agathias.
That we to men corrupt must judgment owe;
Thou boastest thy shrewd eloquence, whose fire
Knows in best words right issue to inspire.
Hope on! I pardon thee, but, vain and strange,
Thy genius serves not Themis' course to change.

*351

351 Last night to a poor cook my room I let: Palladas.
A dreadful boxer there today I met.
When ask'd "Who art thou? Here why settled?" he
Uprais'd his pugilistic hands on me.

I, as a bird, the wild man fearing, fled,
Nor lik'd a boxer in the poor cook's stead.
But—brawny Pollux and stout Castor by,
I pray, and Zeus who hears his suppliant's cry—
Dismiss the boxer, cause of all this strife
I can't for rent be boxing all my life.

*352

352 Agathias.

One from Androtion, wise musician, sought
How, in harp-beating, this effect was wrought;
"When the right upper chord moves to the quill,
Why the left lower shakes of its own will,
Light-echoing, and yields a counter-tone,
As if its own first note, so struck, to own?"
Strange sympathy of sounds! in breathless strings
Stretcht out consecutive, which Nature brings.
—"Not e'en Aristoxēnus" (answ'ring swore
Androtion to his question) "of yore,
So admirable with the plectrum he!
Could solve the secret. This its cause may be:
The strings are all form'd from the guts of sheep,
And dried together in a common heap:
Hence are they brothers, and, of one fold, make,
In sweet succession, cognate sounds awake;
Born of one belly, all are lawful heirs,
And of like tones contribute equal shares.
Just as the eye, where evil humours reign,
Spreads to his fellow oft a kindred pain."

*353

353 Palladas.

The daughter of Hermolycus, who with a large ape lay,
Many Herm-Apes, in season due, gave to the light of day,
And Leda, at one birth, to Zeus, transform'd into a swan,
Brought Castor, Pollux, Helen fair—so ancient hist'ry ran—
A crow lies with Hermione, whence, hapless woman, she
A Hermo-herd of deities will bear, most foul to see.

354

354 Agathias.

A second Aristotle, Plato's peer,
Nicostratus, in wisdom's depths a seer,
When ask'd about the soul "Its nature say,
Immortal essence, or mere mortal clay,

With body or without, matter or mind,
Or—can it be ?—of both at once combin'd ?"
Fix'd on "The Soul" and "Things in Heav'n" his looks—
Both were his master Aristotle's books—
And then the heights of Plato's Phædo sought,
Till all the truth on ev'ry side was caught,
Then, with his cloak wrapt round, he strok'd his chin,
And loos'd the mighty mystery within.
"If Nature be all Soul—thus much I see—
It must or mortal, or immortal be,
Substance or spirit, but—o'er Ach'ron go,
And well, as Plato's self, the fact you 'll know :
Or like Cleombrotus, Ambracia's son,
Leap from the roof, the secret will be won :
That which alone you serve behind you left,
You 'll know if soul from body can be reft."

355 *355 Palladas.

Thou say'st "I all things know." Ah! how imperfect in them all;
While tasting all things hast thou one thine own which thou canst call ?

*356

356 Homer's true book of thee a falsehood spake,
Young counsels ever of thin air partake.

357

357 A mutual strife 'tween sire and son there grew, Palladas.
Which, spending most, his purse should first run thro',
Till, wasted their whole means, of all bereft,
Only to eat each other up was left.

358

358 Rufus—two-syllabled the name,
Tho' now five syllables are shewn—
With all his evil deeds the same,
Has to Rufinianus grown ;
Not therefore hidden from the ken
Of Justice the two-syllabled :
Rufus—two syllables—agen
Will he by men be call'd and held,
And, as of old, the titles meet
Of evil-doer and of cheat.

*359

361 Mules my poor waggon draw, in old age pairs, Automedon.
Alike in all respects to Homer's Prayers,
For lame they are, and shrivell'd, and blear-eyed—
For Vulcan fit procession—nought but hide.
Barley in summer, grass in spring, not e'en
In dreams, by them has ever tasted been.
Hence for my sake, feeding on empty air,
Be it theirs the life of crow or stag to share.

*360

359 O Thou! above all pow'r who art,
Me wretched save from Envy's dart.
Thou deign'st to hear, to speak I haste;
The wish with double favour 's grac'd,
The word with double beauty drest
To speaker when is ornament,
And dignity to hearer, lent.
Of speech and law the light confest,
Superior for thy speeches known,
And judging still by law alone.

362 *361 Callimachus.

Argive Orestes fortunate was, who, otherwise tho' mad,
Not of misguided madd'ning love the mental blindness had:
The Phocian he expos'd to no love-trial, where is shewn
Loyalty's value: friendship he illustrated alone.
Certes! he would have quickly lost even his friend, had he
Tried on, for love will never boast of many Pyladæ.

*362

363 Things honour'd once in Alexandria, now Dioscorides.
No more have honour, and the torch-race crown,
Moschus of Ptolemy! decks e'en thy brow:
Moschus of Ptolemy! Alas, poor town!
Hast thou forgotten then his mother's shame,
Her daily commerce in the common stew,
Her lusts, and filth? Since Moschus is in fame,
Strumpets! take heart, bring forth in public view.

363

364 This thing of nought, a beggar, slave—tell me, Bianor.
The owner of some stranger soul is he?

364

365 Calligenes, a farmer, sown his seed, Agathias.
Ask'd Aristophanes with rev'rent air,
If favourable seasons would succeed,
And the full ears a golden harvest bear ?
Th' astrologer, his fingers bending, spread
Strange symbols on a board, and darkly said :
"If earth in very deed be duly wet,
Nor flow'rs which run to stalk alone beget,
And if the frost the furrow shall not break,
If nor the rising sheaf-top hailstorm shake,
Nor fawn consume, nor any failure be
Of air, or earth, then, from the stars, I see
Your harvest will be good, of weighty ear,
And well got in—the locusts only fear."

365

366 A miser, in a dream, of gold possest, Macedonius.
Desir'd to die, while fancied riches blest :
But, when, awake, his dream of wealth prov'd vain,
And true his former want, he slept again.

367 366 Julian A.
Thou hast a look quite ostrich-like. Of winged kind to be,
Sure ! Circe has, her posset drank, from man to bird chang'd thee.

367

368 So thick the harvest on your rough cheek born, Do.
You 'll need a scythe, not scissors, when you 're shorn.

368

369 Lest, fond of pigmy blood, some passing crane Do.
Swallow thee, little one ! at home remain.

369

370 Thy mirror tells it not, but I proclaim Macedonius.
Thy bastard beauty, smear'd with white and red :
This Pindar once, reproving as a shame,
" Water is best "—to paint most hostile—said.

*370

371 Invite not me, a trencherman well-skill'd, Palladas.
To board whose platters are with pumpkins fill'd ;

The silver stuff set here one cannot eat,
The useless dishes but our hunger cheat.
To those who eat not show thy silver bright,
Thou, in thy plate admir'd, unstampt and light.

371

372 Of shadowy frame, to viewless air allied, Agathias.
Fear any to approach of nostrils wide,
Lest, when he breathe, his lungs inhale you there,
You who are lighter than a breath of air ;
By death unchang'd, fear nothing on that score,
You 'll be the self-same ghost you were before.

*372

373 Muse of all bards, Calliope is claim'd, Palladus.
But thy Calliope, Tabliope is nam'd.

*373

374 Spread thy wan cheeks with paint, Laodice !— Macedonius.
So the world's vengeance just and full may be—
But never ope thy lips : of teeth a row
Who to fix there by utmost art can know ?
Pour'd out is all thy beauty, for of limbs
The splendour from no ceaseless fountain brims.
Once as the spring-rose fair, but, faded now,
Old age's squalid summer sears thy brow.

374

375 I sneez'd beside a tomb : and, what I thought, Do.
Of my wife's death, myself to hear I sought.
In vain I sneez'd, for nothing sad in life,
Nor death, nor illness happen'd to my wife.

375

376 A poor man a learn'd serjeant sought and saw, Agathias.
And question'd him upon this point of law :
" My slave-girl ran away : her some one found,
And, knowing her another's chattel, bound
In marriage to his man, to whom she gave
Issue : of whom now is that issue slave ? "
He ponder'd, and deep por'd in many a book,
Then, turning his arch'd brow, with solemn look :

"To you, or him who has the slave girl now,
Her issue, here in case, as slave must bow:
But seek out some wise judge: you 'll quickly gain
His weightier voice, if true what you explain."

376

377 We, Guests, on one poor bird who thus have prey'd, Palladas.
Food now of other birds ourselves are made:
Below two vultures for dead Tityus strive,
Four eaglets here are eating us alive.

377

378 Two things—a wife and a *bas bleu*—disgust, Do.
A shallow pedant and a spouse unjust;
The sufferings from both are death and fate.
From the She-Lindley I escap'd but late;
I cannot from a fractious wife withdraw,
Our deed forbids it, and Ausonia's law.

378

379 None on thy mill-stone teeth who dar'd to look Agathias.
Would to come nearer to thy dwelling brook:
With Erysicthon's rav'nous appetite
Soon would'st thou eat the friend thou did'st invite.
Thy house is not for me. I will not go
Guarding myself from thy great belly so.
Had I gone there, and safe return'd, I ween,
Not more by Laertiades had been
Accomplish'd in escaping Scylla's jaw:
I then had brav'd and baffled a worse maw;
His cruel Cyclops would a mere joke be
To what I had endur'd, encount'ring thee.

*379

380 Justice, a well-born maid, of states the pride, Macedonius.
Does not turn gold from piety aside,
Since all of gold Jove's very scales are made,
Wherein of life the ev'ry law is weigh'd:
"And then the Father hangs the golden scales,"
Unless of Homer's charms the memory fails.

380

381 Bad is the sex : yet two blest hours are hers, Palladas.
One when man weds her, one when he inters.

381

382 Alchimenes in fever lay distrest : Agathias.
Pains at the throat his swollen larynx prest,
Sore pains, as from a sword, his ribs invade,
And oft his breath ill-sounding asthma stay'd.
Him Coan Callignotus call'd to see ;
Of lengthy talk and solemn aspect, he,
Fill'd with all wisdom of the healing art,
Ev'ry prognosis had of pain by heart,
Nor did he anything foretell in vain,
Except what was to happen, all was plain.
Approaching softly, with impressive doubt
He views Alchimenes in pain stretcht out,
Feels his hot brow, turns up his eyes for bile,
And counts his pulse with knowing air the while :
On what was elsewhere writ of crisis-days
Sagely he talks, and, sign by sign, displays
On his five finger-tips the entire disease,
Not very diff'rent from Hippocrates :
Then, to the patient turning, thus declares
His state, in measur'd words, with pompous airs :
" If of the throat this wheezing be supprest,
And cease these violent beatings of the chest,
If fever-fits no longer check thy breath,
This pleurisy, tho' sore, is not to death :
All these may be the signs of future health ;
Cheer up, then, Friend ! But, if thy worldly wealth—
Nothing is sure—require arrangement yet,
Call in thy lawyer, and in order set
Thy house and its affairs, with trouble rife,
And calmly quit this care-surrounded life :
And upon me, thy doctor, be conferr'd,
For my good service, of thy means a third."

382

383 Palladas.
If Fortune, good and bad, we, e'en in asses too, may trace,
And Chronos regulates the lots of the four-footed race,

Certes ! a grievous time and sore this poor beast has to pass,
From a tax-gath'rer's bus'ness turn'd to a grammarian's ass.
Bear on, O Ass ! Things may not be so bad as some have said,
Better, e'en with grammarians, is a half-loaf than no bread.

*383

384 Alone if living, why so many met, Palladas.
And, if so many, how live lonely yet ?
O multitude of those who lonely live,
Your lives a lie to loneliness still give.

384

385 Your love is feign'd ; it springs from fear and force : Do.
Worthless the love which flows from such a source.

385

386 A person in the city who had seen Do.
Victory yesterday with rueful mien,
Ask'd " What thy wrongs, O Victory ! and whence ?"
She, at the issue, touch'd with shame intense
And grief, replied " Art thou alone then blind,
Have they not to Patricius me assign'd ?"

386

387 Do.
One meal the custom is, but when our host is Salaminus,
At home we take a second then—he 's not the man to dine us.

387

388 *A* So long as thou unmarried art, Lucillius.
Numenius ! ev'ry thing in life
Seems to thy free and careless heart
Good of the good, with blessings rife ;
But when a wife is join'd to thee,
Immediately the scene 's revers'd,
Ev'ry thing seems in life to be
Bad of the bad, with troubles curst :
But children when they round thee spring,
Numenius ! will comfort bring.
B Yes! children—if one *tin* have got,
The poor loves e'en his children not.

388

390 Love me, but love in deed, and wrong me nought, Lucillius.
Nor with fresh injury be our friendship fraught:
To stand 'gainst enemies in open war
Is better than deceitful friendship far;
So ships at sea less dread the rocks which show
Their heads above than those which lurk below.

389

391 Asclepias the miser in his house Do.
A mouse once seeing, ask'd "What want you, dear?"
"My Friend! fear nothing," sweetly smil'd the mouse,
"I seek not food but merely lodging here."

*390

392 "Fly, Pegasus"—on a wing'd ant astride, Do.
Adrastus the vain orator outcried—
"The chief of heroes, thy Bellerophon
Thou bear'st." So he, a half-dead skeleton!

391

393 No greater misery man hath Do.
Than when a daughter clogs his path:
You smile, Euctemon! Tho' it seem
But a slight ill in your esteem,
Hear me! you have a hernia got,
And I a daughter for my lot;
If but from my one daughter freed
A hundred hernias scarce I 'd heed.

392

394 That poet surely is the best that lives, Do.
Good suppers to his auditors who gives;
Who merely reads, and sends us hungry home,
May his own mania his sole meal become!

*393

396 Delighted with sweet nectar, oft to thee Do.
My thanks I sent, who oft sent wine to me:
Now, if thou lov'st me, send no more: of none
Need have I now—since lettuces are done!

394

397 Expending nought, amassing myriads vast, Lucillius.
A mule-like life Artemidorus pass'd :
Oft on their backs they weighty burdens bear
Of costly treasure, but on poor grass fare.

395

398 One who had dyed his head, its hair lost too, Nicias.
And, very rough before, now egg-like grew :
The dyer thus forestall'd the barber's track,
Not leaving a white hair to cut, nor black.

*396

399 Apollinarius.
Grammaticus upon an ass whilst riding lost his sell,
And rolling, as the proverb runs, "amongst grammarians" fell.
Would he had led a common life as common person ought,
And never anything had learn'd of what he ever taught ?
But Glycon suffer'd the reverse. For, ignorant, I wot,
E'en in our ordinary tongue—of Grammar I speak not—
On Libyan asses mounted, he, from often falling thence,
Has suddenly Grammarian grown of signal consequence.

*397

400 Life-giving Grammar ! hunger to assuage, Lucillius.
Who find'st a cure in "Goddess ! sing the rage,"
'T were well for thee, a richest fane to build
And altar evermore with incense fill'd :
Grammar ! receptacle of all, with thee
Full are the roads, and full the ports and sea.

398

401 A doctor sent his own dear son to me, Do.
That grammar in my school he taught might be :
"Achilles' wrath, whence woes unnumber'd grew,"
And the third line which follow'd, when he knew
"Many brave souls to night untimely went,"
No more the lad was to his lesson sent.
His father meeting me, said, "Thanks, my Friend !
My child to all this can at home attend :
I too send many souls to night from day,
And need no school-master to point the way."

*399

402 Ne'er may the Gods this delicate food, by thee Lucillius.
Just cook'd, make, Erasistratus ! for me :
Bad for the stomach and than hunger worse,
May such mine enemy's young children curse !
Rather than feast on delicate food of thine,
May, after meals, more hunger still be mine.

*400

403 Goddess ! who hat'st the poor below, Do.
Of wealth the sole subduing foe,
Who lovest well the costly treat,
And oft, supported on strange feet,
Art wont thy shoes of felt to wear,
Lotions and salves thy constant care.
Thee wreaths delight, for thee profuse
Ausonian Bacchus sheds his juice ;
But these are never for the poor,
Therefore of priceless want the door
Thou flee'st, thy pleasure elsewhere plann'd,
At feet of wealth, true friend, to stand.

*401

404 Whenever he across the firth a voyage has to make, Do.
Big-bellied Diophantus ne'er submits a boat to take :
But, placing outside of his paunch, his baggage and his ass,
He 'll put up, as a sail, his shirt, and so the ferry pass :
So that the Tritons of the deep uplook in vain amaze,
Asking each other such a part how such a belly plays !

*402

405 The hooknos'd Nico smells the best of wine, Do.
But of what kind it beats him to divine ;
Scarce in three summer hours he finds it out,
For of two hundred cubits long his snout ;
O blest in a long nose ! Passing a brook
Often he catches minnows in its hook.

403

406 Of hooknos'd Nico the long beak I see, Nicarchus.
Himself, Menippus ! not far off must be.

Wait, he 'll be here anon : his nose not more
Than half a mile travels himself before.
Lo ! now it comes, it comes—climb we this height,
And our good friend will be ere long in sight.

404

407 One day, the soot spring season in, Nicarchus.
An ant, which came in quest of prey,
Spying Menestratus the thin,
Had dragg'd him to its hole away,
But in the rear a hungry fly
Pouncing upon him bore on high,
As, to the heav'nly halls of Jove,
The eagle Ganymed above :
When falling from the fly's weak clutch,
The earth e'en then he did not touch,
But to a spider's cobweb clung,
And there by his eyelashes hung.

405

408 You dye your head, old age you cannot dye, Lucillius.
Nor lay the wrinkles of those wan cheeks by ;
Plaster not thus the paint o'er all your face,
Till less a mortal there than mask we trace ;
Cease the vain hope ! Tho' paints and washes aid,
A Helen ne'er from Hecuba was made.

406

410 A bearded Cynic on his beggar's crutch Do.
Show'd his great wisdom once at supper much :
At first from pulse and radish he abstain'd—
" Virtue to be the belly's slave disdain'd."
But when a sow's paunch with its snow-white teats
Was brought, the sight his boasted wisdom cheats ;
He takes, to our amaze, and soon devours,
" To injure Virtue paunches have no pow'rs."

409 407 Gætulicus.
Four times Silenis fastening to lips of a full keg
Her lips, the purple liquor drain'd to its last lowest dreg.
O Bacchus of the beauteous hair ! with water-drop unstain'd
And pure, as from the wine-press first, thou camest, all she drain'd,

Drain'd as some ever burning thirst she hop'd to slake at last,
Nor ceas'd until, life ceasing too, she Ach'ron's cold wave pass'd.

408

No warm bath this ! as fun'ral fire more fit,
Such as Achilles for Patroclus lit ;
Or, for lost Jason, as Medea's wreath,
Erinnys-woven, was young Glauce's death.
For Jove's sake spare me, Bath-man ! I am one
Who write of all by Gods and mortals done,
But if, to burn live folk to thee seem good,
Light not a fun'ral pyre of stone, but wood.

409

'T is hard to paint the soul. The form to trace Antiochus.
Is easy. Both are alter'd in thy case.
Nature, thy mind and mien together brought,
In visible signs a crooked spirit wrought ;
Thy brutal and mis-shapen form to paint
None dare. Its very aspect makes one faint.

410 Ammianus.

Apelles once, my lib'ral host, his garden, sure! laid waste,
As if he fed not friends but sheep, before me supper plac'd :
Turnips were there, and fenugreek, radish and succory too,
Leeks, lettuce, onions, savoury mint, asparagus and rue ;
Fearing lest, after these, he might before me place chopp'd hay,
Thence—having supp'd on half-boil'd pulse—I rose and fled away.

411 Antipater, Nicarchus.

Who plac'd, Mentorides ! your tail, where we—
So prejudic'd is man—a face would see ?
You stink, not breathe, a subterranean grunt
Your speech, the rear employing for the front !

412

I care not, near tho' wealth for strumpets be,
Far be base strumpet-loving gold from me.

413 Hedylus.

Of Bacchus and of Venus, limb-loos'ners, pamp'ring both,
Their daughter, a limb-loos'ner, has pamper'd Gout her growth.

*414

417 An acorn from another oak
Gather, Menesthion ! I 'm bespoke.
Ill with my taste the wrinkles suit
Of the unseasonable fruit :
I ever love the grape, whose flesh,
Like mine, is in its prime and fresh.
Why vainly tempt me so ? To match
Thyself, a white crow try to catch.

418 415 Trajan.

Against the sun thy gaping mouth and monster nose display,
No dial e'er to trav'ller shows so true the time of day !

419—20 *416 Plato.

Gray hairs, with knowledge, greatest honour claim :
Wit wanted, of long years they are the shame :
Talk not, they 're wisdom : talk, and they 're in truth
Not sense, but merely hair, like those of youth.

417

421 Speak ill of me, when absent, nought I heed, Apollinarius.
But well, when present, then you harm indeed.

422 418 Antiochus.

Besas, if wise, had hang'd himself, but now, thro' want of wit,
He lives, and thrives, nor suffers by his sad *debût* a bit.

423 419 Helladius.

O Dyer ! who hast all things dyed and chang'd of each the hue,
Poverty also hast thou dyed, and want to wealth chang'd too.

420

424 I covet not the flow'rs of Gaul—her earth Piso.
Gave also the man-murd'ring Furies birth.

421

425 I 'd have thee, Plachianus ! rightly learn,
A rich old woman 's but a burnish'd urn.

422

426 Swiney ! thy name's first letter is too much,
To Winey shorten it—for thou art such.

423

427 Lucillius.
After long talk, our exorcist of stinking breath, outcast
The demon, not by pow'r of spells but pow'r of stink at last.

424

428 Till you can make the sun shine forth at night, Do.
Spare your vain art, to wash an Indian white.

425

429 Do.
Sober to be when all were drunk Acindunus who sought,
A solitary sot at home is by the kind world thought!

426

430 Who wisdom from the flowing beard would claim, Do.
Deem the rough he-goat and ripe sage the same.

427

431 So slow in movement and so swift at meat, Do.
March with your mouth and swallow with your feet.

428

432 A fool in bed, sore bit by many a flea, Do.
Put out his light that they no more might see.

429

433 Painter! the outward form alone Do.
Thou catchest, nor, a single tone
Of the familiar voice to fix,
Canst so thy cunning colours mix.

430

434 That bald head seen, those shoulders and that chest— Do.
There 's nought to ask—a shorn ass stands confest.

431

435 I marvel much at Byto sophist grown, Do.
Alike for speaking as for sense unknown,

432

436 Do.
White crows and winged tortoises were, certes! easier found
In Cappadocia's savage land than orator renown'd.

433

437 I mourn for Diotimus, who, upon a bleak rock set Aratus.
Teaches the young in Gargara their endless alphabet.

434

440 Flee ev'rywhere the Megarene— Pittacus.
Not one who is not bad, I ween.

435

441 Piræus is a cheat infernal ! Philiscus.
Like a large nut without a kernel.

*436

442 The Erecthæan people me, their King,
Three times expell'd, and back as oft did bring,
Pisistratus, in counsel great, who first
Collected Homer's songs, before dispers'd :
As Athens' sons at Smyrna settled, then
That man of gold was our co-citizen !

437

B. XII.—2 Seek not grey Priam at Jove's shrine in me, Strato.
Nor fell Medea, nor fair Niobe,
Nor in the bridal chamber Itys' tale,
Nor suff'rings of the plaintive nightingale :
My predecessors, bard on bard, of old
Have of all these to overflowing told,
But seek sweet Love, and with the joyous Graces
Mix Bacchus—these delight not in sad faces.

438

35 "Good morning !" I to Damon said, Diocles.
Proud of his figure and his face ;
In answering salute his head
Never he bent, but left the place.
The time will come, when, haughty one !
Thy pride its punishment will learn,
When thou shalt first salute, yet none
The smile of wrinkled age return.

439

90 Not vainly amongst men this saying 's told
"God has not giv'n to all all things to hold."

Faultless thy form, thy modesty of air
Well-known, and on thy breast blooms beauty there,
Wherewith thou tamest youth. God thought not meet
To give thee equal beauty in thy feet.
Good Pyrrha ! if a boot thine ancles hide
Thy loveliness will be our joy and pride.

440

108 If thou, Ac'rata ! lovest me, Dionysius.
As priz'd as Chian wine thou 'lt be,
Nay Chian e'en preferr'd before—
But, if thou lik'st another more,
Born of sour wine around thee come
The barrel-moth with stink and hum.

*441

115 Of unmixt madness am I drunk,
And, armour'd so, in highest spunk
For a long round of folly free,
I will, I will have revelry.
For rolling thunder what care I ?
And what tho' forked lightning fly ?
Safe, should e'en Zeus against me wield
Such arms, behind Love's sovran shield.

442

168 Cup one for Nanno—two for Lyda be— Poseidippus.
For loving and belov'd Mimnermus three—
Modest Antimachus we toast in four—
And for myself, in five, the ruby pour—
Six to the friend who lov'd and loves thee still,
Forgotten never, Heliodorus ! fill—
Seven to Hesiod—eight to Homer then—
Nine to the Muses, and to Mem'ry ten—
Each one a brimmer. Loves ! and Cypris ! count,
Sober or drunk, to what the rest amount.

443

169 "From my worst demon am I fled, Dioscorides.
Freed, Theodora ! from thy weight—"
Scarcely these few words had I said
When seiz'd by a still harder fate.

To thee, Aristocratia! now
A slave in thousand things I bow,
And my new mistress as unkind
As those who went before her find.

444

185 These haughty girls in purple garments bright, Strato.
Whom we may not approach except by sight,
Are like ripe figs on pointed crags which grow,
Devour'd, my Diphilus! by kite and crow.

445

186 Lady! who say'st not e'en "Good day" wilt thou Do.
Preserve—how long!—a supercilious brow?
As if thou ever young wert blest to be,
Dancing the Pyrrhic still. The end foresee:
Gray hair, the last and greatest ill, attends,
And then thou 'lt know what want there is of friends.

193 446

What the Smyrnæan Nemesis by silence would express, Do.
Artemidora! wilt thou ne'er learn "Nothing in excess,"
But thou say'st ev'ry thing as if a part performing still,
So haughty, rude, with airs which suit the comic actress ill:
Proud one! thou wilt remember this, and loving, in thy turn
To play the hateful part anon of "the Excluded" learn.

447

199 Now have I had sufficient depth of drink; Do.
My pow'rs alike of mind and body sink:
The lamp is parted in a double flame;
Of guests at length I twice the number name;
No longer the wine-bearer wakes my wrath,
I turn—too late—to him who water hath.

448

218 Pasiphila! but this I sought— Do.
I ask, and still thou laugh'st at me!
Tittering merely, saying nought,
How long must I endure with thee?
Again I ask, thou answ'rest not;
From thee no sympathy is got;
I weep, my tears but smiles provoke—
Cruel! who turnest all to joke.

449

236 From harm unholy keeping them aloof, Strato
Eunuch has pretty girls—for whose behoof?
Watch-dog o'er flow'rs, deep growls he, aye awake,
Nor takes the good, nor lets another take.

450

237 Farewell! false foe of sin, common and base, Do.
Thou lately swor'st that none enjoy'd thy grace:
Swear not again: all 's now within my ken,
I know for what, with whom, the how, where, when.

451

239 Do.
Five ask'd by thee I first gave ten, and presently a score:
Hast gold enough, or would'st thou have than even Danae more?

NOTES.—3 For Νίσσῳ (line 5), Toup proposed to read νίσσοιας and ἀργυρέους (line 4) as its adjective, combining the three first words of the third with the close of the second distich. The portion of the translation within brackets adheres less closely to the words of the Greek than conveys its spirit.

6 Line 4. The Greek is "furious," like a madman.

7 This plays on different names compounded of μάχη: Nicomache, "victress in the fight," Protomachus "fighting in the van," Lysimachus "ending strife," Andromache "fighting with man," for which English has not equivalents.

9 In Planudes this is attributed to Philodemus.

13 Line 4. The band tied tight round the forehead was to alleviate the headache arising from drinking freely.

17 The version is altogether a paraphrase, filling up what in the Greek is a mere outline. The four commencing lines, within inverted commas, are supposed to be spoken by a lover from the outside according to a signal previously agreed upon between him and Pythias.

19 This contains a jeu-de-mot connected with the titles of three plays (See last distich) of Menander which cannot be preserved in English.

20 The play on the words ἀντιπατρος and ἀντιπαλος is scarcely translateable.

25 This is rather a paraphrase than a translation, properly speaking. In the third line of the Greek I would read λιθοχοστους. The word which I have rendered "spurned" is not, as here, repeated in the Greek, but mention of the various tonsorial requisites is throughout prefaced by καὶ, which we have no less than five times in the first four lines.

27 Line 1. In the Greek the name is Phileas.

32 Line 7. It is scarce possible to retain in English the play on ἀνύμφευτός (line 5), which means at once "unmarried" and "unwatered."

34 The Greek (fourth line) has a pun upon Διὸς and Δίων, which I have endeavoured in some degree to preserve in Jovian and Jove. Semele is alluded to (last line) as having also been destroyed by a thunderbolt. The stagger and irregularity of the verse is intended.

36 In Line 5 I read παρ' ἀμνηστον.

37 The last line compares the rule of life on the terrestrial to that of the celestial sphere, where, amongst the constellations, which the poet supposes to join in a dance overhead, are to be found the Crown and the Lyre.

39 The Greek is doubtful: the following is offered as an alternative version:—

"You sent an air-tight case your share of our pic-nic to me,
Op'ning I found it full of air, and nothing else to be."

44 Zizyphum is the jujube. | 47 Apparently on a bad lock.

48 Line 5. "Wine slew the Centaur." This is an allusion to Iliad φ. 295 (See 58).

50 The substitution proposed by Burgos of Πλούτω for Αὐτῷ (line 1), enlightens much of the obscurity of the original. Plutus, God of wealth, is put for a wealthy person; otherwise, my translation is in conformity with the spirit of Jacob's note.

51 Amalthea's horn (*i.e.*, the cornucopia, or horn of plenty) was endowed with a power of perpetual replenishment, so that it became instantaneously filled with whatever might be desired. The allusion, however, is here satirical, against the virtue of the sex generally.

54 Closely resembling this is the *matériel* of Anacreon's Ode 4.

58 This is one of several epigrams of Alcæus against Philip of Macedon, who indulged greatly in wine. This habit would have been sufficiently described by οἰνοχαρής; but Philip was also, satirically, called οἰνοχάρων the Wine-Charon, because he put poison in his enemies' wine and so sent them over Styx. The other epithet, μονόμματος, alludes to the loss of his right eye from the skilful marksmanship of Astor of Amphipolis during the siege of Mythone. Philip was weak enough to be, ever afterwards, angry when any person happened to let slip the word Cyclops, or even to use the word "eye" in his presence.

60. Line 2. Ἀδελφός is a proper name, as well as "a brother." Line 4. The Greek name is Ὠριγένης; to preserve the point of the epigram, I have adopted a name which begins with the last letter of our English alphabet.

61 The translation is literal, whatever its point. Were it against Surgeons, some play between "lance" and "lancet" might be intended.

62 Line 5. Bubastis was a Deity of Egypt who presided over childbirth.

64 It was common for slaves who had recovered their freedom to change their names, which were usually short, for others of more syllables. (See No. 358.) Similar assumptions of new or additional names of more aristocratic sound have occurred in modern times. Line 4. Hippocratippiades means "the son of Hippias, tamer of horses." Line 5. The Greek is Dionyso-pegano-dorus, which, literally, is "the giver of wine mixed with rue."

65 Line 1. To translate the several words instanced in the Greek would be quite useless, and in no way bring out in English the sense of this epigram. Line 4. I have adopted θολερῆς of Burges in preference to ἱερῆς, as more expressive and forcible.

72 Jacobs refers the last words of the Greek to the well known μισίω μνήμονα συμπόταν.

73 Orelli for ἀστόν in the last line recommends ἄϋσον, which I have adopted.

75 Schneider reads (line 1) λευκοίους, which seems preferable. Line 8. To give to φωλάδα the bad sense in which Jacobs interprets it seems to overlook the disclaimer contained in ἴχνιν πάλι διψάδα πόρνην ουκ ἐθέλω (lines 3 & 4) as well as the accompanying epithet, παρθενικήν, the conjunction of which with φωλάδα is quite intelligible, if it were right to translate closely. Burges's idea of φυλλίδα, Phyllis, is ingenious.

76 Line 7. Sandals are added, says Jacobs, because they were worn at Rome only at suppers and wine-parties. By the tenth hour is meant the evening.

77 It is not easy to say to what particular class this specimen belongs, but, on the whole, it is most like an epitaph, and was so printed by me in the first edition of Part 6, where, to make it more so, I departed, in the last distich, from the original.

81 Line 4. There is some question with Jacobs whether it should be Xanthippe or Xantho, both of whom are celebrated by Philodemus.

84 Athenæus B V c 2 quotes two verses on convivial feasts in general:—

"Dear friends should never long from feasts abstain,
For e'en their mem'ry is delight and gain."

85 Scaliger made a separate epigram of the last distich of the Greek, here translated in the four final lines.

87 This, translated by Barnes as Ode 15, is Ode 8 of T. Moore.

88 This, translated by Barnes as Ode 17, is Ode 4 of T. Moore.

91 This should be compared with Anacreon, Ode 11 of Barnes, T. Moore, Ode 7.

93 The allusion in line 2 is to Iliad I, 381.

94 Compare with this the close of 87.

95 The allusion in the last line of the Greek seems to be to Ιλ Θ, 102.

97 The last line alludes to Iliad Z, 261.

100 Line 6. Canastra was a mountain ridge between Macedonia and Thrace, where the giants are said to have dwelt.

104 The Υ or ὖ ψιλόν of the Greek alphabet signifies, as a numeral, 400. The τατα (last line) of the Greek corresponds precisely with our own Papa.

105 The original plays upon νία, "young," and Ῥία, or Rhea, the wife of Chronos, and mother of Zeus, and cannot be rendered into English.

108 Planudes gives this to Nicarchus. Line 5. According to Hesiod the stag was four times as long-lived as the crow. Ausonius has "At quater egreditur cornicis secula cervus." Lines 6 to 8. The ancients counted up to 100 on the left hand, and then up to 200 with the right, and so on alternately with the left and right as succeeding hundreds were told off. Thus the Epigrammatist accuses the old lady of being more than 200, for the left hand is already on its second tour.

110 The mistakes instanced in this translation are not those of the original; but they are not greater nor less probable. No *close* rendering would have brought out the spirit of the Greek, which, though I have modernised the whole, has, I trust, been sufficiently preserved.

117 As such races were run naked, the person in the cloak was no competitor, but merely came there to cheer on his lagging friend, whom he still outran.

118 Last line. In all the five games constituting the πενταθλον.

122 A poor joke against a very tall man seems intended.

124 The far-fetched meaning of this not very clear distich seems to be, that the short man, thinking himself a tall one, to whom it might be some labour to stoop so far, adopts, instead, the use of a long hooked pole to pick up what has fallen down.

125 Line 4. "A pin." The Greek is πυρῆνα, out of which no sense can be made. Something small is intended.

130 I have endeavoured to preserve in English the antithesis between μίκρος and μακρός, which is the sole point of the epigram.

131 Line 3. With his last drachma he had bought ten, so small and lean, as to deserve rather the name of bats than thrushes.

138 Drayton, in his "Nymphidiæ, or Court of Faery," describes a rider, who, falling from a "fiery earwig," upon which he is mounted, exclaims—

> "Behold me, Gods! and thou, base world! laugh on,
> For thus I fall, and thus fell Phäeton."

139 Εὐμήκιος signifies "a long fellow."

141 Last line. Jacobs suggests that Palicampes may have been a name of Sciron.

145. Planudes attributes this to Lucillius. Lessing and Jacobs apply the epigram against a thief, Dion by name, who stole from the statue its eyes, which might have been formed of some precious stones. But there is no word in the Greek to show that the eyes were valuable, or even bright. And, unless Dion were oculist as well as thief, the rest of the epigram would have no point. I suppose Dion to be an oculist, solely, of such fatal skill in putting out the sight of his patient, Olympicus, that even his statue was eyeless. The following epigrams, down to 159, are also against oculists and other doctors.

146 The meaning is not clear. The turn I have given to it corresponds with No. 338.

150 Line 8. In the Greek it is "and scarcely sees a horse at a span's distance."

152 Last line. "Ate the bean." The seed of the lentil, which was eaten at funerals.

156 Last line. It was the custom for the populace to throw garlands to their favourites in public places, just as we now do to popular actresses, singers, and dancers.

157 In the Greek, Zopyrus, a doctor, is, satirically, feigned to have filled the whole seaboard of Egypt, even to Prætorium, its western limit, with the bodies of his patients.

159 Line 2. With regard to *καινὸν*, Brunck says that a new sponge is not so soft as an old one, for it has not lost all the grit of the rocks from which it was detached. To *γναφικῶν*, in the same line, many scholars prefer *γραφικῶν*, which has been translated. In the third line *βλίφαρόν*, the eyelid, is put for the eye itself.

162 This turns upon puns in Greek which cannot well be preserved in English. Line 3. "Antipithy," to correspond with Pithia, is a poetic license for antipathy.

166 The close of the Greek is doubtful and difficult, but its spirit is correctly given.

167 Line 3 of the Greek is an allusion to, or rather a quotation from, Homer, Iliad Z, 143.

174 See Martial, vi. 19. Lawyers, however trifling the suit in which they engaged, were addicted to long speeches, introducing matter foreign to the purpose in hand, and neglecting the really essential references to the facts of the case and the law thereto relating.

176 This ridicules the affectation of using obsolete words. I am not able to state what the five Attic words (line 1), alluded to, are. As *παράσημος* was a word applied to base coin, improperly stamped, I have preserved this allusion in my translation. In the original, four verbs, used by Homer, are mentioned, all of which are descriptive of different sounds, viz., *καρκαίρειν*, to growl; *κοναβεῖν*, to rattle; *σίζειν*, to hiss; *κελαρύζειν*, to jingle—fair specimens of the imitative harmony of which the Greek was susceptible.

178 Last line. Jacobs explains this mention of Cyprus by supposing that the people there, probably, spoke bad Greek.

179. There seems an allusion here to the statue of Memnon at Thebæ.

180 In the Greek there are several inaccuracies of expression, apparently intended as specimens of his habit of solecising.

181 Evidently written on seeing a statue or portrait of Medon.

182 Lines 1 and 12. The name, in Greek, is Athenagoras.

186 The Greek is a description of the fact, not a recommendation to the practice.

188 Line 2. The original details these phrases, which are taken from the dialogues of Plato, and cannot be translated. The second distich describes the dress and aspect of the philosophers of the day, more particularly of the Cynics.

193-4 Line 1. The word "seer" is monosyllabic (the double ee being in that case diphthongal) *or* of two syllables at discretion.

195 Petosiris was a philosopher of Egypt, who wrote on astrology.

199 Last line. See 236, line 5.

201 Line 2. The original is "because he bought his coffin for five minæ."

205 This is throughout a parody upon 178 B 4 Planudes.

207 Line 4. Mercury was the God of thieves.

209 As a duplicate, the following may perhaps be excused:

> "Herdsman! drive farther off your kine, if safe you'd have them feed,
> Else Pericles the thief away your herd and you will lead."

212 That is "venal." See 250-1.

214 The allusion is to the Comic Poets Antiphanes and Eriphus, who, according to Athenaus B 3, c 27, p 54, state that in the garden of the Hesperidæ there were three golden apples. Jacobs says the gardens alluded to in the phrase "Jove's Hesperidae" were probably those of the Emperor, who is called a Jupiter upon earth.

218 The four commencing words of the Greek, applied to the barber, are taken from Iliad E 455. Jacobs doubts whether the last distich consists properly with the preceding.

219 Line 4. "Tisiphone's dread emblems." These are understood to be her torch, snakes, and cloak, red with blood. See Ovid Metam iv. 480.

228 Against a large-limbed female. An alternative version is offered:

> "Antipatra should Parthian naked see,
> Beyond thy columns, Hercules! he 'd flee."

230 Line 4. For *ναύταις* Jacobs reads *νηκταις*, which I have adopted. What kind of iron instrument was the *σχίνδυλα* (line 5) is not precisely known: perhaps my grip, otherwise necessary for the rhyme, comes sufficiently near "the pincers" of our lexicons.

233 Dionysius seems to have been a medical man who himself partook of everything, but sought (on the plea of his pale thin looks and poor state of health) to prevent his fellow guest, a patient of his own probably, from injuring himself by eating anything.

235 The basket, sawdust, sponge and broom were to be brought to enable Gamus to pick up all the scraps which had fallen from the table.

236 Line 4. Irus, the name of the beggar in Homer, is also used as the generic name of any poor person.

237 The first distich of the Greek is not very intelligible, but the meaning, which, following Grotius and Carcari, I have endeavoured to express, glimmers through its obscurity. The last distich puns upon the Greek names introduced, and which may be understood as respectively meaning "Warrior," "Commander-in-Chief," and "Peace-maker."

239 The first line is wanting in the Greek, and Jacobs says that it was probably to the effect here given, without attempting to supply the lacuna. In the last line, ἰσιακίων seems to be a derivative from the name Isis, with whom was commonly associated Anubis, who, with the nature of the dog, is said to have had the head of one: from the similarity of sound, there may also be some allusion to the mincemeat, sausages, insicia, which the father sold.

242 Whether this be a satire upon his want of success as a portrait painter or upon the prolificness of an unfaithful wife is not clear.

248 Or the following may be proposed:

> "His mother this, and that his sire, a third his brother slew;
> All three in Pollianus, first since Œdipus, we view."

255 The Westminster collection, which Edwards follows, attributes this smart saying to Phocyllides, who applied it to the Lerians.

260 Line 3. Apollodorus 1, 9, 17, tells a story of Venus having punished the women of Lemnos with a bad breath. The Harpies emitted a loathsome and infectious smell, and spoiled whatever they touched by their filth. Line 4. From the wounded foot of Philoctetes such a stench arose as compelled the Greeks to remove him from the camp to the isle of Lemnos.

261 With No. 241 of the Greek, the close of which is defective, Planudes united No. 242, and they are therefore translated here as one epigram. Grotius also conjoined them. Jacobs however edits them as separate pieces. See 411.

262 I have translated this as closely as I can, but am not satisfied as to my having preserved the point, if any, of the Epigram, which is very obscure. It seems to me directed against some one, of lazy and dirty habits, so slow and filthy indeed that, before he could be thoroughly cleansed, years on years would have elapsed.

266 Line 4. "The Istrian." The translation is strictly according to the text, of which however Letronne disputed the correctness, on the ground that, having already spoken of the whole Adriatic sea, a part of it, the Istrian gulf, would scarcely have had separate mention, particularly as Lucillius seems to wish to enumerate only the four great divisions of the Mediterranean. Ἰστρικὸν is not found elsewhere. Letronne therefore suggested Ἰσσικὸν, the Issian gulf, being part of the great Syrian sea to the Eastward.

267 This seems rather of a descriptive character, and so belonging perhaps to Part 5.

271 The point, says Jacobs, turns on the double meaning of φιλεῖν, viz., "to love" and "to kiss." But, even with this clue the sense is very doubtful, and I am not at all sure that I have discovered it.

272 Line 4. This allusion to the story of Niobe, who was converted into a stone, for boasting herself greater than Latona, is continued to the end.

273 See Ausonius Epigr. 85.

275 Last line. "*Alive* from off the scene." For Canache destroyed herself with such a weapon.

277 Line 4. On the wooden horse, made by the Greeks and drawn into Troy. See Virgil, Æneid 2.

278 In the Greek the antithesis is between βουλεύειν "to be a councillor," and Δουλεύειν "to be a slave." The *substantial* distinction is perhaps sufficiently preserved, but the following seems nearer the *literal* difference:

> "Bastard 's a hero now—but whence the B!
> Nature and name both once began with D."

The following further illustrations may perhaps amuse:

"Him who now writes his name as Baillie down,
I recollect as Bailiff of our town."

King of the wine-trade, Exshaw's word was law;
Aye! *was*—whoever honours an *ex* shah?

A thorough seaman now, rank'd as A.B.,
Against thy name was formerly a D.

Wrong in one letter, name and rank of Judge—
I've known thee all thy lifetime—should be Fudge!

See also 341.

285 The custom of giving thanks to, or asking a blessing of, Heaven, after a sneeze (of another or oneself) is very old, and probably universal. Potter in Archæologia Græca attributes this Epigram to Ammianus.

286 The lemma of this Epigram signifies that it is on a temple of Hercules converted into a Christian church, and dedicated to St. Luke: it appears to refer rather to a statue of Hercules converted into one of that Evangelist.

287-288 Both these refer to Anastasius I., Emperor of Constantinople, an energetic and able, but cruel and avaricious character.

290 Line 2. The Greek is Lolliănus.

292 He would rather confess to the murder than take the trouble of clearing himself.

295 This is on a Grammarian who had been cornuted, and the lemma gives us perhaps the oldest instance of a cuckold being so called.

297 On a professor of medicine.

298 The change of person seems to justify the division of this epigram into two parts. Last line. Dechalcidize, to strip of copper, *i.e.*, of money. See 301.

299 The sense is doubtful, and the *point* not at all clear. It seems besides susceptible of a different meaning:

"From land of the Lotophagi yon foremost charioteer,
Lycäon, born in Chalcis, See, against us driving here."

304 Whether this is, by Palladas, upon Themistius, or by Themistius upon himself, when the Emperor Julian had made him the Prefect at Rome, is not certain. The Epigrammatist compares the chariot of heaven on which Themistius (probably he was secretly a Christian) had hitherto been mounted with the earthly car of state on which as Prefect of the City he was afterwards placed.

305 I think that a somewhat similar epigram was made on a picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of George IV. when Prince of Wales:

"Lo! e'en the great Sir Joshua's self can fail—
We seek a Prince, he gives a horse's tail!"

I quote from memory, and, very possibly, am not correct.

307 This couplet is on a host who supplied his guests with inferior wine.

308 This is on Cleanthes of Assos, the philosopher. The first line is taken from Iliad iii 196, translated by Pope:

"A stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And master of the flock surveys them round."

The epigram, in short, is a parody on the above picture of Ulysses arranging his followers for battle.

309 These (Nos. 297 and 298) are given separately in Planudes. But they evidently belong to the same subject, and, with management, may be brought into a single and expressive picture: of which the first line of No. 298—split as it is into several fragments—is the commencement; the second and third lines are the present lines 6 and 7; and the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh lines respectively, correspond with lines 2, 3, 4, and 5 thereof. The next four lines are found in No. 297, and lines 8 and 9 of 298 form the 12th and 13th lines, which conclude the piece. In accordance with this arrangement it is so translated here. The dialogue is between a drunken mother and her thirsty child.

312 To this, in the last distich, I have conjoined, after Planudes, the epigram, evidently belonging to it, numbered by Jacobs 355, and separately translated here under that number.

314 On a lame blacksmith who had a handsome wife, by name, Aphrodite, with a fine son called Eros, and who thus in all respects resembled Vulcan.

319 Line 4. In the Greek the name is Maximus.

321 The joke, such as it is, turns on the similarity of sound between τίναξ (a dish) and τίνη (hunger), and cannot be retained in English.

324 In ἀντίσπαστον (line 1) there is an allusion to a Greek foot, called an antispastus, from the position of the syllables, which pull, as it were, different ways, and made up of an iambus and a trochee ˘ — — ˘.

327 This is of course in ridicule of the custom of buying the privileges of citizenship by bribing the registering officer. Line 4. In the Greek the name is Heracleides.

329 In lieu of ἀκανθοβάται has been suggested ἀκανθοβόται, which is translated. In line 4 (πρόκυνις) the Greek προκύων is applied to the small star, precursor of the greater Dogstar, and thus signifies here "dogs attendant upon": the epithets, "cruel and thirsty," may, with a trifling change, πικροῦ καὶ ξηροῦ, be referred to Callimachus, who was as harsh a critic as he was a dry poet.

330 In the Greek this epigram turns upon a play on the two words κόραξ "a raven," and κόλαξ "a flatterer"—as regards mere orthography, these differ only in a single letter, but in force and signification they are widely different—and could not be rendered in English except by some such change as my version adopts.

331 Line 3. Arrius was the priest of Phœbus, and laid violent hands upon whatever was offered to the God, monopolising all to himself.

333 I have translated this simply as a lament of youth in the poet himself, and as a warning against its abuse in Connichus; whereas the original has another meaning.

337 Jacobs supposes that Damagoras was a medical man, and the joke is that the doctor was a surer hand at killing than the disease. The Greek letters, forming the two words Δαμαγόρας and λοιμὸς, if taken, consecutively, as numerals, and added together, amount to the same sum.

339 See 278. The change of the initial letter of βουλεύεις ("you are a senator") into Δ makes the word Δουλεύεις ("you are a slave"): but this joke of the Greek cannot be preserved in English. It is something like the following:

"Hore! at what cost art thou become a nob?
S thy first letter was, thyself a snob."

340 I must leave it to others to judge whether this couplet affords a correct equivalent for the idea of the Greek in the word ἐνοπτη.

344 This is attributed in Planudes to Palladas.

346 Line 2. This is said in ridicule of Polycarpus, a bankrupt banker, whose table, at which he used to sit, was empty and coinless. Line 7 of the Greek is a parody of Homer, Od. i. 59, and the Samothracians are mentioned, says Jacobs, because, at the temple of the Cabiri, Polycarpus might hope to get a living, as he probably had been initiated in their mysteries.

350 Line 5. ἐλπίζειν ἔξεστι. In what sense the Greek is to be taken is doubtful: Jacobs suggests ἔμπαιζ' οἷς ἔξεστι: Burges ἐλπὶς ζῇ σ' ἔξ εἰντι.

351 Line 1. πτισάνη (whence our ptisan) signifies barley-drink: and, in the Greek, a seller of such drink and not a cook is meant.

352 The words of the questioner, in the Greek, include lines 7 and 8 of the translation.

353 Grotius, separating the first distich from the second and third, makes two epigrams.

355 In our vernacular "Jack of all trades, master of none."

356 The line of Homer alluded to is Il. γ, 108.

359 Line 3. The quotation is from Iliad ix. 499, which Cowper thus translates—

"Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, maim'd, slant-eyed."

360 The sense of the whole is obscure. After a lacuna at the eighth line, which no one has been able to supply, are two lines in the Greek which are left untranslated.

361 I have tried to give some point to this epigram, of which the sense in the original is very obscure, as the text is imperfect. Line 3. The Phocian is Pylades.

364 Line 3. The Greek μόσχος signifies "calf"—but there is reason to suspect a satirical pun, and that the name of a son of Ptolemy is intended.

370 Burges remarks that the word δίσκος, "a quoit," may signify a plate of quoit-like shape and size, such as would hold a pumpkin in its hollow without letting it slip through. The three words δίσκων ἐπιΐστορα λιμοφορήων must, however, be taken together; and to me they imply nothing more than that the exercise of quoits is appetizing.

372 The epigram is against a dice-playing poet, and gamesters generally. The following is an alternative version:

"The true bard's glowing mind delights in fable,
Thy pride in fable is not, but on table."

373 Lines 3-4. Hence it would appear that dentists were not then known.

379 Line 5. The verse is from Iliad Θ 69.

383 The epigram, playing upon the words μοναχοί, μοῦνοι, μοναχῶν and μονάδα, is a satire against monks and monachism.

390 The words are those of Lucillius—not of Adrastus, who would not so describe himself—in ridicule of a boastful orator who was a mere bag of bones. The final words therefore should be, as translated, ἡμιθανὴς σκιλετος.

393 An inferior wine, no better than vinegar, had been sent.

396 The allusion is, as shown by Jacobs, to the proverb ἀπ' ὄνα καταπατσιῖν: but even after all he says to explain this Epigram, one is nearly as much in the dark as ever.

397 Jacobs says this is imitated from Aratus.

399 In Planudes the two first distichs only are given, and attributed to Agathias.

400 On the Gout, who is addressed as a Goddess.

401 Line 2. "Big-bellied." The Greek is κηλήτης. The joke is against some stout person with a tumour; but this peculiarity I have dropped. The last distich is tame and weak, and, as unworthy Lucian, Planudes gives it as unowned.

402 In Planudes only the three first lines are given, without any name of author.

414 On an old beauty who sought to inflict herself on a young man. For ἰδεῖν in the last line Burges recommends ἴδ' εἶ, which I follow.

416 Nos. 419 and 420 of the Greek are here combined in one. The last distich is also attributed to Lucian.

436 Pisistratus, however, was only twice driven out, although thrice a King.

441 For μίγα μύθοις in line 1 read μεγαθύμοις.

CYZICENE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*1

Jac. B. 3, Ep. 1. To punish Pentheus' impious crime,
And place her on Heav'n's seat sublime,
Lo! where the thyrsus-God brings back,
Even from Acheron's waters black,
His mother, fair-hair'd daughter she
Of Cadmus and Hermione,
Whom the near lightnings of high Jove
Consum'd as she in labour strove.

*2

2 I, Telephus, of Hercules lov'd child,
Who quitted, Arcady! thy passes wild,
Pursuing far and near, where'er a track
Seem'd of my mother Augé, bring her back
In safety, from the land where Teuthras reigns,
Her friend and father, to our native plains.

*3

3 Alchimedé her son guards from her lord Amyntor's hand,
And strives the anger in the mind of Phœnix to command,
Justly indignant that his sire, neglecting a chaste spouse,
For a vile concubine's embrace his preference avows:
The father, chafing at his son, to fraudful tales gives ear,
And with a life-destroying fire to his child's eyes draws near.

*4

4 Clytius and Polymedes, fam'd for strong mind, immolate
Phrygia their stepmother, to 'venge their injur'd mother's fate:
Over them Cleopatra bends, rejoic'd at seeing so
The upstart wife of Phineüs in death laid justly low.

*5

Thou, Polyphontes! Cresphon's sire had'st slain,
His true wife's bed when he desir'd to stain:
But by the son aveng'd the sire shall be,
Thyself the victim, for lov'd Meropé:
And while his spear pierces thy flank, in aid
She to thy temples a stout club has laid.

*6

With horror struck, Latona shuns—turning herself away—
Pytho, the earth-born serpent fierce, who furrow-lurking lay:
The prudent Goddess as its prey it sought, but Phœbus saw,
Alert upon the fire-eyed snake his deadly darts to draw:
Delphi's prophetic tripod ne'er shall hold the monster more,
With hissings horrible and sad, expiring in its gore.

*7

Amphion, Zethus, bloodhounds both! Slay ye
This Dirce. She wrong'd erst Antiopé,
Your mother, and, with jealous rage, in chains
And torture, held her. Lo! a suppliant now,
Clasp'd hands, bent knees, wild shrieks and anguish'd brow,
Mercy she asks. Long hate her pray'r disdains.
Bind her with double cords to the fierce bull,
And o'er the woody steeps her writhing body pull.

*8

O Mother of Ulysses wise! O Anticleia! you
Liv'd not your son restor'd again in Ithaca to view:
Arriv'd on Acheron's dark edge, he fixes now his gaze
On you, his darling mother, in affectionate amaze!

*9

Her cruel sire Salmoneus standing by,
The death-steel circles yet on Tyro's eye:
But bonds no more enslave her—seated near
Lo! Pelias and Neleus, children dear.

*10

Thoas! the vine of Bacchus wave,
Thy mother so from death to save
The suppliant Hypsipylé,
Who suffer'd from Eurydicé

Worst ire, that, from her bosom ta'en,
Infant Archémorus was slain
By deadly snake, to whom the earth,
Engend'ring quick, gave hostile birth.
And thou too, left Asopis' soil,
Euneus! to Lemnos' holy isle
Lead thy recover'd parent back,
Where hate no more her steps may track.

*11

11
Lewd Polydectes strove the bed of Danae to defile,
Against high Zeus inveighing with ill-omen'd curse the while,
Till on his eyes, by Perseus flash'd, the Gorgon's visage shown
Sav'd his dear mother from disgrace and turn'd her foe to stone.

*12

12 Phorbas and Polymelus here Ixion hurls to earth,
Avenging so the mother slain to whom he ow'd his birth.

*13

13 Lo! where Alcides strong, Jove's son,
Alcmena leads, his mother, on,
Rev'rent to Radamanthus' gate,
Where second sacred nuptials wait.

*14

14 O drunk with folly, Madman! wherefore wage
Against Jove's bedfellow thine impious rage?
Justly thy frame is pierc'd, thy best blood pour'd,
Eternal prey to birds and beasts abhorr'd!

15

15 Alike the murder schem'd by Prœtus' son
Was baffled by toil-worn Bellerophon,
And safe of base Iöbatas he fled
The death-snares. Destiny so wove life's thread.
Glaucus! thy sire to thee his safety ow'd,
Who this best witness of brave toils hast show'd.

*16

16 Æolus! and Bœotus! Ye of filial love have done
A bright act, Melanippe when from death to free ye run;

Live then! as stout of heart and true, distinguish'd in all time,
This on Æolia's windy isles, that 'neath Bœotia's clime.

*17

17 Of fire and earth

*18

18 No false myth, but most true, Cydippe's heirs
Illustrates—holiest piety was theirs!
Of noble suff'ring sweet the pain—for men
Bright lesson too—by filial love borne then.
Hail, honour'd pair! devout in sacred things,
With whose best fame posterity yet rings.

19

19 These—Remus, Romulus—twin sons of yore
To Mars, in stolen love, whom Sylvia bore,
A she-wolf suckled in her savage den,
Her from worst ills to save, when grown to men.

20

—VIII—1 This tomb divine and pious men rests on,
Good Theodosius and holy John,
Rais'd to heav'n-seats, by shining virtue, where
Its brighter light and purer bliss they share.

21

126 Who, and whose son? Euphemius lies here,
His father old Amphilochus the brave,
He in all mouths of Cappadocia dear,
He whom the Graces to the Muses gave:
The hymeneal songs were at the door,
But envious Death away his victim tore!

22

137 Speak, Orators! now clos'd in silence deep,
The lips of great Amphilochus I keep.

23

226 Spades for the fields—but tears, not blows, do you
Show'r on my tomb—such to the dead are due!

24

—XIII—1 Hail, Paphian Goddess! evermore, Philippus.
We, mortals of a day, adore

Thine everlasting beauty bright;
Thy pow'r and glory our delight,
In fair deed and familiar word
Thy worship is of all preferr'd,
For thou to all in ev'ry way
Dost manifest thy honours lay.

*25

2 A stripling, of the tribe Cephisian he, Phædimus.
Callistratus, in homage plac'd for thee,
Diactor, son of Zeus! this sculptur'd stone,
Of age and figure equal to thine own:
O King! delighted with the gift he gave,
Apollodorus' son and city save.

26

3 Hipponax, the satiric bard, lies here: Theocritus.
His tomb—if bad thy nature—come not near:
But if thou 'rt good and come of gentle nest,
Boldly sit down and take at will thy rest.

27

4 Aristoclídes! best of friends, Anacreon.
of brave the bravest, I
Mourn thy life lost, from fatherland
repelling slavery.

*28

5 Phalæcus.
I conquer in the double course. And in stout wrestling I.
And I, as a pentathlete, win. But I my boxing by.
Who art thou? I am Timodemus. I am known as Crees.
I, by my sire, was Cretheus nam'd. My name is Diocles.
And who thy sire? He too was fam'd. What vict'ry did he gain?
Isthmian. Where thine? In meadows of Nemæ. At Hera's fane.

*29

6 A comic author's life-like head, Do.
With bays and ivy garlanded,
As if for triumph he were grac'd,
At Lycon's monument is plac'd.
He shone as a bright star from Heaven
On this our earth: his portrait 's given

Above, in memory of one
For genial talk, convivial fun
Unrivall'd, as not we alone
But future ages too shall own.

30

7 Lyctian Menætas brought these arms and spake; Callimachus.
"Quiver and bow, my gifts, Sarapis! take,
Th' Hesperitæ beneath mine arrows ache."

31

8 Swiftest competitors outdone, Theodoridas.
His prize, when he the long course run,
This cauldron of wrought brass was won
By Aristomachus's son.

32

11 *A* This image whence? Simonides.
B By Thurian Doreus plac'd.
A Sure! to no house of Rhodes his line he trac'd?
B Aye! did he—but he fled his fatherland,
For wild deeds many of his red right hand.

33

12 Perish that day, that fatal night and dark, Hegesippus.
The dread roar of that wind-lash'd sea, the bark
Which whelm'd of sweet Abderion, who besought
The Gods with earnest pray'r—which serv'd him nought.
All, all were wreck'd: he, carried by a wave
To rough Seripus, where he found a grave,
From pitying strangers, whence his dust, alas!
His own Abdera reach'd, inurn'd in brass.

34

13 This fam'ly altar, the dear son
of Polymnestus set
Paying to Pallas, Triton-born,
Of a vow'd tenth his debt.

35

14 Simonides.
Dandes of Argos in this tomb, the stadium-runner lies,
His country, rich in horses, who adorn'd with victories:

He twice at the Olympian games, and at the Isthmian twice,
And fifteen times in Nemea's lists, and in the Pythian thrice,
Was crown'd, of all the conqueror. Should I essay to count
His other victories, 't were vain—so many their amount!

*36

15 I 'm Dicon, of Callimbrotus the son,
I four times Nemea's, five times Pytho's crown,
Olympia's twice, and thrice the Isthmian won,
And now I grace fair Syracusa's town.

*37

16 My sire and brethren were in Sparta Kings:
Cynisca, conq'ror in the swift-hors'd rings,
I rear'd this bust: in Greece of all my sex
The only one whose brow this laurel decks.

38

17 Iphíon with his own hand painted erst
These—with its waters him Pirene nurst.

*39

18 Henceforth, O works of bronze! be ye renown'd— Parmeno.
Prize of the fleet mare, who a hotspur lad
Bore, without rein, the level course around,
By whom Parmeno golden vict'ry had.
O Phocritus! from Amyclœan Kings
Thy son his father's prize of triumph brings.

40

19 This statue was rais'd here by Corinth's son, Simonides.
Nicoladas, who, once, at Delphi won,
And five oil-jars, with double handles bound,
Receiv'd, in Panathene's contests crown'd,
And, one by one, three other prizes bore
At sacred Isthmus by the sea-God's shore;
Four times he conquer'd at Pellene, thrice
At Nemea, and on Mount Lyæus twice:
Ægina, Tegea, Epidaurus strong,
Thebæ and Megara his fame prolong:
His victories in Phlius' stadium had,
And as pentathlete, made great Corinth glad.

41

20 Olpis upon his country glory brought, Simonides.
The city to Athene's name devote,
When, by the love of beauteous Bryso sway'd,
These pretty pipes, the children of dark earth,
Which, from his art, by Vulcan's aid, had birth,
On Aphrodite's altar-stone he laid.

42

22 Restrain, Far-darting Sov'reign of the bow ! Phædimus.
Thy shafts, which once the Giant's strength laid low :
Let thy wolf-slaying quiver here have rest :
Turn rather now Love's sting against the breast
Of Youth, from harm to guide the common-weal,
Bold in the friendship which boy-patriots feel :
Such strength is fire, wherewith supremest Zeus
The breasts who battle in war's van endues ;
So shall Melistion, in the bright defence
Of Schænus, win ancestral reverence !

43

23 O passing Traveller ! awhile, Asclepiades.
Tho' dusty with thy journey's toil,
List to the sighs of sore distress
Which on the heart of Botrys press.
Of eighty years an old man, he
Buried the young son at his knee ;
Already wit his mind endued
And taught his tongue its sayings shrewd.
Alas ! for sire. Alas ! for son,
Thy course, dear boy of Botrys ! run ;
Unshar'd by thee, how sadly all
Life's great and many pleasures pall !

*44

24 Simone, wand'rer o'er love's fickle wave, Callimachus.
To Aphrodite as her off'ring gave
The zone, which wont her bosom to protect,
And her own image in youth's beauty deckt.

45

25 To Demo of Pylæ, and to her subterranean child, Do.
Arrisius the Pelasgian erst this shrine in honour pil'd :

And Timodeme of Naucratis—for such the vow he made—
These, of his gains the tithe, in gift here reverently laid.

46

26 Simonides.

Xanthippe here would I recall—it seemeth ill to me
That Archenautes' noble wife in nameless tomb should be—
Of Periander's race, who, 'mid the people, signall'd high
"Of Corinth with its lofty towr's the sole support am I."

47

27 Phalæcus.

In a strange land died Phocus—his strain'd bark
Which should drain out drank in the waters dark:
Drifted the salt Egæan seas along,
Uptorn from their last depths by Notus strong,
He found a sire-less tomb. Like a sad bird,
There is his mother, poor Promethis, heard
Wailing alas! her boy the livelong day,
How he, before his time, was snatch'd away.

*48

28 Simonides.

Oft in full choirs of Achamantis' tribe
With loud shouts have the Dionysiac Hours
To the ivy-bearing dithyrambs replied,
With garlands green and roses of the best
O'ershadowing the sleek hair of minstrels skill'd
(Taught by Antigenes) this tripod who,
To testify their Bacchic honours, rear'd:
Argive Ariston well the sweet voice nurs'd,
Pouring in Doric reeds a tuneful breath:
Their honey-voicēd and harmonious choir
Hipponicus—the son of Struthon he—
Borne in the chariot of the Graces, led,
Who, among men, his name have famous made,
Splendid his vict'ry, by the Muses' pow'r,
Those Goddesses with wreaths of violet crown'd!

*49

29 Nicænetus'

Wine to the pleasing poet 's a swift steed;
Who water drinks nought wise will ever breed;
Cratinus so, who of no single flask
Smelt, Dionysus! but of ev'ry cask:

His whole house garlanded, his forehead round,
Like thine, was yellow-budded ivy bound.

*50

XIV—35 I am a portion of man's frame ;
A knife in twain cuts me ;
Take but one letter from my name
The sun sets 'neath the sea.

*51

40 Of one blood we, each dying bears the other,
In turn to die, so bearing her own mother.

*52

40a Own sisters are we, and moreover twins,
In death of each the birth of both begins.

*53

41 I bear my mother and my mother me,
Each greater, and, in turn, each less are we.

*54

47 Light had put out my light. Approaching, Light
My light return'd, to guide his footsteps right.

*55

56 At me if you look, I look also at you.
Why use eyes ? I have none, but, without them, I view :
If you speak, I speak too, without voice, and it 's plain,
The sole voice is yours, my lips open in vain.

*56

61 Born on the hills, my mother was a tree,
My father, fire, a black mass made of me :
If, in a crock, that father melt me, I
Cures for the sea-car's deepest wounds supply.

*57

61 On this our earth an animal we see
Of two feet, and of four, and eke with three,
Of one voice only—of all births which range
Earth, air, and ocean it alone hath change ;
But when its feet in number most exceed,
Least is its strength and slowest is its speed.

*58

71 Come pure of soul! the pure God's temple mount,
Thyself first sprinkling from the virgin fount;
A sole small drop suffices for the good,
While faileth to cleanse crime all Ocean's flood.

*59

74 The holy fanes to good men open are:
These need no cleansing—no pollutions mar
Virtue. But thou, O Son of vice! depart,
Shall a wash'd body cleanse a wicked heart?

*60

82 In Siphnos when the Prytané
Is white, and white its Agoré,
'Gainst herald *red*, and foes of wood
To guard, it needeth prudence good.

*61

91 Tho', Glaucus! it may, haply, be more gain
By perjury to conquer, and obtain
The spoil of money—Epicydes' heir!
Since death awaits e'en him who swerves not, swear!
But ponder, pause, of oaths an offspring stands
Without a name, nor has it feet or hands,
Yet fleetly it pursues, till in its ire
It seize and slay the race and house entire.
But better afterwards his house and race
Whose life and words, whose oaths and acts keep pace.

*62

92 Your homes and high-wall'd city leaving, go
To earth's last bounds. Why, Wretches! seated so?
Nor head, nor body, nor foot-sole, nor hand
Nor of the middle aught shall steadfast stand:
Wide ruin shall wrap all. Fire and keen Mars,
Both, shall destroy, urging the Syrian cars:
Nor yours alone, many fair tow'rs, and all
Fanes of Immortals 'neath fierce fire must fall.
E'en now they stand sweat-dropping, and with dread
Shaking. O'er highest roofs black blood is shed,
The needs foreseeing of our wretchedness.
Forth from the shrine—in ills your mind possess.

*63

93 Tho' with deep wisdom, rife of words, she speak,
Pallas, t' appease Olympian Zeus, is weak.
Hear, firm as adamant, His will again.
All else—whate'er Cecropian bounds contain,
Whate'er divine Cithœron's depths—shall fall ;
Zeus to Tritonia leaves the wooden wall
Alone unsack'd, yourselves and sons to shield.
Wait not until, of horse and foot reveal'd,
Their huge host leave the continent. Retreat !
Turn back ! tho' on your rear foes closely meet ;
Men, Salamis divine ! must fall for thee,
Whether Demeter reap'd or scatter'd be.

*64

103 Young you drank my blood profuse,
Left by Time no longer fresh,
Wrinkled all and void of juice,
Crack my bones and eat my flesh.

*65

106 I was a ruminant on earth : one letter from my name
Taken, a portion of man's head I instantly became ;
Two taken, I to animal return'd ; if taken three,
Growing by loss, instead of one two hundred you will see !

*66

107 Love far from him his torch, bow, arrows thrust,
For darts he uses now the Æthiop dust.

*67

108 I have nothing of my own,
Tho' in me are all things shown
Truly, of my merit, I
Gift to ev'ry one supply.

*68

Jac. B. xv. E. 2 Due to the Emp'ror Marcian all
This well-plac'd city's circling wall ;
Suggested by Palladius,
Our Prefect, he restor'd it thus :
Thereof was architect alone
The very skilful Artemone.

Soon the recov'ring city found
In ampler space its ancient bound.

69

3 Pure, undefil'd, and in his sev'nteenth year
God plac'd Nicander, his true martyr, here.

70

4 Boast of this tomb, Nicœa ! which has won
Heav'n, and thy pyramid so near the Sun,
Which hides the Hierophant, in life renown'd,
Buried beneath a vast and swelling mound :
Sacerdos' tomb, Severa's monument
To Heav'n, not Hell, their neighbourhood have lent.

*71

5 This sky-pil'd tomb, with golden glory rife,
Is his, whose monument well mates his life,
Near to the stars, by whom, as else by none,
The mysteries of Heav'n itself were won,
Who rais'd his fallen country from the ground,
And the best crowns of mind and tongue who found :
For whom the Attic land, his corpse which drest
For the funereal pyre, and, in her breast,
That which his bones receiv'd, alike contest.

72

6 Of great Sacerdos this great tomb we see—
Ascania's earthly all-bright star was He—
Facing the sun. His God-soul in the grave
Lies calm, who, fallen fatherland to save,
Stretch'd his strong right, and on old brows endued
The holy wreath, from sire to son renew'd.
Home welcom'd her dear dead, whom Attic fires
First purg'd, and, as one town, all Greece admires.

*73

7
Nicæa was my native land, an orgiophant of Heaven
My sire, by whom, my heritage, its mysteries were given :
'T was he who when an earthquake else my city had in-grav'd,
By off'rings to Ausonian Jove, from instant ruin sav'd :

But, from mine own Ascania when afar I died, and came,
Alas! in Attic land, upon th' ancestral fun'ral flame,
My child, who bore the self-same name as his grandfather, found
A more illustrious monument—but both like Virtue crown'd!

74

8 To both one marriage, one in life their lot,
Each true to each, in death they parted not;
Courageous deeds and holy myst'ries well
Thy life, Sacerdos! to all suns may tell;
And thee, Severa!—spouse, child—conduct, grace,
Prais'd above old Penelope shall place.

*75

9 Cyrus.
O King! your gallant deeds to those of war-fam'd Ajax suit,
Save in his stolen secret loves. With Teucer's skill you shoot,
But not, like him, of birth suspect. To you the face divine
Of Agamemnon, but, like his, your sense ne'er wild with wine.
In wisdom you Ulysses' peer I altogether hold,
Yet free from his low craftiness. Like Pylian Nestor old,
Equal your honied eloquence, O King! with his allures—
To a third generation may a life, like his, be yours!

76

10 Witnesses in the sea, whence now we 're sav'd,
Say! sunken reefs, and wild waves, how ye rav'd
In that fierce hurricane. Our bark seem'd lost,
Mast gone and keel, our freight in ocean tost.

*77

11 Thou, Atrytone! art of Lindus old
The light, and thine its highest peaks to hold:
Yet has the virgin fair more fame on earth,
First to the gleamy olive who gave birth:
For now Athene's pleasant haunts, which see
That fruitful harvest, clearly call on thee,
Which beauty-beaming Nereus at her feet
Presented, a rich boon, in dowry sweet;
In land of Cheleus and of Icarus
Best cultivated the fat olive thus!

12 78 Leo.

Fortune ! well done—thou art my friend, who fav'rest me with ease
And sweetest leisure, such as might e'en Epicurus please :
What are to me these busy crowds of men who moil below ?
I wish not riches, blind friends, who from one to other go—
Nor wish I honour, of mankind the visionary dream :
Circe's dark cave, avaunt ! it were dishonour foul, I deem,
If I, of birth celestial, with her swine should acorns eat.
I loathe of the Lotophagi the home-forgetting meat,
And of the Sirens I detest the song, which lureth back
The hearer, with its dang'rous spells from duty's proper track.
I covet the God-given plant, which saves the soul, to cull,
Mandrake, of all ill thoughts the cure : firm-seal'd with wax and full
Mine ears I keep, that I may best all sexual impulse flee—
So speaking, writing so, may I of life the limit see !

*79

13 If thou art of the wise, sit here : if one, Constantine.
Who with the Muse has scarce to taste begun,
Keep far from me, and take some other seat,
For I to bear wise men alone am meet.

80

14 Boaster ! to win the wise, reject the rude, Theophanes.
Art thou then with some special sign endued ?
Gold—silver—iv'ry—none hath thee inlaid,
Rather some master-carpenter has made,
Unknown to Vulcan, stranger to the Muse—
Then why should not unlearn'd as learned use ?

*81

18 These lath-turn'd bones, O Palamedes ! are
Apt instruments, methinks, of mimic war :
In rival ranks, new armies are reveal'd,
A friendly fight upon a peaceful field.

82

20 Pass silent thro' this life of pain, Palladas.
Time's self as silent model ta'en :
Unknown, unknowing, while in breath,
E'en as thou shalt be after death.

*83

28 Pierc'd on the cross was Jesus, to his waist — Anastasius.
Naked, on either side with robbers plac'd:
Wild-wailing, at its foot, in sore grief stands
His mother, and chaste friends who wring their hands:
The passers-by, with jeers and taunts, the while
Cry out on him as wretched, false, and vile;
Judæa's people, lawless and accurst,
Whom blood delighteth, tender to his thirst
A hateful beverage in bitter cup,
On hyssop vinegar—death-food—mix'd up.

84

29 Ignatius I—my life in much sin pass'd, — Ignatius.
Left the sweet light of the glad sun at last—
Now hidden in dark earth am here entomb'd,
Woe 's me! my poor soul to long suff'ring doom'd.
Me mortal frail, O Judge! immortal thou
And merciful, accept with fav'ring brow.

85

30 The body, not the virtue, of good Paul — Do.
This tomb conceals. For, as the Sun, on all
His wond'rous eloquence beam'd vital flame,
And great renown his virtue-labours claim.
Years twenty-three as his earth-course were set,
And, living as he taught, good end he met.

86

31 Leaving to God all of his wealth again, — Do.
Here, in deep earth, is holy Samuel lain:
Now, to the bright halls of the pious gone,
Of his great labours the high crown is won.

87

32 Would of my life Fate too had quench'd the link, — Arethas.
When of thy lamp it doom'd the light to sink!
But, madd'ning with its own malicious thought,
The fiend my whole life has to mis'ry brought,
Bereaving me of one my bosom rear'd,
And snatching from my sight when most endear'd.

Sweet as to parents is a pet in arms,
So sad to lose the flow'r in all its charms!
Such now the raging torch of rude decline
Has bow'd—intolerable grief is mine!
This tomb, receptacle of all my race,
Holds whom Fate spar'd not lustres five to trace:
Here age-worn parents, with grey locks, are bent
O'er all they 've lost with fruitless fond lament,
And, her bright form rememb'ring well, a band
Of well-born brothers, sunk in sorrow, stand.

88

39 Ignatius wrought these, who brought to light Ignatius.
Grammar, else hidden in long Lethe's night.

*89

41
While living, Constantine! to thee no bronze did we erect:
Then occupied was glory's place by envy and neglect:
But dead, all honour unto thee, Rome universal pays—
Yet of thy matchless horsemanship fit statue who can raise?

*90

42 Since Constantine, in Hades, join'd the dead,
The glory of Rome's charioteers is fled.

91

43
This golden gift, his valour's meed, our Constantine became,
But Art can never reproduce his lithe and stalwart frame:
A boy, he beat all charioteers for skill the most renown'd,
In age, behind him panting far our nimblest youth were found;
By an aye-mem'rable decree the King and people here
To him in honour, after death, this statue proudly rear.

*92

44 Porphyr—his girdle loos'd and labours o'er,
Whose worth had column'd brass confest before—
Is here again in bronze, and silver, plac'd,
For the old man, tho' welcome crowns had grac'd,
Resum'd, at public call, the doubling scourge,
Hot, as in second youth, the stadium-strife to urge.

*93

This Julian, offshoot of a Tyrian tree—
Crown'd as a charioteer full oft was he—
Himself when King, have senators rever'd,
And, with one voice, the gen'ral people rear'd.
Old for the ring, he left there a love-spell
On all who manly rivals honour well.

94

Libyan Porphyrius knew alone to don
Crowns of all kinds, his conq'ring car upon.
Queen Vict'ry changing, as he factions chang'd,
Her fortunes with his dress and colours rang'd.
But Venice he preferr'd, who, in his praise,
His excellence with gold, with bronze his labour pays.

95

Libya Porphyrius bore, Byzantium nurst,
And Vict'ry's crown, whate'er his varying dress,
Aye circled his bold brow with best success.
Often his horse he chang'd, his side revers'd ;
Now in the van, now midmost, now the last,
But foes and friends he all alike surpast.

96

Co-equal in the lists of fame to great Faustiniades,
And even to Faustinus self, the King has plac'd, near these,
Uranius, on whom before the land, with one acclaim,
Gave, for his countless victories, high Pelops' hallow'd name.
The thought, on so beholding them, will sure the stranger strike,
How easily the Deity brings ever like to like!

97

Foremost in fight, and not chief charioteer,
Thou should'st don arms, and doff this stable-gear :
When bar'd his tyrant-slaying steel our King,
Thou to his van did'st in the seafight spring :
Wise energies thus double triumphs pay,
Wild horses to subdue, proud tyrants slay.

98

To thee alone, Uranius!—or when the fight was fought,
Or clos'd the contest—Victory this honour twice has brought

From either people : and, amongst the clans of Venice, thou
Hast carried off, for twenty years, fame's best wreath for thy brow.
Then should have ceas'd thy horsemanship—but this Prasinium barr'd,
On whom new triumph thou did'st pour, and they on thee reward.

*99

51 Tho' brass, what fire and boldness, as he wrought Archias.
The wild-boar's breathing form, the moulder caught!
Bristles its hairy neck, its sharp tusks gnash,
Terrible lightnings from its red eyes flash.
Moist are its lips with foam. No wonder then
That it destroy'd a host of gallant men!

NOTES.—Among the temples which embellished the City of Cyzicus, that consecrated to Apollonias, wife of Attalus I., and mother of Attalus II, Kings of Pergamus, was distinguished. Its columns were adorned with *bas-reliefs*, descriptive of the more striking instances in history and mythology, of the affection of children to their parents, more particularly to their mothers. These *bas-reliefs*, to the number of 19, formed the subject of the following epigrams. Of No. 17, nothing but the lemma and the three first words remain.

1 Bacchus conducts his mother Semele up to Heaven, preceded by Mercury, and escorted by Satyrs and Sileni, bearing torches.

2 Telephus recognised by his mother Auge.

3 Alchimedé striving to prevent her husband Amyntor from putting out the eyes of their son Phœnix.

4 Polymedes and Clytius, sons of Phineus, slaying Phrygia, whom their father had espoused, after repudiating their mother Cleopatra.

5 Cresphontes destroying Polyphontes, who slew his sire : Merope has seized a club, and assists her son in avenging her husband's death.

6 The serpent Python, whose sudden appearance had frightened Latona, on her way to silence the oracle at Delphos, slain by Apollo and Artemis.

7 Amphion and Zethus fastening Dirce to the wild bull; because, excited by Nycteus, their grandfather, and inflamed with jealousy against Lycus, her husband, who had fallen in love with their mother Antiope, he had relentlessly persecuted her. This legend is the subject of the fine group known as the Farnese Bull.

8 Ulysses, in the descent to Hades, recognising his mother Anticleia.

9 Pelias and Neleus, sons of Neptune, releasing from her fetters their mother Tyro, whom her father Salmoneus had long before imprisoned, in consequence of her deflowerment, and whom her mother-in-law Sidero had put to the rack : in the first line it has been proposed to read *μητέρι τρήχεϊ οἴσει* : something is supposed to have fallen out after the first distich.

10 Euneus and Thoas, sons of Hypsipyle, recognising their mother, show the golden vine, in symbol of their descent (from Bacchus), and rescue her from the vengeance of Eurydice for the death of Archemorus.

11 When Polydectes, King of Seriphos, enamoured of Danae but rejected by her, was preparing to offer violence, Perseus arrived, and with Medusa's head turned him into stone.

12 Ixion slaying Phorbas and Polymelus for the murder done upon his mother Megara.

13 Hercules, leading his mother Alcmena into the Elysian fields gives her in marriage to Radamanthus.

14 Tityus shot to death with arrows by Apollo and Artemis for daring to offer violence to their mother Latona.

16 Œolus and Bœotus, sons of Neptune by Melanippe, delivering their mother from the prison into which she was thrown by her father as a punishment for having given them birth.

17 On Anapius and Amphinomus, who, when their home, in Sicily, was endangered by the eruption of a volcano, saved their parents—and nothing else—from the flames.

18 Cleobis and Biton, sons of Cydippe, priestess of Hera at Argos, who, when oxen were wanted to draw their mother's chariot to the temple, put themselves to the yoke and drew it there: she entreated the Goddess to reward their piety with the best gift which could be granted to mortal: they went to rest and awoke no more; Hera thus showing that death is the only true happy event which can happen to man.

25 Diactor is a frequent epithet of Hermes in Homer.

28 This relates to four competitors in the public games: in the fifth and sixth lines the questions are put to them severally, and seem severally answered according to the scene of their respective triumphs.

29 The three tetrameters of the Greek have also been divided into six Anacreontics. Bentley says that this epigram is composed of two dimeters catalectic.

36 Pausonias however commemorates *three* Olympic triumphs of Dicon, one in boyhood, and two when grown to manhood.

37 Cynisca won the prize in the chariot-race Olymp. 87, after the death of her father Archidamus, King of Sparta: the famous Agesiläus was her brother. This, as comparison of dates proves, has been wrongly ascribed to Simonides, as has also been the next one.

39 Line 2. "A hotspur lad"—a lad of the character of our Hotspur, or, by paranomasia, one who used the spur hotly.

44 The last line, and half of the fourth are left untranslated: they seem to belong to some other piece: I am not aware of any altar common to Paphia and to Pan: allowing for obscurities in the Greek their sense may be:

"To Blessed Pan, whom here you see,
Rev'rent, these thyrsi-wands leave we."

46 This has been attributed to Callimachus, and also to Bacchylides.

49 Planudes assigns this to Niceratus and we find it in Athenæus II., 39, without the name of any author.

50 The word intended is ''ΘΝΥΞ (the "nail"), from which by taking one letter we have ΝΥΞ "night."

51-2 It seems to me that two specimens on one subject are, in the Greek, joined together. I have separated them. Night and Day are meant which by turns die and bring forth each other. In Athenæus B x, c 75 this riddle is attributed to Theodectes.

53 The subject is identical with that of the preceding.

54 The solution is "A Lantern." By the first "light" is meant that of day, when we extinguish lanterns: by the third "Light" a man of that name is intended.

55 A mirror is the solution.

56 The pine-tree produces *tar* which we melt down to pitch and therewith caulk our ships.

57 Man: the riddle of Œdipus to the Sphinx.

58 This and the following to 63 are Pythian Oracles.

60 The Agora and Prytaneum of the Siphnians were, when this oracle was fulfilled, adorned with Parian marble. The Pythian speaks in obscure antithesis; such a coincidence seemed impossible. A red herald was a thing unknown: their official colour was always white. The phrase ξύλινόν τε λόχον was equally obscure, but under it is meant "ships" (as our own term of "our wooden walls") which were all painted red. The Pythian bids the Siphnians beware of a wooden troop and a crimson herald.

61 A person deposited in the hands of Glaucus, son of Epicydes, of Sparta, a large sum

of money. Long after, his sons reclaimed it. Glaucus pretended ignorance of the whole matter, promising however, if he found anything due, to pay them. To do this, he took four months' time, journeying in the interval to Delphi, there to ask whether it was lawful to perjure himself and thus secure the money? The God returned this answer. The prediction was fully accomplished (notwithstanding that Glaucus afterwards restored the amount) for his whole family became utterly extinct.

62 Is a response of the Pythian oracle concerning the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. Persons deputed by public authority to consult the God, having performed the prescribed ceremonies, entered the temple; to whom, as they sat by the shrine, the priestess prophesied in these lines; which threw the Athenian deputies into much consternation. After consultation and under advice, they took the symbols of suppliants, and went again to the oracle. To their second address the prophetess replied as in 63, about the meaning of which various opinions were held among the Athenians. Themistocles was not at any loss. Defeat at sea, he urged, was portended not to them but to their enemies: the wooden wall unquestionably meant their fleet, and a naval action must save the country. The Athenians, predisposed to his sentiments, put the whole strength of the commonwealth to their navy, and, joined with other Greeks, determined to meet the Persians at sea.

64 A raisin is the solution.

65 The word seems to be βοῦς "an ox"; taking away the first letter we have οὖς "the ear"; taking the second also we have ὖς "a pig"; taking off the the third we have the numeral σ which signifies 200.

66 By Æthiop dust is meant gold.

67 "A mirror" seems to be the solution.

68 On the city Myro in Lysia.

71 Line 5. Alludes to an earthquake at Nicæa.

73 Line 4. By Ausonian Jove is probably meant the Emperor Gratian.

75 An encomium on King Theodosius.

77 Atrytone, "Umsearied," is an appellation of Pallas Athene.

79 On a chair: the reply is given in No. 80.

81 On a backgammon board. To Palamedes is attributed the invention of dice and backgammon: he is said to have been the first who regularly ranged an army in line of battle and placed sentinels round a camp, exciting their vigilance by giving them a watchword. The epigram seems to allude to both these circumstances.

83 The subject is the Crucifixion: the last five lines of the Greek are omitted in the translation.

89 This and the following epigrams were inscribed in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, on the statues of the charioteers.

90 See No. 365 Planudes, B. v.

92 Burges for ξείνων would read ξοάνων; but this the metre forbids, unless the particle δὲ be omitted. As the passage stands it is quite susceptible of satisfactory explanation, and I have retained and translated it accordingly.

93 The literal meaning of the final Greek words, which, however, are not free from doubt, warrant my version. I have had in my mind Scott's lines:

> "Felt the stern joy which foemen feel
> In warrior worthy of their steel."

99 The subject is the Calydonian boar, and the last line alludes to the body of young men who went out to hunt it.

DEDICATORY AND VOTIVE.

1

Jac. B. 5, Ep. 17 — Catullus.

To thee, who watchest the sea-strand, these cakes of kneaded meal
I send, slight off'ring but sincere of sacrificial zeal;
Tomorrow, hast'ning to the breast of mine own Eidothé,
I shall the wide wave overpass of fair Ionia's sea;
O Cypris! love and sail alike shine thou propitious o'er,
Sweet Mistress of the marriage-bed and eke the ocean-shore.

2

159 — Simonides.

Boïdion, Pythias, long thy vot'ries known,
Cypris! bring each a portrait and a zone;
Thy purse, O Foreign Trader! well might name
From whom the girdles and the pictures came.

3

191 — Meleager.

Night, Stars, and Moon, who look'st to love so fair,
And little flute my revels wont to share,
Say! does her link abed the wanton light,
Wakeful, alone, lamenting the lost night,
Or—by whose side?—Ah! let me, tho' tears blind,
These suppliant chaplets at her portal bind:
"Thy vot'ry Meleager has for thee
Hung, Cypris! these, which spoils from passion be."

4

200

The crocus, and this dark-green wreath
Of ivy—still of myrrh which breathe—
Together with the virgin braid,
Which bound Alexo's locks, are laid

Before Priapus' image here,
Of pleasant and prolific leer,
Gifts of a grateful bride, as meet,
After night-revel sacred, sweet.

5

201 Toying with golden Sthenius, till the day
Rose with bright beam, the young Leontis lay:
This lyre, to Cypris and the Muses dear,
She, after that night-revel, offer'd here.

*6

205 The amulet of Nicho I—
whose mighty magic drew
Young couples from their marriage beds,
and men o'er ocean blue—
Engrav'd of lucid amethyst,
with varied gold well made,
A cherish'd treasure here for thee,
O Cyprian Goddess! laid;
Tied in the middle by soft hair
of purpled wool of lamb,
Of Larissæan sorceress
the offering I am.

206 *7 Leonidas.

Melo and Satyré, tall girls of Antigenides—
Their joyous-hearted servants, both in dance and song—have these
To the Pimplein Muses brought; the pipe, where courses swift
Her rosy lip, in boxen case here Melo lays in gift,
And am'rous Satyré, at eve a fellow rev'ller gay
With wine-bibbers, the well-wax'd reed, whereon she wont to play
A pleasant music, wherewithal, the long night sounding thro',
Oft at the outer porch 't was hers the morning light to view.

*8

—VI. Ep. 1 I, who on Helle smil'd so proud, Plato.
Whose doors young lovers once would crowd,
I, Lais, at the Paphian fane
Offer my mirror, now in vain;
Such as I am I would not see,
Such as I was I cannot be.

9

2 Ceasing from tearful war, these arrow'd bows Simonides.
Under Athene's temple-roof repose,
Oft in the blood of Persian horsemen red,
Baffled in battle when their stoutest fled.

10

3 Dionysius.
O Hercules! who Trachis tread'st, where many pebbles be,
And Œta, and the headland deep of wooded Pholoë,
For thee has Dionysius this cudgel green here put,
From a wild olive which himself with early bill-hook cut.

11

4 His long and lance-like rod, a well-bent hook, Leonidas.
His horse-hair line, the creel his fish which took,
His withy trap the floating prey which caught,
Invention first by sea-tost netsmen taught,
And, like Poseidon's spear, a three-prong'd grain,
With oars of boat for sep'rate rowers twain,
Does fisher Diophantus to the King
Of his old art, its fitting relics, bring.

12

5 Reeds bound at top, an oar above which floats, Philip.
Barbs too of twisted hooks to bite fish-throats,
A line with lead at end, two baskets hung
On rope, and corks to tell where nets are flung,
A flint, with light and fire in its cold breast,
An anchor, drifting shallop to arrest,
The fisher Pison—whom long labours bow,
Whose right-hand trembles—gives to Hermes now

13

6 Amphitryon, with due rites, presented me,
A cauldron—from the Teleboans He!

14

7 Scæus, a boxer with the cœstus, when
He well had fought and fairly conquer'd, then
Me, a fair statue, wonderfully wrought,
He to Apollo the far-darting brought.

15

8 Fair gift from our sole sov'reign Laodame,
To high Apollo of unerring aim,
This image exquisite and tripod came.

16

9 Phœbus! for thee, the gifts of Promachus, Muasalcas.
Hang the bent bow and arrow-quiver thus,
But, deadly presents from my foreign hand,
In hostile hearts the winged arrows stand.

17

10 Pallas! Preserver! Jove's bed-shunning Child! Antipater.
Triton-born! Queen of virgins undefil'd!
Seleucus! utt'ring Phœbus' sacred cry,
For thee has built this hornēd altar high,

*18

11 To Pan the hunter Damis this long net, Satyrius.
This, finely-wove, for birds has Pigres set,
Night-rowing Clytor this, the scaly spoil
To snare—their instruments of triple toil;
Propitious to the pious brothers three,
Grant them flesh, fowl, and fish, from earth, air, sea.

19

12 For threefold sporting, of three friends the nets Julian.
Receive, O Pan! For birds this Pigres sets,
For beasts this Damis, Clytor that for fish—
Good spoil by air, land, water crown their wish!

*20

13 Three brothers, rustic Pan! before thee place Leonidas.
The sev'ral nets they use in daily chase:
These Pigres plants for birds, and Damis these
For beasts, while Clytor sweeps with those the seas:
Grant, in return, their prey may fall to each,
In air, in forest, and on ocean-beach.

21

14 Three of one blood to Pan their art-tools set, Antipater, S.
Damis, for beasts which range the hills, a net;

Clytor this sea-net, us'd by sailors, brought,
And Pigres a stout neck-noose birds which caught ;
For never does their home receive them back,
From wood, air, sea, with hands which provand lack.

22

15 These nets to Pan three pious brothers spread, Do.; Zosimus.
Clytor for fish, Damis for quadruped,
Pigres for winged fowl. Assist them, Thou !
And from air, sea, and land fit prey allow.

23

16 For thee, out-looking Pan ! three brothers set, Archias.
Gifts of one kind yet various, each his net,
Damis for beasts, Pigres for birds which fly,
And Clytor these beneath the waves which lie.
Grant that, in air, successful one may be,
In oak-woods one, and one upon the sea.

24

18 Lais, since age has spoil'd her lovely face, Julian.
Shrinks her lost form and wrinkles old to trace ;
She now her mirror, loath'd its bitter truth,
Vows to the mistress of her brighter youth :
" Venus ! this friend of my once rosy prime,
Henceforth be yours, whose beauty fears not time."

25

19 Venus ! thou beauty giv'st : Time, on who creeps, Do.
Away, O Queen ! thy faded treasure sweeps ;
Since then the graces which thou giv'st me pass,
Goddess ! take back, what prov'd the gift, thy glass.

26

20 Hellas, who conquer'd erst the Medes' strong shield, Do.
Did spoil to Lais for her beauty yield :
Age only conq'ring her, she offers here,
Paphian ! the proof of youthful triumphs dear :
Who shrinks her hoary head's true tale to see,
Hates too that e'en its type should mirror'd be.

*27

21 The fork which dug the moisture-loving ground,
The sickle which the mounting stalk cut round,

The rags which fenc'd his back against the wet,
His shoes of raw bull-hide, unbroken yet,
The dibble of strong point, which sends right thro'
The well-bor'd soil the sprout of cabbage new,
The wat'ring-pot which ceases not to raise
The thirsty leek in summer's sultriest days—
These Potamon, grown wealthy from his trade,
For thee, Priapus! garden-God, has laid.

28

22 Diodorus.

A young pomegranate—with fine down a peach upon the twig—
And with its figure, navel-like, and shrivell'd skin a fig—
Gushing with wine, and many-ston'd, a bunch of purple grapes—
And walnut from its light green shell which even now escapes—
To this our rude Priapus, from a sole block carven, these
A garden-keeper here has plac'd, an off'ring from his trees.

*29

23 By craggy cave, sea-lasht, who lov'st to dwell,
Spot by fish-striking cormorant trod well,
Hermes! accept these remnant net-lines, worn
By the oft brine, sun-bleach'd and shingle-torn,
These nets and traps for fish, this rounded creel,
And corks the sunken cast-net which reveal,
And the deep marsh-born rod, pliant and long,
Join'd to its baited line of horse-hair strong.

30

24

Old Heliodorus of the rock his vainly-mended net
Before the Syrian Goddess in her temple-porch here set,
Innocent all of scaly spoil, tho' in its breast it bore
Much seaweed from its frequent cast on that well-harbour'd shore.

31

25 Old Cinyras his long-worn fisher-nets, Julian.
Ceasing from labour, here for Sea-Nymphs sets;
No longer can his trembling hands at last
Of its op'd folds the circular bosom cast.
His be no blame, ye Nymphs! for gift so small,
It was of Cinyras the life, the all.

32

26 Beyond his years the toil of far-flung net, Julian E.
This seine old Cinyras for Sea-Nymphs set :
Feed now delighted, Fishes ! in your sea,
The old age of Cinyras has made you free.

33

27 For a good haul—fish-fatal, many-eyed— Theœtetus.
A net, and rod with baited horse-hair tied,
A cork, the faithful sign of sunken nets,
A flint, by sharp blow struck, which fire begets,
An anchor, in worst storm his boat's sure stay,
And mouths of twisted hooks to pierce the prey,
His hand with old age weak which brings disease,
Byton to Gods who fishers aid gives these.

*34

28 The lithe rods and stout oars—the foamy march Julian E.
Which of his pinnace sped—the hook's firm arch,
The bellying circles of his leaded line,
The corks which mark'd his fish-nets in the brine,
Of well-wove creels a pair, and flint which hides
Fire, and the anchor whence his tost barque rides,
Byton the fisher, old, and trembling too,
Brings, Erionnius ! in gift to you.

35

29 The stock of his sea-trade to Hermes here Do.
Byton has offer'd, of old age in fear ;
An anchor, a fire-flint, his corks and creels,
A hook, an oar, his rods and lines and reels.

*36

30 Ceas'd now his ocean toils, an anchor round Macedonius.
His leaded net the old Amyntor bound,
And said to Neptune, in the salt sea swell
While from his dim eyes many a big tear fell ;
"Blest One ! thou know'st me frail : old age and ill
Finds in limb-wasting want its comrade still ;
Yet feed a poor old man—but, from the plain
Feed now, O Ruler of the land and main !"

37

31 To Pan, the waiting ewes who rides, Nicarchus.
To Ceres, who o'er earth presides,
To Bacchus, with best fruitage grac'd,
Have I this gift, in common, plac'd;
I beg of them that gen'rous wine,
And beauteous flocks may both be mine,
I beg that I in plenteous heap
Fair produce from full sheaves may reap.

*38

32 Agathias.
Charícles to rock-loving Pan has slain, on headland bluff,
This goat, the horned to the horn'd, the rough to please the rough,
The leaper to the light of limb, to fair beard tawny skin,
The thicket who frequents to him who dwells the forest in.

*39

33 By stout-spun nets, sunk deeply, stopping well Mæcius.
The tunnies rolling in green Ocean's swell,
Fishers, for friendly aid vouchsaf'd by thee,
Present these gifts, Priapus of the sea!
A beechen bowl, a home-made heather chair,
And a wine-holding cup of crystal fair,
That so thou may'st awhile thy tir'd feet stay,
Strain'd in the dance, and drive sore thirst away.

*40

34 His staff for Pan has Polyænus bound Rhianus.
His bow and quiver, darting arrows round,
These boar-feet too, this dog-chain does he bring
Gifts from a hog-hunt to the mountain King.
Out-looking Pan! in hunting with success,
The son of Smylas, Polyænus, bless.

41

35 This skin of mounting ram has Teleson Leonidas.
For goat-hoof Pan outstretch'd a wild plane on:
And with bent end and goodly shaft, the club
Which fell'd, erewhile, the blood-fac'd wolf and cub,
Bowls too for pressing milk, and chain of dog,
And for the keen-nos'd whelp a collar-clog. [110.]

42

36 To Ceres, from small-furrow'd field, of corn Philip T.
These sheaves by glad Sosicleës are borne.
Rich was his harvest. Ever thus may he
His sickle blunted with the reaping see!

43

37 Rude rustic herdsmen in the mountains pent
Have cut this beechen bough, with old age bent,
And, polish'd, in the road the bright toy hung
For Pan, the friend of herdsmen fair and young.

44

38 Nets, charg'd with lead, which deep in ocean sink, Philip.
And oars which ever the salt sea-spray drink,
A fork in water strong the whale to kill,
And by its corks the weel recover'd still,
A flint, to sailors dear, the fiery spark
Which saves, an anchor, best hand of his bark,
Amyntichus his hard sea-wand'rings o'er,
Lays, his last gifts, the Sea-King's shrine before.

*45

39 Satyra, Euphro, Heracleia, three Archias.
Daughters of Xuthus were and Melité,
One a tall distaff and a spindle gave,
Of her fine thread the fast-revolving slave:
Her wool-store one: a shuttle well that whirr'd—
The close-wove fabric as it wound—a third.
Rever'd Athene! Samian sisters they
What long their lives kept pure before thee lay.

46

40 Kind Ceres!—made of meal, not from the shed— Macedonius.
Take my two oxen, they have brought me bread;
Bless my true pair with health, and, highest grace!
In my plough'd land the cornsheaves closely place.
To thy true lover of field-work, this year,
The fourth since eighty he has past, is dear.
Never he reap'd Corinthian glebe, nor yet
With sore and sheafless poverty has met.

41 *47 Agathias.

Callimenes the husbandman, O Ceres! offers here
His plough's brass tooth which breaks the clod and cuts the fallow sheer,
These hide-made thongs, the sturdy bull which bind beneath its yoke,
The ox-goad, and the plough-tail bolt—first having duly broke
The ridges of the well-till'd land—and, seem it good to you
That I should reap the standing corn, I 'll bring a sickle too.

*48

42 The poor Alcmenes, his small garden ground
With plenteous fruit by genial summer crown'd,
Dried fig, and apple, and pure water brings
To Pan. "O Source of all my life's good things!
This from thy rock, these from my garden take,
And more than I bestow requital make."

*49

43 Pet of the Nymphs, a frog, who lov'd the rain, Plato.
Pleas'd with light leaps, moist minstrel of the plain,
A trav'ller wrought in brass, and offer'd here,
Allay'd his thirst in summer most severe.
It show'd him, ere he pass'd, with timely croak,
Where from the humid hollow water broke,
And he, disdaining not its guiding voice,
Found the cool draught whose pleasant drops rejoice.

*50

44 To Satyrs, lovers of sweet wine,
To Bacchus, patron of the vine,
Grateful Heronax offers here,
As first fruits of the prosp'rous year,
These three casks from his vineyards three,
Brimful of first-drawn wine that be:
Whence having made libation due
To Bacchus and the Satyrs too,
Freely his ruby juice we 'll pour,
And drink than even Satyrs more.

51

45 A porcupine, of shaggy frame, with prickles sharp replete,
Plund'rer of vines, and ruin of grape-drying places sweet,

After long watch Comaulus caught, while rolling, like a sphere,
O'er the dried fruit, and hung it up, alive, to Bacchus here.

52

46 Antipater S.

This brazen trumpet, from whose twin mouths erst,
In war and peace, barbaric clangour burst,
Lays Pherenicus Pallas' shrine before,
In camps and orchestras his labours o'er.

53

47 Do.

Her music-loving shuttle here, the symbol of a trade
Which hunger drove, in offering to Pallas Bitto laid :
"Goddess!" she said, "Take this. Farewell! my life of daily thrift;
Arriv'd at my fourth decade, I abjure thine useless gift :
Instead, the worship and the works of Cypris I desire ;
I see that to be willing found for youth is better hire."

54

48 The busy shuttle of her hungry trade
Bitto in off'ring to Athene laid,
(For she the labours loath'd in wool-work rife
And all the hateful cares of spinster life)
Exclaiming, " I the works of Cypris seek,
And Paris' vote anew against thee speak."

*55

49

A brazen tripod I, laid up in Pytho's honour here ;
Swift-foot Achilles gave me erst for dead Patroclus dear,
And, good in battle, Diomed, of Tydeus the stout son,
Offer'd, when, near broad Hellespont, the horse-race he had won.

56

50 Simonides.

Trusting the fire of patriot souls,
the Greeks, by strength of hands,
Who, in the work of war, drove out
Persia's invading bands,
This altar, ornament of Greece,
memorial meet decreed
To Zeus, the God of freemen, who
has them from slav'ry freed.

51 57

O Rhea! Mother mine! whose care the Phrygian lions fed
Thro' Dindymus, that mountain hoar, whose heights the Mystæ tread;
All that erewhile his madness stung, when gongs were beat, to thee
Has soft Alexis offer'd up, now from his fury free;
Free from the cymbals clashing sharp, the tube's hoarse-sounding roar,
For which the victim calf has bent the horn its forehead bore:
Free from the hollow-sounding drum, the blades made red with blood,
And from the stain'd and frantic hair like restless snakes which stood,
O Mistress! Smile upon my pray'r—who in his youth was mad,
Cause him to cease in hoary age from wild excess and bad. [98.]

*58

52 Simonides.

So! by this column tall, long ashen Spear!
Sacred to Panomphæan Jove, rest here:
Oft in the front of fiery battle borne,
Now, by long use, thy pointed brass is worn.

59

53 Bacchylides.

Eudemus in the field this fane has plann'd
To Zephyr, of all winds which blow most bland,
Who heard and help'd his pray'r, that sooner he
From the ripe ears the corn might winnow'd see.

54 *60 Paulus S.

In memory of laurel'd strife the Locrian Eunomus
Presents to the Lycorean God a brazen tettix, thus:
A prize for harper skill was set, where Parthes rival stood:
Beneath the plectrum when the sound of Locrian shell was good,
In twain a harpstring snapping check'd the music of its throat,
But, ere of wellpois'd harmony the strain had ceas'd to float,
A tettix, sweetly chirruping, the harp alighted on,
As if in succour of the string, which, suddenly, was gone;
And, mingling with the measure just of my harp-beating sway'd
The echo in the groves which yet a tuneful murmur made:
Wherefore, Latona's blessed Son! with thine own minstrel he,
Placing upon a harp in brass a tettix honours thee!

61

55 On Peitho, and the Paphian Queen Johannes B.
Eurynomus the herd,
Of flow'r-enwreath'd Hermophila
the bridegroom, has conferr'd
A creamy cheese and honey-combs
of summer bees. Do ye
Receive the cheese in gift for her,
the honey-combs from me!

62

56 To Bromius with the ivied hair, Macedonius.
the swain who tends the vine,
Lenagoras, has offer'd up
a Satyr full of wine.
One sure would from that heavy head,
the skin, hair, ivy, grapes,
Say *all* were drunk, so easy, and
so natural their shapes.
Art has by voiceless forms indeed
here copied Nature well,
The molten mass 'neath master hand
endur'd not to rebel!

63

57 Paulus S.
Upon a pine this lion's hide, arm'd with the five keen claws
Of its huge feet, and, stain'd with blood, the widely-open'd jaws
Drawn from its head, Goat-footed Pan! Arabian Teucer here
Has, rev'rent plac'd for thee, and eke his rustic hunting-spear,
Half-eaten, on whose point the marks of savage teeth remain,
Whereon the wild beast emptied out his angry growl in vain:
And Water-Nymphs with those who love to haunt the leafy glade,
Now dance, since he is dead whose roar so oft their hearts dismay'd.

64

58 Endymion—thy belov'd one he— Isidorus.
Offers, O Moon! with shame to thee
The bed which waits thee, vain and void,
And canopy no more employ'd.
Gray hairs o'er all his scull in mast'ry wave,
And not a trace of former beauty save.

65

59 Paphian! my garland take, Pallas! my hair, Agathias.
Dian! my zone—so vow'd Callirhöe fair.
She won the man she lov'd, and, fond youth o'er,
A manly race of beauteous children bore.

66

60 Nor ox, nor golden gift Pamphilion plac'd Palladas.
For Isis, but her glossy curls that grac'd;
With these the Goddess' heart was more content,
Than Phœbus with the gold which Crœsus sent.

*67 Do.

61 O heav'nly happy steel! in off'ring laid,
When young Pamphilion cut her lock's long braid,
No mortal forg'd you: Vulcan's furnace near
A Grace with headband bright—still in our ear
Sound Homer's words—a golden hammer brought,
And with her own hands to perfect you wrought.

*68

62 The rounded lead, the page's margin-mark, Philip T.
The knife which, penwise, shap'd the reedy bark,
The rule above, the pumice from the sea,
The dried stone in whose bosom oft holes be,
I to the Muses bring, life's bus'ness o'er,
Since thro' old age mine eyes can see no more.

69

63 A round lead, fill'd with letter-tracing black, Damocharis.
A rule, the pen's guard in its one straight track,
A horn of blackest ink, wherein to dip
The reed, split midwise, and well shap'd at tip,
And a rough stone, its keen and comely match,
Whence the blunt edge again may sharply scratch,
A reed-knife too with its broad iron blade,
Hermes! to thee these tools of his poor trade,
Brings Menedemus—his old eyes with mist
Now dimm'd—with food thy workman still assist!

70

64 The rounded lead a light blue line to mark, Paulus S.
And the rough stone to sharpen the hard bark,

The broad knife, centrally, which splits the reeds,
And ruler, the straight line which surely leads,
The sculptur'd standish of long treasur'd ink,
And the reed-notches blacken'd to the brink,
For Hermes Philodemus brings, since now
O'er his old eyes the lids, time-wrinkled, bow.

*71

65 The lead, which, wheel-like running, a straight road, Do.
Tracking the tight-stretcht rule, with light mark show'd,
The rough reed-eating steel, itself the laws
Of the undeviating line which draws,
And the sharp stone, which, if continued use
Have blunted its twin teeth, the point renews,
And—of sea-roving Tritons the deep bed—
A sponge, the failing pen which freshly fed,
The inkhold, and the many-cell'd scrutoire
Which of his scriv'ner art held all the store,
His hand with old age trembling, and afraid
Longer to trust its weak pow'rs in his trade,
Callimenes has here for Hermes laid.

*72

66 A dry lead, marker of a certain line, Do.
On which fair letters in apt words combine,
A rule which surely steers its rolling lead,
And the bor'd stone, of scratching-knife instead,
A vase where stands the ink, and, stain'd at tips,
Of reeds well-writing the fine-pointed lips,
A sponge, the growth of Ocean's nether meads,
And brass, which fitly shapes the slender reeds,
Worn down by old age in his eyes and hand,
To the fair Muses' laughter-loving band
Callimenes has here a votive present plann'd.

*73

67 The lead which surely guides the writing-reeds, Julian E.
The rule which travels with the weight and leads,
The pumice stone, of waveworn rock which speaks,
Of the scrap'd reed to sharpen the dull cheeks,
The reeds themselves, the ink with myst'ries rife
Of mortal voices, the keen-cutting knife,

Hermes! has Philodemus plac'd for thee,
Since Time which dims his sight his hand sets free.

68 *74 Julian E.

This mine old lead, running its round, which shows
The writing reeds to travel in straight rows,
The rule which gives the marking lead fit shape,
And the sea-stone the well-cut rind to scrape,
And, with those reeds, the inkstand by which Time
Hands down to future of past years the rhyme,
The steel knife too, on which, of messenger
Mars and the Muses both the post confer ;
These instruments are off'rings all to thee,
Hermes! receive them, for thine own they be ;
And O! direct the lifeless life still left
Of Philodemus, of support bereft.

75

69 His ship fixt firmly at the temple's base, Macedonius.
Much wand'ring Crantas doth for Neptune place ;
It recks not of the gales on land which sweep,
Where, fearlessly, broad Crantas lies asleep.

76

70 Do.
Ruler of Earth, and Ocean-King ! I, Crantas, humbly set
As off'ring in return to thee a ship no longer wet,
A ship, the wing of ev'ry wind, on which, in terror oft
I've deem'd me down to Hades plung'd, or, helpless, hurl'd aloft ;
Now having finally renounc'd fear, hope, and sea, and storm,
I've plac'd upon the earth this mark of noticeable form.

77

72 I saw a hare which near a fruit-tree sate, Agathias.
Sacred to Bacchus : many a grape it ate.
I told the farmer, who, himself unseen,
Struck with a stone its head and kill'd it clean.
Sacrifice and libation thus in one,
Great honour surely was to Bacchus done !

*78

73 I, Daphnis of the pipe, to old age brought, Macedonius.
Trembling and bent, to rural Pan devote

My shepherd's crook: no more my failing hand
The labours of a pastoral life can stand,
Yet still on the light reed I play, and still
A steady voice my shaking frame doth fill:
But let no goat-herd in the mountain lair
Of rav'nous wolves my weak old age declare.

79

74 Eurynomé, a fox-skin Bacchant I, Agathias.
Who rocks ran over, and, in days gone by,
Full many a breast of long-horn'd bulls did pierce,
Greatly rejoicing, when, o'er lion fierce,
I stood victorious, and, as plaything, wore
Its vast head unapproachable before.
O Dionysius! for thy dance all care
Tho' ceas'd, I now in Cypria's orgies share,
Yet be propitious. Lo! I, rev'rent, lay
These drumsticks on thine altar. Now, away
Tearing thine ivy from my forehead, round
My ready wrists be golden bracelets bound!

75 80 Paulus S.
To thee, Apollo! Androclus this hunter's bow does place,
Which gave him, many a wild beast slain, good fortune in the chase:
For never from its crooked horn astray has arrow leapt,
But, from his sinewy hand far-flung, its destin'd course it kept:
And often as the fatal string has twang'd of his sure bow,
So often he in air and copse the startled game laid low;
Wherefore, O Phœbus! in return to thee he grateful brings
The Lyctian weapon, twisting round his present golden strings.

81

76 Your love Anchises, for whose sake of yore, Agathias.
Cypris! you often sought fair Ida's shore,
Now scarcely finds a black hair in his head,
Relic of by-gone youth, for you to shed:
But Goddess! for you can, my youth repair,
Or welcome, as if young, my hoary hair.

82

77 Wine-bibbing Xenophon to thee Eratosthenes.
an empty cask has brought

Great Bacchus! O receive it well;
on earth he else has nought.

83

78 To kind Pan, Daphnis! lover of the fair, Eratosthenes.
These thy pierc'd reeds, this cork and sheepskin bear:
Receive, O Pan! the gifts of Daphnis. Song
Like him thou lov'st, like him from Love hast wrong.

84

79 The ploughman Stratonicus, for grace shewn, Agathias.
Returns to thee, Hill-Pan! this ground unsown.
Lo! feed at ease thine herds upon its green,
Thine own, where coulter never yet has been:
'T is an auspicious spot! Echo will here
Her bridal bow'r, with thee delighted, rear.

80 85 Do.
Ninth of the books, nam'd Daphnic, of Agáthĭas am I:
O Paphian Goddess! at thy shrine my author bids me lie:
Less the Pierian Muses now awake his care than Love,
The burning orgies of Desire alone his bosom move,
And, for his labours in return, his pray'rs to thee are twain,
Or not to love, or to love one who quickly loves again.

86

81 A bull-hide shield to guard his flesh, a spear Paulus S.
Which foeman's lifeblood often wont to smear,
The mail which wards the jav'lin from the breast,
And a stout helmet with its horsehair crest,
In gift to Mars Lysimachus has spread,
And takes for arms an old man's crutch instead.

*87

82 These pipes Meliscus laid for Pan: Do.
In words like these his counsel ran
Not to exalt the gift "I too
From reeds the sting of frenzy drew."

88

83 At Phœbus' tripod once Eumolpus laid, Macedonius.
Blaming his aged hand, his harp, and said—

" Ne'er may I touch again the lyre, nor hear
Its former harmony salute mine ear:
Its chords concern the young: and, for its quill,
Henceforth a staff my trembling hands shall fill."

84 89 Paulus S.

Nicagoras devotes to Zeus this fragment of a shield,
Whose boss he kept on his left arm, still foremost in the field,
But all the rest, by darts and stones, which equal'd a hail-storm,
And edge of swords, is broken off from its once perfect form,
But this, albeit batter'd round, was, by the nervous right
Sav'd of Nicagoras—it sav'd Nicagoras in fight.
Any can see that Sparta's law " the battle shock abide"
Has all been kept, and honour'd well, at least by this bull-hide.

*90

85 Gordioprilarius, for his friend Timōthĕŭs, has here Palladas.
Given his greaves, cuirass, helmet and shield and his spear.

91

86 Greaves, corslet, casque, and shield, and lance, Eutolmius.
unto Athene these
Has Rufus Gellius hung up here,
Son of Memmiades.

*92

87 Bacchus! our Pan to thee his skin and crook
Brought, since thy dance for Paphia he forsook.
Echo he loves, and roams. Propitious be
Bacchus! to him who shares like fate with thee.

*93

89 For thee, Priapus! whom the bold cliffs please Mæcius Q.
Of Acte's rocky isle 'mid restless seas,
Hangs fisher Paris the crustaceous shell
Of crab, which to his skill late captive fell.
Fortunate, in his aged teeth, he plac'd
Its cook'd flesh, and to thee brings here the waste:
Wherefore to him not much, but merely give,
To still his clam'rous belly, means to live.

*94

90 An anchor, seaweed-grown, the bark which saves, Philip T.
A pair of oars to push apart the waves,

The lead, suspended from the nets on high,
The nets, whose corky floats show where they lie,
A hat, his head to shelter from the wet,
A flint, whence fire at eve worn sailors get,
To the Sea-King Poseidon, Archicles,
His ocean-wand'rings o'er, has offer'd these.

91 95 Thallus.

First Promachus presents the shield, Acontius next the spears,
The sword Eumedes, Chydon then his bow and arrows rears:
Hippomedon the chariot reins, the helm Melantas leaves,
The pike-shaft Aristomachus, and Nicon the stout greaves,
The corslet from Philinus. Still, man-slaying Mars! may'st thou
Spoils from their foes to win and wear to each of them allow.

*96

92 A bellowspipe which loves the wind to hold, Philip T.
And a quick-eating file to scrape the gold,
The tongs, twoforked, in the fire to thrust,
And these harefeet to save the precious dust,
Has Demophon, the goldsmith, blinded thus
By old age, offer'd to Cyllenius.

97

93 To Hercules Harpalion offers me Antipater S.
His rod—an angler, all one wrinkle, he—
Bow'd by long years his weak hands cannot bear
My weight, for age has silver'd now his hair.

94 98 Philip T.

To thee his cymbals sounding sharp, with hollow lips and worn,
The drum long beaten by his hands, and twin pipes of oxhorn,
Which erst he wildly clash'd, the while his neck writh'd to and fro,
And lancet, sharp on either side, which lets the blue vein flow—
Rhea! whose car the lions draw, to thee Clytosthenes
Palsied, in his once frantic foot, by age has offer'd these.

*99 Antiphilus.

95 An iron-tipt ox-guiding threat'ning goad,
A bag which holds the cornseed's measur'd load,
A sickle-hook to reap the sheaf-clad plain,
A thorn-wood fork which, handborne, turns the grain,

And worn foot-harness—his hard labours past—
At Deo's shrine has ploughman Parmis cast.

*100

96 Glaucus and Corydon, Arcadians both, Erycius.
Who graz'd their herds upon the hills' green growth,
To Pan, who mount Cyllene loves to tread,
In pious sacrifice a horn'd ox led :
And, as its life-blood crimson'd the light sod,
A graceful honour to the pastoral God,
Fix'd by a long nail, to a planetree wide
The horns, twelve palms in length, so late its pride.

101

97 What says the scroll ! 'T is Alexander's spear, Antiphilus.
Which he, in fight, to Artemis vow'd here :
Weapon of his unconquer'd arm, stout lance !
Foremost o'er earth and sea 't was thine to glance ;
Be gracious, gallant spear ! Who handles thee,
Rememb'ring thy dread lord, must quail to see.

102

98 To Deo, who has winnowing still in care, Diodorus Z.
And to the furrow-haunting Seasons fair,
Heronax, from his poor small land in plough,
Offers upon this wooden tripod now
Part of the cornsheaf from his threshing-floor,
And pulse in many-seeded pod. No more.
Few things from little means, for his was not
A great share in this hard and hilly spot.

99 103 Philip T.
Thee carving from a beech, O Pan ! thine image thus, bark-bound,
Has Philoxenides here plac'd, the goat-driver renown'd :
A hoary he-goat sacrific'd that mounts the waiting ewes,
The sacred altar with the stream of first milk he imbues ;
Grant in return the folded ewes may pregnant prove with twins,
Escap'd the rough tooth of the wolf who there no entrance wins.

*104

100 Antiphanes, of like name with his sire, Crinagoras.
Has plac'd—as if in mem'ry of the fire

Prometheus stole—a lamp at Hermes' fane,
For gen'rous youths in sacred strife to gain :
Swiftly, still burning in his hand, on high
He bore the famous prize of victory.

105

101 Swords which have many monsters redly slain, Philip T.
Bellows the wind to hold and fire maintain,
A sieve with many holes, a four-foot grate
To bridge the fire, a flesh-receiving plate,
A ladle of the soup the scum to clasp,
An iron-finger'd hook its meat to grasp,
Depriv'd of youthful vigour in his frame
Timasion offers to Hephaistos lame.

102 106 Do.
Pomegranate with its yellow coat, and figs with their old skin,
An unripe plucking from the vine whose grapes to blush begin,
And, with its delicate soft down, an apple of sweet smell,
A snowy filbert, fresh and full, peeping from its green shell,
A fair gourd, with the virgin bloom, among its leaves profuse,
An olive, with its coat of gold, just rip'ning into use,
The gard'ner Lamon has on thee, Priapus of the road !
Praying that he may flourish well, in trees and limbs, bestow'd.

107

103 A straight rule with its plummet laid, Do.
a hammer wood that breaks,
A crook-back'd auger fasten'd round,
a strong axe to lop stakes,
A saw which straightly runs and sure
along its guiding line,
Borers which yield to the prest palm,
and gimlets, and the twine
Of red chalk, by the nail-tip struck,
which twangs beneath the rule,
The basket of his art which held
each now abandan'd tool,
In gift, O blue-ey'd Maid ! to thee,
Leontichus has left,
Since Time of all their flow'r and force
Has now his limbs bereft.

104 108 Philip T.

A seedbag on the shoulder borne, to break the clods a wedge,
Bent sickles which collect and cut the corn with trenchant edge,
Sharp prongs, which, thistle-like, thresh out the husks, a plough-tree pole
With its curv'd beam, and coulter in the ground which loves to roll,
Goads from behind to prick, and chains the struggling ox to bar,
And wooden forks, which other hands of country lab'rers are,
Lusixenus, the cripple, has, by many a furrow bent,
To Deo, crown'd with ears of corn, in votive off'ring sent.

*109

105 Artemis! guardian of the port, Apollonidas.
I, Menis of the net,
For thee a mullet from hot coals,
and living muscle set
In humble gift: and, with pure wine
pour'd to the brim, a bite
Of bread which I have broken, dry,
the poor man's votive mite.
Grant in return that ever fill'd
my nets with spoil may be,
Since fishlines, one and all, have been
O Blest One! long with thee.

110

106 Wood-God! for thee upon a wilding plane Diodorus Z.
Wolf-slaying Teleson this skin has lain,
And the rough olive-crook, which, round him whirl'd,
His sure hand often to a distance hurl'd.
Hill-Pan! do thou the humble gifts receive,
And free the hills for his good hunting leave.

111

107 To Pan o' th' woods me hunter Gelon plac'd, Philip.
A spear whose point has perish'd in Time's waste,
With these old rags of many-meshēd lines,
And trap of plaited cat-gut, which confines
The foot of the wild game, or chokes its neck,
And collar stout the fiery dog to check;
Already his hill-wand'rings he forsakes,
Since, age-subdued, his frame with palsy shakes.

112

108 Ye Pans! horn'd dancers, haunting each hill-crest, Myrinus.
Rulers of Arcady with plenty blest;
Make Diotimus rich in lambs and kids,
With such rare gifts who for your favour bids.

113

109 Antipater.
Arcadian born, from Orchomene, Nicoladas's son,
Craubis, the hunter, here to thee, outlooking Pan! has done
Honour, in off'ring—all his own—this old and ragged net,
A foot-chain twisted thrice, and pegs in sinew'd union set,
And willow-cages, burst all round, and neck-nooses drawn back,
And stakes with sharp points piercing earth, by fire made hard and black,
And well-adhering gum of oak, and, here and there, a reed
Moisten'd with bird-lime, so to catch the wing'd ones as they feed,
And a thrice woven rope to draw the net which hid remains,
And eke the snare to clog the neck of vainly screaming cranes.

*114

110 In ambush laid behind a should'ring crag, Leonidas: Mnasalcas.
Strong Cleoläus kill'd, at last, the stag,
Kill'd with the sharp point of his trusty spear,
Mæander's ever-winding waters near:
And now a nail has fix'd on this old pine
The huge head guarded by its eight good tine.

115

111 This hind, on Pholoe's pasture-grounds which fed, Antipater.
Round Ladon, and by Erymanthus' bed,
Lycormas—from Thearides his birth—
Of Lasium, with his spear-butt, struck to earth:
Its hide, the horns wrench'd from its lofty brow,
He offers to the hunter-Goddess now.

*116

112 Perses.
Three heads of stags Mænalian, each with horns unmatcht before,
Are laid, Apollo! underneath thy temple's corridor,
Which with stout hands Dailochus and Promenes—the true
Sons of brave Leontiades—hunters on horseback slew.

117

113 Erst a rough rustic goats', who lov'd to bound Simmias.
O'er mount and meadow, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Nicomachus now forms a bow of us,
Stretching a strongly twisted ox-gut thus.

*118

114 The hide, and horns—a fathom long— Philip T.
of bull, presented by
A King, above the temple-gate
of Hercules we lie!
Huge was the bellowing monster's size
and terrible his strength!
By royal Philip's deadly spear
brought to the ground at length,
Beneath Orbelus' grassy heights
he totter'd, groan'd and fell—
O happy in Emathia's land
who 'neath such ruler dwell!

115 *119 Antipater.
The bull upon Orbelus' heights, once bellowing that stray'd,
Wild animal which erst a waste of Macedonia made,
The royal Philip, lightning-like, the Dardans who o'erthrew,
Smiting him on his central front with hunting jav'lin slew;
These horns which fenc'd his mighty head, this strong and shaggy hide,
Before thee, Hercules! he brings in not unnatural pride,
From thee, as from a root, he sprung, in him it seems not ill
Rivalling the ancestral art, the forest bull to kill.

120

116 To thee, Alcides! who against Samus.
the mounted Minyans fought,
This bright skin of loud-bellowing bull
in honour Philip brought,
Together with the horns which late
his forehead's glory were,
Slain by his single hand beside
Orbela's rocky spur.
Envy! avaunt, and evermore
flourish in fame and pride

The root of the Berœan race
which rules Emathia wide.

121

117 To Vulcan, as his gifts, Polycrates ... Pancrates.
Tongs, hammers, pincers, from the fire brought these ;
With these, by labour at his anvil hard,
His house he fed, his door to hunger barr'd.

122

118 Antipater.
The harp, the arrows and the bow, and eke the curved net,
By Sosis, Phile, Polycrate, are gifts for Phœbus set ;
The archer gives the horn-tipt bow, the minstrel-maid her shell,
The hunter gives the woven threads which snare the woodgame well ;
Thus pow'r to wield the winged dart, the triumphs of the lyre,
The choicest spoils of hunter skill, may each by turns acquire.

123

119 Thou liest 'neath Aphrodite's golden door, Mæro.
O bunch of grapes ! with Bacchus brimming o'er ;
No more thy mother, throwing her lov'd bough
O'er thee, shall bear thy nectar-petal now.

124

120 Not only seated on high trees, I know Leonidas.
To sing, beneath the summer's sultry glow,
An unpaid minstrel to wayfaring men,
Sipping the delicate dews of young morn then,
But e'en of crested Pallas on the spear,
Me will you find, the tettix, resting here.
As love the Muses us, so love we her :
She with her flute, with song we music stir.

*125

121 Callimachus.
Wild beasts of Cynthus ! take good heart—Cretan Echemma's bow
In Delian Ortygia lies at Dian's altar low :
Ye Goats ! of whom its arrows clear'd the mountain sides and crest,
For you the Goddess truce has gain'd, since now he is at rest.

126

122 *A* Who plac'd thee, war-mad and impetuous spear! Nicias.
Gift to the battle-breathing Goddess here?
B Menius, whose hand when fierce I left, there ran
Cold fear of death thro' all the hostile van.

127

123 Anyté.
Man-slaying cornel spear! stand there: thy brazen point around
Let not the woful blood of foes again be redd'ning found,
But in Athena's mansion high of marble resting well,
Of Cretan Echecratidas the manly conduct tell.

128

124 Shield from Timanor's manly shoulder, I Hegesippus.
In fane of Pallas, strong in fight, now lie,
Dusty and dinted in much iron war,
Who kept death ever from my master far.

129

125 After defending oft my good lord's breast Nuasalcas.
With my stout back, here now in peace I rest;
Tho', with far-darted arrows, I receiv'd
Tall spears and huge stones many on me heav'd,
This I assert, in stern War's worst alarm
I never left of Clytus the long arm.

*130

126 Dioscorides.
Aldus—whose sire Polyttus was—of Crete a hot quick blade,
This blazonry upon his shield in no vain boast display'd,
A central Gorgon, into stone whose glance the gazer throws,
Whence, crosswise, ray'd three legs, and thus it seems to say to foes:
"O Thou! who brandishest thy spear against this shield, on me
Tremble to look, and ever fly the swift man with feet three."

*131

127 Leaving the hateful strife of Mars, I too Nicias.
Am virgin dances now about to view
By Dian's fane, where Epixenus plac'd
Since on his limbs is hoary old age trac'd.

132

128 Bright shield, war-off'ring at this holy shrine Anasalcas.
Of Artemis, Latona's child, recline!
On Alexander's arm borne high by him,
Dust never soil'd in fight thy golden rim.

133

129 Leonidas.
Eight shields, eight helmets and eight swords, which bear a bloody stain,
Eight quilted corslets for the breast at Coryphasium's fane,
Agnon, in fight the mighty, of Euanthes honour'd son,
Has for Athene plac'd, all spoils, from the Lucanians won.

*134

130 Molossian Pyrrhus hung these shields, Do.
from fierce Galatians ta'en,
In homage to Athene's pow'r
at her Itonian fane:
The army of Antigonus
his prowess had disperst—
No wonder! The Æacidœ
are warriors now as erst.

135

131 These are Lucanian shields, and, plac'd in rows, Do.
Bridles, and bright spears wielding double blows,
Have been for Pallas rear'd. Ask not in vain
The steeds and riders—them black Death has ta'en.

136

132 Nossis.
The Brettians, from their shoulders, doom'd to dreadful fate, away
Their armour cast, struck by the hands of Locrians swift to slay:
Proofs of whose valour, in the shrines of Gods, the spoils lie here,
Nor covet they the weapons aught which cowards flung in fear.

137

133 Alcibia, youthful marriage since she met, Archilochus.
Her ringlets' virgin-veil for Hera set.

138

134 From the green hills to join our dance they pass Anacreon.
Thyrsus in hand; lo! Heliconias,

While Glauce near her and Xanthippe fair
Grapes, ivy, and fat kid for Bacchus bear.

135 *139 Anacreon.
This, of Pheidólus the fam'd horse, from Corinth wide of street,
To Chronos' Son is consecrate, whose steps were scarce more fleet.

140

136 Prexidicé made this, Dyseris trac'd, Do.
Common to both the garment's skill and taste.

141

137 Kindly, O Sov'reign of the silver bow! Do.
From Naucrates, the son of Æschylus,
The gifts he vow'd in pray'r receiving thus,
Deign on his house thy favour to bestow.

138 *142 Do.
Calliteles of old plac'd me: Jove's statue which I bear—
Them may He favour in return—his progeny set there.

143

139 These, to the Gods, Praxagoras, Do.
of old Lycæus son
Gave; but by Anaxagoras
the work itself was done.

*144

140 The son of Arëiphilus, Melanthus, to the son Do.
Of Semelé, wreath-loving, these, for choral honours won!

145

141 Here, in Athene's grove, the shield is hung Do.
Which death in painful war from Pytho flung.

146

142 Our City's splendid ornament to be, Do.
And, Dionysus! in due thanks to thee,
Thessalia's Archon, Echecratidas
Plac'd me, his gift, in monumental brass.

143 *147 Do.
Pray to the Herald of the Gods, that, to Timonax, He
Be kind, who in his lov'd porch plac'd, in fairest marble, me:

Pray Hermes too, who rules the games, that all who will may come,
Stranger or citizen alike, to this gymnasium.

148

144 To place this sculptur'd Hermes, all when done Anacreon.
Thy work Leocrates ! of Strœbus son,
Thou nor the Graces bright of hair, nor yet
Our best Academía didst forget,
Carv'd in whose nook, soon found by all who seek,
I of thy goodness to the comer speak.

*149

145 Whom most the Tragic Muse with glory grac'd, Do.
Sophocles, for the Gods these altars plac'd.

150

146 Come, Ilethya ! e'en again— Callimachus.
such was Lycænis' pray'r—
Come, help me in these mother pangs
a living child to bear ;
So, for a girl, this offering
shall now, O Queen ! be thine,
But for a boy hereafter more
shall crown thy fragrant shrine.

*151

147 Due for his wife Demodiche, of Akeson's vow'd debt Do.
Is payment, Æsculapius ! now before thee fully set ;
But, if it fail to reach thee, and return thou still demand,
This tablet, testimonial of my loyalty, shall stand.

*152

148 Callistion, Critias' daughter, me Do.
to God-Canopus brought
A lamp enrich'd with twenty wicks,
With love and fear distraught.
She for her son Apellis pray'd ;
but, looking on my light,
You 'll surely say "O Hesperus !
how hast thou fall'n in night."

149 153 Do.
Evœnetus, who plac'd me here, says (for I nothing know)
That I to the Tyndaridæ, a brazen cock, am so

Suspended, in requital of his private vict'ry won—
Of famous Philoxenides I trust the worthy son !

154

150 Me, at Inachian Isis' shrine, Callimachus.
Has Æschylis of Thales' line,
Set here. Thus of Irene now,
Her mother, is fulfill'd the vow.

155

151 At Ilium in Athene's fane Tymnes.
This martial trumpet, shrill of strain,
Was by Pellene's Miccus hung,
Thro' which, a Tyrrhene practice, far
Proclaiming peace, denouncing war
Oft signals erst the herald flung. (163, 199).

156

152 Of wingèd hare-bolts and lim'd reeds and stakes, Agis.
Phœbus ! to thee the fowler Midon makes
A small gift from small means. If thou his store
Wilt further bless, he 'll, gladly, give thee more.

157

153 This cauldron, large enough an ox to hold, Anyte.
Before Athene Cleubotus the bold,
The son of Eriaspidas, has plac'd,
(His birthspot in broad Tegea may be trac'd)
Made by Clitorius-Aristotelés,
Whose name with that of his good sire agrees.

158

154 Leonidas: Cœtulicus.
To rural Pan, to Bacchus wild, to Nymphs of fount and glade,
Old Biton, the Arcadian, these offerings has made :
To Pan a snowy kid, new-born, who with its mother plays,
To Bacchus the green ivy-branch which ever lightly strays,
And to the Nymphs the shaded grapes which vary Autumn's bow'rs,
With purple petals of the rose, full-blown, the Queen of flow'rs :
Grant in return the old man's home well-water'd, Nymphs ! to be,
Bacchus ! for him the clust'ring grape, Pan ! plenteous milk decree.

159

155 These are the young hairs with his comb Theodoridas.
pluck'd out by Crobulus,
A boy of four years old, the son
of Hegesidicus,
Pluck'd, and for minstrel Phœbus plac'd,
whose succour as he sought,
He sacrific'd a fighting-cock,
and eke a fat cheese brought :
Apollo ! cause that Crobulus,
when manhood's time is nigh,
O'er house and gear may ever keep
a steady hand and eye.

*160

156 Do.
Charisthenes has to the maids of Amarynthus fair
A beauteous tettix offer'd, and a lock of his young hair ;
Fresh from the cleansing crystal stream, the lad shone like a star,
Or, after casting their foal coats, in Thrace as horses are.

161

157 Artemis ! guard of Gorgo's gear and field, Do.
Thieves with thy bow drive off, and dear ones shield,
To thee he 'll sacrifice a kidling's blood,
And, at thy threshold, lambs in season good.

162

158 Poor Biton I, on Pan—Nymphs—Bacchus, press Sabinus.
Kid, roses, thyrsi, in fond off'ring trine :
Kindly, O Gods ! receive them, save and bless
Pan flocks, Nymphs fountains, and Thou, Bacchus ! wine.

163

159 The trumpet I, who pour'd, on battle-plain Antipater S.
War's bloody note, and of soft peace the strain,
Here, Pherenícus ! ceas'd each louder blast,
Before the maid Tritonis lie at last.

164

160 This shuttle, swallow-like, at early morn— Do.
Halcyon of Pallas' webs—whose song is borne :

This whirring spindle with its heavy head,
The nimble weaver of the twisting thread,
These bobbins and this distaff-basket, full
Of the wrought warp which holds the carded wool,
Has Telesilla, good Diocles' maid,
To her art's maiden Mistress rev'rent laid.

*165

161 From western war returning to old Rome, Crinagoras.
And bearing spoils, Marcellus, reach'd his home,
First shav'd his light beard—such his country's plan—
She sent him forth a boy, resum'd him man.

166

162 A link in votive off'ring here Meleager.
Brings Meleager, Cypris dear!
His playfellow it wont to be,
And oft night-revels shar'd with thee.

167

163 Who round the battlement these spoils has plac'd? Do.
Mars they delight not—rather I 'm disgrac'd.
For neither crestless helm, nor splinter'd spear,
Nor shield, with blood bedyed, are hung up here;
Vain glitt'ring baubles by no iron bruis'd,
Such as in dances, not in war, are us'd
To deck a bridal hall: with human gore
Mars' shrine should boast of weapons crimson'd o'er!

168

164 To Glaucus, and to Nereus, and Lucian.
to Melicerta, child
Of Ino, and to Chronos' son
who rules the billows wild,
And to the Gods of Samothrace,
from ocean spar'd to live,
Lucillius, I thus cut my hair—
nought else is left to give.

169

165 Phalæcus.
The tost tambour, to frenzy which the band Bassaric stung,
The spotted skin of a slain fawn upon her shoulder flung,

The brazen cymbals' clangor where wild Corybantes shout,
The green shaft of the thyrsus well with pine-cones wreath'd about,
The deep tone of the doubling drum, the winnow, oft around
The gazing city borne, above her tresses mitre-crown'd,
Euanthe brings to Bacchus these, since now her hand can take
His winecup freely which beneath his thyrsus once would shake.

170

166 Paul, sav'd alone of forty in his crew, Lucillius.
His tumor's likeness here has left in view;
Kept by its aid afloat ashore he swum—
Even a tumour brings good luck to some!

171

167 O blessed goat-shank'd Deity! Agathias.
where cliffs look on the sea,
O leader of the two-fold chase!
this shaggy goat for thee—
For pleasant in thine ear the bark
of dogs from Castor's sprung,
The feats which doom the hare's quick death,
the spear with triple tongue,
The seine expanded in the wave
to snare the finny spoil,
The patient fisher with his rod,
the netlines cast with toil—
For thee has Cleonicus slain,
since oft the sea good yield
Has giv'n to him, and oft has he
hares driven from his field.

172

168 Restlessly ravaging vineplants as weeds, Paulus S.
A boar, bold dweller amongst tall-leav'd reeds,
Whose violent tusks—uprooting often trees
On their sharp points—the sheep-dog howling flees,
Met near a river, with its bristled hair,
Just, from the wild wood, as it left its lair,
Xenophilus with brass club slew, and bound
The beast's huge hide, to Pan, this beech around.

173

169 In this fruit-drying place Comaulus slew
A hedge-hog, plund'ring grapes, which caught his view;
And, sun-dried, to the God who loves good wine,
Offer'd the spoiler of his gifts divine.

174

170 These elms and osiers long, this holy plane, Thyillus.
Far stretching its green boughs, to Pan pertain:
For Pan these rustic cups and trickling rills,
Of sov'reign pow'r to cure of thirst the ills.

171 *175

The denizens of Dorian Rhodes have rais'd, O Sun! for you
This vast Colossus wrought in brass which mounts Olympus blue,
When they had lull'd in summer sleep Ennyo's adverse wave,
And spoils of enemies laid low to deck their country gave.
For they not only o'er the sea but on the land had plac'd
The gentle light of freedom by no slavery disgrac'd:
Ancestral pow'r on sea and land of right belong'd to them,
Whose glorious tree branch'd far and wide from Hercules' best stem!

176

172 Fair Porphyris of Cnidus has, Agathias.
O Dionysus! plac'd
For thee, before thy chapel, high,
the ornaments which grac'd
Her beauty and her madness—these,
the chaplets from her hair,
The double thyrsus with sharp point,
the anclet rich and rare—
Wherewith she play'd the Bacchant free,
when fitting to her breast
The fawn-skin, deck'd with ivy, she
thine orgies, Bacchus! prest.

*177

173 The Phrygian Achrylis, who oft let flow Rhianus.
Her holy ringlets in the torches' glow,
Who for the Gallic howl of Cybelé
Sounds oft gave forth to hear that heavy be,

These locks has for the mountain Goddess laid,
Since, when mad fever rag'd, her foot She stay'd.

178

174 Antipater.
Three girls of equal age, well skill'd to weave a web as fine
As is the spider's, Pallas! made joint off'rings at thy shrine:
Demo a well-wove basket gave with wool of bright hues fed,
Arsinoe the distaff where is wound its fine-spun thread,
And Bacchylis the well-form'd comb, like nightingale, which sings
Amidst the web, wherewith she parts the warp's resounding strings,
For each, O Stranger! sought to live from blame—in all things free,
And that their maintenance obtain'd by their own hands should be.

179

175 This dog, well-skill'd in ev'ry mighty chase, Macedonius.
By Leucon carv'd, Alchimenes did place,
Nor found wherein to blame; but almost deem'd
The image, so exact, the thing it seem'd.
Collar in hand, he said to Leucon near,
"Bid the dog move, his very bark I hear."

180

176 My dog, my scrip, and iron-pointed crook Do.
To Pan and to the woodland Nymphs I took;
But, spar'd my dog, I seek again my shed,
And share with him, sole friend, my hard dry bread.

*181

177 Fair Daphnis—he, on pretty pipe, who play'd
Tunes pastoral—to Pan these presents made,
The pierc'd reeds, the hare-dart, his pointed crook,
The fawn-skin and the scrip, his apple-nook.

182

178 Me, Hercules! receive, the holy shield, Hegesippus.
Which fenc'd Archestatus in battle field,
That, on your fane's bright wall, as I recline
Rusting in quiet age, it may be mine
To hear glad hymns the festive dance between—
Enough of Mars there hateful strife has been!

183

179 To Pan o' th' fields, the gear whereby they made Archias.
Their living, one by one, three brothers laid :
Pigres for birds a well-wove necknoose set,
Damis for beasts, which haunt the woods, a net,
Clytor his snares for fish. May Fortune bless,
In air, sea, land, their lines with full success !

184

180 These symbols of their art, O Pan ! to thee Do.
Three friends have offer'd up, from mount, air, sea ;
The bird-nets Pigres, Clytor sea-nets spreads,
Damis the woodnets last, for quadrupeds.
Hunter ! to them, as erst, thine aid display,
Their spoil on land, in air, at sea, to slay.

185

181 Hill-dwelling Pan ! a leash of brothers three Do.
Here offer their arts' triple tools to thee ;
Pigres this net for birds, for Ocean's wave
These Clytor, and for beasts those Damis gave :
By one and all be ever a full net,
In forest, air, and sea, of captives met.

182 186 Alexander.
Pigres, O Pan ! to thee brings nets for birds the air which skim,
Damis for beasts which range the hills, Clytor for fish which swim,
A common homage for the spoil their sev'ral sports which crown'd ;
One skill'd ashore, and one aloft, and one at sea renown'd ;
Their piety to pay, be pow'r, O Deity ! conferr'd
To this o'er sea, to that o'er air, o'er thickets to a third.

187

183 For thee, O Pan ! We, hunters of one race, Zosimus.
In gift these nets of three-fold hunting place :
Pigres for birds, Clytor for fish, for those
Ashore keen Damis, who their each track knows ;
And do Thou grant to one and all, in wood,
In sea, and air, success in hunting good.

188

184 Three hunters, diff'ring each in diff'rent art, Do.
These three nets in Pan's fane have plac'd apart ;

Pigres for fowl, Clytor for fish brings nets,
Damis for beasts which range the wildwood sets ;
Wherefore send each, O Pan ! his hard day o'er,
Much prey from air, from thicket, and seashore.

189

185 Damis this heavy net for beasts who prowl Zosimus.
The plain, this, cloudlike, Pigres gives for fowl,
Clytor this sea-net wide of well-wove twine,
Each praying for good sport to Pan divine ;
Grant to strong Damis, Pan ! that beast-spoils fall,
That Pigres birds, and Clytor fish enthral.

190

186 Three brothers, from the mountain, air, and sea Diocles.
We dedicate, O Pan ! these nets to thee.
On him who casts them from the shingly strand,
On him, who sets for wild game upon land,
On him, who spreads in air—look down in grace,
So hast Thou gifts from all the line who place.

*191

187 Three pious brothers here for Pan have laid Alcæus Mit.
Three diff'rent symbols, each of his own trade :
Pigres for birds, Clytor for fish in lakes
Brings fate, and Damis sets for beasts his stakes ;
Good sport on land do Thou to one return,
Let this sea-spoil, and that air-profit learn.

*192

188 Therimachus of Crete upon Leonidas T.
these rocks of Arcadie
Has these hare-hitting weapons hung
Lycæan Pan ! for thee :
Do Thou, the gracious God of fields,
his offering requite,
And of Therimachus direct
the bowman hand in fight :
Stand by the narrow valley's stream,
and, by thy right hand kind,
Grant him of capture the first gifts
against the foe to find.

*193

189 Nymphs ! in the forests and the rivers fed, Myro.
Whose rosy feet these depths ambrosial tread,
Hail ! Save Cleonymus, these statues fine
Who plac'd of you beneath the frequent pine.

*194

190 Catulicus.
Rever'd in Cythera ! receive, nor deem thy suppliant bold,
These slight gifts from Leonidas, the minstrel poor and old—
Lo ! here of grapes five bunches fine, and, honeysweet, a fig
At early morning pluck'd from off a thicklyfoliag'd twig,
And, swimming in its winter brine, this leafless olive take,
And—tho' it tell of poverty—a handful of small cake,
And, ever following sacrifice, this last libation-drop,
Deep hidden in the cup, which once bright mantled to its top :
But, if, while ling'ring sore disease thou driv'st away from me,
Thou keep'st too poverty aloof, a fat kid thine shall be.

195

191 From want, which faultless and unfeign'd believe, C. Longinus.
These, Cypris ! from Leonidas receive :
Ripe olives in sea-salt, grapes small and blue,
Libation which with steady hand I drew,
Sweet figs and customary cakes. For these
Shield me from poverty as from disease,
Good angel mine ! My thanks to hear then speed,
And, at my cost, an ox for thee shall bleed.

196

192 These weels, and remnants of an old sweep-net, Archias.
Here, for Priapus, Phintulus has set,
And, to a horsehair bound, the twisted hook,
Whose hidden barb the greedy seafish took,
His rod in triple lengths and corks afloat,
Whose sure marks aye the sunken lines denote ;
He now no more can tread the rocks, nor rest
On the cold strand, by sore old age opprest.

197

193 Flaccus.
For thee, Priapus of the strand ! where sea-weeds closely creep,
Has fisherman Damætas, long a measurer of the deep,

An impress of the sea-chaf'd rock, on its bare cliffs a leach,
Hoar hunter of the ocean depths, upon this sedgy beach
These nets presented, nets no more—tho' far his sinewy arm
Could fling them once—but clothes, wherewith he kept his old age warm.

198

194 Smile on the gifts, and him who gave,
Tritonian Goddess! ever save.

199

195 The son of Enyalius Archias.
Pallene's Miccus young
To Troy's Athene in her fane
his martial trumpet hung;
Whereon in the orchestra erst,
erst too in war, he play'd,
The mark of moaning then, but now
of law and quiet made.

200

196 The first fruits of his sport, this crab, for Pan, S. Flaccus.
Is laid by Copasus the fisherman;
With bandy legs, two claws the sands which force,
With eight feet, and no neck, of backward course,
A swimmer, with impenetrable shell,
And flesh like oyster—O receive him well.

197 201 Simonides.

Pausanias, I who led the Greeks, this monument decreed
To Phœbus, when we had destroy'd the armies of the Mede.

*202

198 Cutting the down, which 'neath his temples grew, Antipater T.
Manhood's fair messenger in season due,
Lycon to Phœbus his first off'ring made;
"So, from white brows, my last gray hair be laid."
—O hear his pray'r, and grant that it be so,
And bless, in hoar old age, his locks of snow.

*203

199 Antiphilus to thee, Road-Patron! brings Antiphilus.
His hat, the symbol of life's wanderings:

Thou heard'st his pray'r, and smil'dst upon his path :
Tho' small the worth, it holy motive hath :
Let not the hands of greedy trav'ller fall
On my poor gift. 'T is wrong to steal at all.

200 204 Leonidas.

Benignant Ilithya !—her sharp labour-pains well o'er—
Ambrosia, after childbirth, plac'd thy honour'd feet before
Her anadem and dress, in which, arriv'd the tenth moon, she
Was from the double-swelling birth beneath her zone set free.

205

201 Rich sandals, and a beautiful head-dress, Argentarius.
And from her young locks a myrrh-breathing tress,
Her girdle, and this gauzy under-vest,
And splendid kerchiefs from her snowy breast,
Grateful Euphrante offer'd, at the fane
Of Artemis divine, who eas'd her pain,
And blest her womb, boy-burthen'd not in vain.

206

202 This shift, and well-fring'd zone, her travail o'er, Leonidas T.
Has Atthis plac'd above thy virgin door,
Lucina ! thro' whose grace a living child
Stay'd of her heavy womb the anguish wild.

207

203 An old poor woman, to a spring of fame Lacon, Philip T.
For healing pow'rs, tho' lame of foot, once came,
Creeping along upon an oak's young bough,
Which scarce, in her maim'd state, sustain'd her now.
Compassion seiz'd the Nymphs, in that lone dell
Who ever, with their sire Symœthus, dwell,
Whence roll, o'er lava beds, from Ætna's mount
Vomiting fire, his waters. The warm fount
The limbs of her, so long a cripple, soon
Made firm and whole. She, grateful for their boon,
Left with the Nymphs her comrade crutch ; and they
Pleas'd with the homage sent her sound away.

*208

204 A long and flexile saw, a firm foot-rule, Leonidas T.
A chisel, a sharp plane, a boring tool,

Theris, of the Dædalian hand, apart
Has set for Pallas, ceasing from his art.

*209

205 Leontichus the carpenter these tools— Leonidas T.
His pot of ruddle and his red line-rules,
His plummet, and rasp'd files, and bow-drill fast,
And mallets, which around their splinters cast,
His saw, and screws, and chisel of sharp blade,
And axe, huge-handled, chief thing in his trade,
Gimlets well turn'd, and augurs swift of bore,
This two-edg'd adze, of bolts these piercers four—
Has to Athene, patron of his art,
Here ceasing from its bus'ness, set apart.

*210

206 Bitinna these warm-footed sandals brought, Antipater S.
Of cunning fancy, delicately wrought:
This cap Philœnis of the braided hair,
Dipt in white ocean, as its foambells fair:
And Anticlé this fan, while, for the face,
This veil, wherein Arachne's art we trace,
Bright Heracleia gave: this snake of gold,
Best ornament slim ancle to enfold,
Aristotele, her father's namesake. We
One mind and age, bring, Venus! all to thee.

207 211 Archias.
These sandals from Bitinna came, and from Philœnis fair
The purple cap that well protects the often wand'ring hair,
From light tress'd Anticlé this fan, the sultry June to ease,
Which in its folded wing conceals an artificial breeze,
And, thin concealment of the face, coy Heracleia set
The veil whose delicacy match'd the spider's airy net,
And she, who bears her father's name, our lov'd Aristotele,
The gemmēd snake which bright enwreath'd her alabaster heel,
To thee these splendid presents We, connubial Venus! give,
One age and mind, by this mild sea of Naucratis who live.

*212

208 Menecratis the sandals brings, Antipater.
the veil Phemonöe;

The handmaid of the horn-tipt cup
is Prexo, fair and free;
Image of Paphia! in thy fane
their common off'ring these,
The work of Aristomachus,
whence Strymon seeks the seas:
Co-citizens were all the three,
and each a courtesan,
By well-uniting Cypris blest
in wedlock found her man.

*213

209 Antipater.

Bithynian Cytheris, in fond fulfilment of a vow,
Thy honour'd image, Cypris! brings in whitest marble now,
I seek—as wont—for little gift a great return to find,
That I may with my husband long have mutual heart and mind.

*214

210 Philetas.

Turn'd fifty now, to lovers dear no more,
Nicias resigns at Cypris' altar here,
Her sandals, and her curls, and mirror dear,
(Which tells too true, not kindly as of yore)
And girdle rich, and other things—to men
Untold—which made her a true Cyprian then.

215

211 Leonidas T.

This silver Eros, and her ancle-fringe,
This curl of Lesbian hair with raven tinge,
Her bosom-band, in hue as fair as glass,
Her oval mirror of well-polish'd brass,
And the wide boxen comb, into a net
Which brings the hair, has Callicleia set,
Cypris Legitimate! before thy fane—
Now is she blest with all she sought to gain.

216

212 Simonides.

Boast, Chyton! with thy presents pleas'd, the God, Latona's child,
Prytannis of our Agore's bright dances, here has smil'd:
For thou, the prince of graces, hast for thy triumphant crown,
From strangers as from citizens of Corinth got renown.

217

213 Simonides.

Bulls fifty-six and tripods too, to bear away with ease
Before this tablet was put up, was thine, Simonides!
So oft didst thou—the lofty choir of men well-taught by thee—
The splendid chariot ascend of glorious Victory.

*218

214 Gelo, and Hiero, and Polyzene, Do.
And Thrasybulus—sons of Dinomene—
This tripod plac'd, one hundred pounds in weight,
Worth fifty talents, from the gold which late,
Tithe of its tithe, they from Daretes brought,
When, victors, they with barb'rous nations fought
And with great numbers Greece's freedom wrought.

219

215 Do.

In mem'ry of a fight at sea, the crews of Diodore
Have plac'd these arms from hostile Medes Latona's shrine before.

220

216 To thank the Saviour-Deity Do.
Sosus and Soso put up me:
Sosus that he was saved from death,
Soso for Sosus still in breath.

*221

217 When, fleeing from a storm of wintry snow, Do.
Gallus, arriv'd a desert cliff below,
Wrung from his hair the moisture, at his back
A rav'ning lion fill'd the hollow track.
With outstretcht arm the mighty drum he clash'd,
Till all the cavern with the clangor crash'd.
The wild beast, at the sacred sound dismay'd,
Rush'd quickly through the woody mountain shade
From Rhea's trembling priest, his robes who lays
And auburn locks, an off'ring in her praise.

*222

218 An eunuch priest, on Rhea's service bent, Alcæus.
Thro' the high spurs of wooded Ida went:

A monstrous lion met him, as for food
With horrible and hungry throat which stood:
Fate in the wild beast's roar he fearing then,
His drum struck desp'rate in that solemn glen.
Clos'd at the sound its red maw: God-inspir'd,
With neck averse and droop'd mane it retir'd.
He, sav'd from death, on Rhea's wall, here drew
The beast, self-taught, her frantic dance who knew.

223

219 By thee, dread Goddess! once to frenzy stung, Antipater.
Aloft, as mad, his snaky tresses flung,
With ivy-clusters wreath'd, in female vest,
And delicate band of twisted head-gear drest,
An eunuch to a hollow hill-cave went,
Driv'n by a snow-storm fierce which Zeus had sent.
Cold, but unnumb'd, a wild bull-slaying beast,
To this its den who came as daylight ceas'd,
Thence rose to rush on him. As, stern, it drew
The scent of man its well-bor'd nostrils thro',
On its strong feet it stood, rolling its eyes,
And roaring from vast jaws terrific cries,
Till all the cave, its lair, resounded round,
And woody rocks, heav'n pil'd, return'd the sound.
The man, aghast at the deep voice he heard,
Stood dumb, while terror all his spirit stirr'd.
Now nearer, with loud-bellowing roar, it gnash'd
Its monster mouth, its mane well-whirling lash'd.
Borne by his side, he struck, with desp'rate tone
The mighty drum, Olympian Rhea's own.
Safe is his life. That hollow bull-skin gave
A sound so strange, the lion from its cave
Rush'd in wild flight. Necessity all-wise
Means e'en from Hades to escape supplies!

*224

220 His frantic tresses floating on the wind, Dioscorides.
Cybebe's eunuch priest, of crazy mind,
The holy Atys, in her rites well-taught,
From Phrygian Pessina Sardis sought:
But the wild inspirations in his breast
Which the harsh Goddess fir'd, were now at rest.

The night fell as he went: hard by the road,
He enter'd where the steep a low cave show'd.
Thence rush'd on him a lion—to the bold
A dread, but to an eunuch pain untold—
Mov'd by some God, as there with terror dumb
He stood, his hands, scarce conscious, sought his drum,
At whose stern crash, tho' bravest of his kind,
The forest monarch, frighten'd, fled like wind,
Nor brook'd its heavy thunder. He then cried
"Mother! the banks of Sangar-stream beside,
To thee, within the holy grot, thy priest
Will offer, in reward for life releas'd,
This sounding instrument which scar'd the beast." (239.)

225

221 One wintry night, a pelting storm o'erhead Leonidas.
Of hail and snow and cold frost as he fled,
A lonely lion, numb'd thro' all his frame,
To a low mountain-hut of goatherds came.
They, for their helpless flocks forgot all care,
Raise for themselves to Saviour-Zeus their pray'r.
Thro' night's fierce storm the wild beast stay'd, and then
Stalk'd stately off, uninjuring herds or men.
By this gnarl'd oak, to Zeus who haunts hill-peaks
This sketch is plac'd which well their danger speaks.

*226

222 Stirring the southern seas, on rocks the blast, Theodoridas.
A scolopendrous millipede had cast;
A huge rib from the monster's massy waist
Ship-owners, for the Sea-Gods, here have plac'd.

*227

223 This remnant of some vast sea-wand'ring birth, Antipater.
Broken, and outstretcht on the seaside earth,
Twice fathom four in length, with sea-foam smear'd,
And by the frequent sea-rock scrap'd and shear'd,
Hermonax found (with fisher art, as he
Was dragging once his fishnet from the sea)
And hung to Ino and Palæmon here—
Sea-wonders to Sea-Deities are dear!

*228

224 *A* Tell me, Sea-Labyrinth ! who has offer'd thee Theodoridas.
A waif, a trophy from the foaming sea ?
B Me Dionysius, Protarchus' son—
A present from rever'd Pelórus won,
Where through the winding straight the pent sea raves—
Has offer'd to the Nymphs who dwell in caves,
To be encircled by their fingers fair,
A pretty marvel and a plaything rare.

225 229 Nicænetus.
Ye Heroines ! of swarth Libya who the highest mountains tread,
With goatskin, and its twisted fringe, grotesquely garmented,
Receive ye, children of the Gods ! from young Philetis' hands
These scanty ears of sacred corn, this pale straw wreath'd in bands ;
A tithe are they from winnowing, but e'en with these, so few,
Mistresses of the Libyans ! hail, Heroines ! to you.

230

227 Crinagoras, in birth-day gift to you, Crinagoras.
Proclus ! presents this silver reed, anew
Brighten'd by skill, of fine and easy split,
Over the short'ning pages flowing fit,
Gift small indeed, but from a gen'rous heart
To practice and reward thy late-learnt art.

231

229 A sharp quill from the hook-nos'd eagle ta'en Do.
Scrap'd with fine steel and of a purple stain,
With shapely point, if, after dinner, aught
Still clog the teeth, t' expel the fragment taught ;
Lucius ! small gift from no small heart, to thee,
Matching thy meal, Crinagoras sends me.

*232

230 To thee, best Phœbus ! who Bithynia's fringe Quintus.
Ownest, upon whose shores near seas impinge,
Damis the fisher, ever on their sand,
Pressing his rod within his horny hand,
Presents—receive his humble off'ring well !—
A *kerux*, guarded by its self-form'd shell :

O ! for his piety, vouchsafe that he,
Free from disease, in age, may Hades see.

233

231 Philip.

O Goddess ! linen-rob'd, who hast o'er loamy Egypt sway,
Come to these sacrificial rites, for very holy they !
These round cakes, flexible and flat, are laid on laths for thee,
And a white couple of wild-geese which water-lovers be,
And nard-crumbs strew'd upon dry figs, whose seeds, as millet, lie,
And sweetly-smelling frankincense with purple raisins nigh,
If, as at sea thou Damis sav'dst, want too thou keep'st aloof,
A victim fawn with horns gold-tipt shall of his thanks be proof.

234

232 Grapes ripe for wine, pomegranates in fair slice, Crinagoras.
And pine-cones with their yellow marrow nice,
Ambrosia of bees, and thick cakes made
With lard, and almonds delicately laid,
Fresh garlic cloves, and pears i' th' mouth which melt—
Best episodes by drinking palates felt—
To shepherd Pan and tusk'd Priapus, these
Offers, a light feast, Philoxenides.

*235

233 Reins rattling in the teeth—a muzzle light, Mæcius.
With holes bor'd thro'—cheek bands well-stitcht and tight—
A corded whip the breathless flight to wing—
And bloody spurs which like the gadfly sting—
The harness chafing as its parts ill match—
And iron curry-comb with saw-like scratch—
O Isthmian Neptune ! whom the roarings please
Of double shores, the gift of Stratius these.

236

234 Erycius.

A Gallus with wide-streaming hair—an eunuch made when young—
As Lydian dancer whose wild howl thro' Mount Tumōlus rung,
For the Sangarian mother stern and silent, here has set
These very drums, this knotted whip which oft his blood has wet,
These cymbals loud of orichalch, this hair-lock dipt in myrrh,
Since lost for aye the strength, alone which madness could confer.

237

235 Sprung from th' invincible Romulidæ, Thallus.
The great delight of East and West to be,
Cæsar! we hymn thy heav'nly birth, and o'er
The Immortal altars glad libations pour.
Pressing thy footsteps in th' ancestral way,
For many a year remain to us we pray!

*238

236 Lo! the sail-loving ship whose brazen prore Philip.
The brunt of fight at fatal Actium bore;
Wax-nourisht bees now hive their honey there,
And buzzing swarms the flow'ry tribute bear:
Best proof and profit of good Cæsar's laws,
The fruits of peace from arms of foes who draws.

239

237 A Gallus here his clothes and locks of hair Antistius.
For the God-Mother, mountain Rhea, set.
Him, trav'lling singly, a fierce lion met,
In a thick wood, and threaten'd swift death there.
But, in that need, his mind the Goddess stirr'd
To strike his drum, whose strange sound as it heard,
Scar'd was the savage monster. Wherefore now
His locks are hung from this wind-whistling bough.

240

238 Old Euphron I, master of no broad fields, Apollonidas.
Partner in no sweet vine which plenty yields,
Furrow with scratchy plough the soil's thin mould,
And of a sole small grape the flow behold.
Take, God! a little grace from little store,
If more thou giv'st, thy first-fruits shall be more.

241

239 Me from the sweet hive—to keep bees his trade— Do.
Old Clyton took and spring-libation made;
First-honey, of his flock afar which roams
Untended, pressing from ambrosial combs:
Heav'n multiply their countless troop, and still
The wax-form'd cells with nectr'ous honey fill.

*242

240 Artemis! of Latona and of Zeus Philip.
Daughter, on wild beasts who thy bow dost use,
To whom by lot the mountain glens are given,
Grant! on this very day that our best King—
All danger to the Hyperboreans driven—
Shake off long illness. So will Philip bring
The smoke of frankincense thine altars o'er,
And sacrifice a mountain-ranging boar.

243

241 A helmet, I possess a double charm, Antipater.
My friends to gratify, my foes alarm;
Me Piso owns, Pylæmen's son—save his
No head befits me, him no helm save this. [332.]

242 *244 Crinagoras.
On votive morn these holy rites we pay to fav'ring Jove
And Artemis, mild watcher she the anguish'd womb above;
To them my brother, yet without youth's down upon his chin,
The first spring of his tender cheek vow'd they alone should win;
Ye Deities! receive it well: henceforward, from this down
Thro' honour'd life to hoary hairs belov'd Euclides crown.

245

243 "O Hera! thou who rul'st o'er Samos' isle, Diodorus.
Thou who by lot hast Imbrasus obtain'd,
All venerable Goddess! with a smile
Receive, in birth-day sacrifice ordain'd,
These sacred calves, which we, who know the Blest,
Know of all things to thee are welcomest."
—So Maximus, libation making, pray'd,
A favourable nod the Goddess made.
Be of good heart then: all is firmly fix'd,
The Fates no envy with their threads have mix'd.

246

244 Zeus! common sire of all, and Hera! thou Crinagoras.
Who blessest marriage with fair children, now
Grant, thro' the soft hands of Hepioné,
That light Antonia's labour-pains may be,
Of mother, spouse, step-mother, end the cares—
Her womb the life-blood of great houses bears.

*247

245 Diogenes, when, by the whirlwind might Diodorus.
Of a north gale, his sail-yard broke at night,
Vow'd if, from that Carpathian sea, once sav'd—
Whose billows, mountain-high, around him rav'd—
His stormy voyage past, in gift to thee,
Bœotian Lord of the Cabyri! he
Would, in thy holy porch, this cloak suspend;
Take it and him from poverty defend!

248

246 Philodemus; Argentarius.
A nostril muzzle, a race-urging goad,
A bosom ornament strung teeth which show'd,
A currycomb to thin the hairs, a thong
Which well applied the bold steeds rush'd along,
And osier switch, has Charmus at thy door,
Poseidon! plac'd, his Isthmian vict'ry o'er.
Dark-hair'd! receive them: by Lycinus' son
At great Olympia's strife the crown be won!

*249

247 Shuttles, like early-twitt'ring swallows heard, Philip.
Reeds, whose fine threads her spinster hands have stirr'd,
A distaff, finger-worn, i' th' weft which swims
On spindle turn'd, a comb the wool which trims,
And a rush-woven basket, which the ball
Held of her worsted, clean'd and carded all,
Pallantian Maid! of woolwork fond, to thee,
Last present of her lifelong poverty,
Sore bow'd with years, devotes Æsioné.

250

248 Lie, of the nectar goblet sister thou, Argentarius.
Lie tipsy tankard! vow'd to Cypris now,
Bacchanal gurgler equal banquets o'er,
Narrow-neck'd index of the common score,
Man's self-taught minister, best confident
In love, and supper's readiest instrument:
Rich gift from Mark—old fellow tippler—he,
While off'ring up, as fond of wine, prais'd thee.

251

249 Me, Saturn's tow-link, me, a torch wax-bound, Antipater.
With cord and thin papyrus tied close round,
Antipater presents. If Piso prays,
Me when he burns, a light for Gods I 'll blaze!

252

250 Antiphilus.
Mistress! I low in fortune am; but, since the heart it tells,
My humble gift the wealth of all around me pil'd excels;
Receive thou then, soft, fleecy, warm, the cov'ring I display,
Conspicuous with its purple bright, with woven roses gay,
Of choicest wool well-labour'd: and this nard for thy dark hair
Enclos'd in azure crystal lest its sweets be lost in air,
A fit vest for thy fairest skin where love and taste excel,
While from thy glossy ringlets breathes a more ambrosial smell.

253

251 Philip.
Phœbus! who holdest, as thine own, Leucadia's lofty ground,
Far-seen by passing sailors, which Ionian billows bound;
Made by the mariner's hard hand, his portion'd barley-cake,
And, mix'd in his poor seaman's cup, a small libation take;
Take too the flame of his rude lamp—tho' low its light—which sips
Oil from a stinted flask with half-intoxicated lips:
And in return propitious be, and fav'ring breezes send,
That soon in Actium's harbour fair our sail its course shall end.

254

252 Kept from last year, an apple large and fine Antiphilus.
In youthful bloom still beautiful, is mine;
No spot, nor flaw, with down, as apples new
Close clinging still their leafy boughs unto:
Rare honour to December, but for thee
Such fruit, O Queen! cold as its snow must be.

255

253 Crinagoras.
Caves of the Nymphs! which from deep fountains pour
Your ceaseless waters this scarr'd headland o'er,
Thou too of pine-crown'd Pan the vocal nest!
Where, 'neath Cassæa's rock, he takes his rest,

Stumps of old juniper! which hunters hold
Sacred, and stone-heaps gray for Hermes roll'd!
Smile on Sosander, lucky in the chase,
And the quick deer-hunt trophies soon shall grace.

256

254 When Time was urging Paphia's soft slave, Myrinus.
Love-worn Statyllium, to a wretched grave,
His muslins fine, of pink and purple dye,
His curls factitious, from the nard not dry,
His white shoes, o'er which whiter ancles smil'd,
His store-box of silk scraps and lace defil'd,
His pipes sweet-sounding in love-revels late,
He for Priapus plac'd—gifts at his temple-gate!

257

255 Erycius.
From a fierce herd-forsaken bull's broad temple this maim'd horn,
Two cubits long, by Säon was, th' Ambraciot cowman torn,
When, after a wide search and far—in bushy deep ravine,
And round the hills—at last beside a river's bank 't was seen,
Cooling its tir'd hooves and hot flanks. It straightway rising, rush'd,
Obliquely, where the cowman stood; its charge aside he push'd,
Then with his stout staff sturdily, the bull's curv'd horn he rent,
And fix'd it on this wild pear-tree beside his lowing tent.

258

256 The bull's deep sinewy neck, on shoulders rear'd Antipater.
Of Atlas, iron-like, the solemn beard
And hair of Hercules, a lion's mien
In the Milesian giant—these were seen
E'en by Olympian Zeus with rising fear,
When Nicophon, the boxer conquer'd here.

259

257 Me, made for Bacchus, who with Deo's fruits, Antiphilus.
Has fill'd, a cask whom Adria's nectar suits?
What grudging is there of good wine to me?
Of vessels fit for corn no want can be!
Both are dishonour'd: Bacchus robb'd has been,
And with Demeter drunkenness is seen!

258 260 Addæus.

To thee, Demeter! still whose smile attends the coulter's track,
Crethon his sheep, and hornless calf, and round cake in his sack,
Sanctifies, on his garner where much corn has winnow'd been,
Whence of his portion'd acres oft the fatness he has seen—
O Thou! who rich in corn-heaps art, to Crethon grant that he
On his plough'd land each year may wealth of corn and barley see!

*261

259 *A* Who beardless Hermes plac'd the barrier near? Philip.
B Hermogenes.
A His sire?
B Daimoneus.
A Hee
Whence come?
B From Antioch.
A Wherefore honouring thee?
B I help'd his race at Isthmus and Nemæ.
A He ran there?
B Ay, and first.
A Whom beating?
B Nine
Young rivals. He had flown with feet like mine!

*262

260 Prize o'er all else and exquisitely wrought, Geminus.
To Thespia Phryne a wing'd Eros brought:
Beauty and Art in one, this envied gem,
Above all cavil, her becomes and them.
Thanks to rare Genius!—double thanks—which gives
To all the God in ev'ry breast who lives.

263

261 Me, India's work, a cup of silver'd brass, Crinagoras.
In hospitable gift Crinagoras,
On this the birthday of his best of friends,
To Simon's son, with ev'ry blessing, sends.

*264

262 The wild beast, who destroy'd both man and herd, Leonidas.
Whom ne'er the clang of watchful dogs deterr'd,
Cretan Eualches—while at night his flock
He tended—kill'd, and hung up on this rock.

265

263 This monstrous skin the herdsman Sosus drew Leonidas.
From a red lion by his spear struck thro',
As he devour'd a well-fed calf just slain—
Ne'er, from that fold, the wild beast trod again
His woods, but, by his own, the calf's blood paid,
Found that calf-killing was a sorry trade.

266

264 The shield of Phyllean Alexander, I, Anasalcas.
Gift sacred to gold-hair'd Apollo, lie,
Old in my rim, old too in boss from fight,
But in the well-won fame of valour bright,
Long borne by the bold chieftain here who laid,
Unconquer'd from the day when I was made.

265 267 Nossis.
Receive, O Hera! aye-rever'd—alighting from aloft,
Who, on Lacinion smelling-sweet, look'st smilingly and oft—
The cotton dress which Theuphilis, the child of Cleache,
And her friend Nossis, a bright girl, together wove for thee.

268

266 Where three roads meet, this Artemis, Hegesippus.
Agelocheia set,
The daughter of Damaretas—
beneath his roof-tree, yet
A virgin, in content she liv'd—
to whom in blaze of flame,
As nimbly she the distaff plied,
the Goddess sudden came.

269

267 O Saviour Artemis! who bring'st our day, Diotimus.
O'er Pollis' portion shed thy grateful ray
For him and his—'t is easy. Firm and sure
Are held by Zeus the scales of justice pure.
So, for the Graces, be this grove aye bright,
Skimming the flow'rs, who cast their sandals light.

268 *270 Anasalcas.
For thee, O Artemis Divine! Cleonymus has plac'd
This statue here—protect the peak our sports where triumph grac'd:

Here oft thou passest, O Rever'd ! thy swift foot follow'd still
By hot and eager dogs, along the foliage-quiv'ring hill.

271

269 Sappho.
Should any ask, a little one without a voice, I say—
The sure scroll at my feet, untir'd, shall last to distant day—
" Aristo, Hermocleitus' wife, who was of Saon son,
Homage at Æthiopium has in me to Dian done :
Mistress of Women ! on thy slave, O graciously incline
With favour and with forethought, and illustrious make our line."

272

270 Ampharetris has, Ilithya ! spread Nicias.
An azure veil and hair-net for thy head ;
She calls on thee with pray'r to keep afar
Each sad chance which her labour-pains might mar.

*273

271 Phœdimus.
His sandals here Chichesias' son brings, Artemis ! for thee,
And of her robe a little fold leaves Themistodicé ;
Because, O Venerable ! thou didst come, without thy bow,
And over her in travail's hour thy two hands kindly throw :
Accord, O Artemis ! our pray'r that Leon's grandson may
See himself blest with son on son, his ancient house to stay.

274

272 Latona-Born ! a zone and flower'd vest, Perses.
And the clasp'd belt which round her bosom prest,
From sharp pains and sore load of child-birth free,
Timas bestows, in her tenth month, on thee.

275

273 O Artemis ! fair Delos who and lov'd Ortygia hast, Nossis.
Thy sacred bow and arrows in the Graces' bosoms cast :
Thy pure skin in Inopus wash'd, enter our door, that we
From her sore childbed labours safe our Alchetis may see.

276

274 Protrectress Ven'rable of births ! Perses.
O Ilithya blest !
This bride-cloak, and the temple-wreath
her shiny curls which drest,

Receive with favour and retain,
from grateful Tisis due
In mem'ry of thy grace which bore
her safe her trials through.

277

275 Sure ! Aphrodite will, as off'ring best, Nossis.
Welcome this cap, Samutha's hair which drest,
Fine-wrought, and smelling of the nectar'd sweets,
Wherewith herself she fair Adonis greets.

278

276 Hippe, a long-hair'd virgin, bound but now Antipater.
Her curling locks, and smooth'd her fragrant brow ;
This is her marriage morn. Her maid-zones we
Implore the favours of virginity.
Grant, Artemis ! alike that spouse and son
By Lycomedes' playful child be won.

279

277 Damagetas.
O Artemis ! who dost the bow and mighty arrows bear,
For thee Arsinöe has left a lock of her young hair,
Shorn, for thy shrine of frankincense, where lov'liest 't was to see :
Of Ptolemy, great Egypt's King, the virgin daughter She.

280

278 Gorgus, the son of Asclepiades, Rhianus.
Presenteth to the beauteous Phœbus these
In beauteous homage from his cherish'd brow ;
Phœbus ! from this thy Delphic shrine, do thou
Smile on the lad, and, thro' life's ev'ry stage,
Bless him from hopeful youth to hoary age.

*281

279 Eudoxus, when his first fair locks were shorn, Euphorion.
Their boyish brightness had to Phœbus borne ;
For those vow'd ringlets look in beauty down
On him, Far-darter ! and with ivy crown.

*282

280
Her tambourine, her fav'rite ball, the cap which fenc'd her head,
Timareté to Artemis has offer'd ere she wed,

Has offer'd, O Limnatis ! up her dolls, their dresses too,
From virgin to a virgin such are fitting gifts and due :
Over the girl Timareté, thy guardian hand ensure,
Latona's Daughter ! and preserve in pureness who is pure.

283

281 Leonidas.
All-venerated Mother ! who, round Dindyma's hoar brow,
And on the burning Phrygian peaks, hast fix'd thy reign, may'st thou
To little Aristodiché, Silene's child, be kind,
That she, from girl to woman grown, may happy Hymen find :
For this, with many gifts I kneel before thy fane, as due,
And near thine altar, here and there, my virgin tresses strew.

284

282 Hermes ! for thee Calliteles aloft Theodorus.
His bonnet hangs, with lambs-wool warm and soft,
His two-prong'd clasp, a flesh-brush, an old shawl
Foul with his sweat, an ever-flying ball,
His bow unbent and arrows—O receive,
Friend of well-order'd youth ! the gifts I leave.

285

284
Philænion ! lying secretly in Agamedes' breast,
Henceforward from thy finger-soil'd and weary-weaving rest.
Cypris has her own work and wage—for which, in idle peace,
From distaff now, and well-spun yarn and worsted-holders cease.

286

285 Nicareté, Athena's shuttle who Nicarchus.
Long serv'd, the distaff plying well and true,
Her weft, her basket, all her spinster store
Has offer'd, in her need, at Cypria's door :
" Perish," she cried, " poor woman's hungry trade
So well which knows our flow'r of youth to fade."
She lyre and wealth preferr'd, a pleasant life
To lead, with revelry and banquets rife.
" A tithe of all my life kept for thy sake,
Its gains O Cypris ! prosper, and partake."

287

286 Antianeira work'd, on this right side Leonidas.
All the fringe ends a span long and palm wide,
Bittion the left, by Bittié between,
Mæander and the maids have broider'd been.
Jove's fairest daughter, Artemis ! to heart
Hold thou this web, where three had each her part.

287 288 Antipater.
Honour'd of women, perfect maid, O Artemis ! to thee
This border, one and beautiful, is woven by us three :
These damsels, blooming in the dance, where, refluent ever brought,
Mæander's tortuous streams are seen by Bittié were wrought ;
Antianeira, auburn-hair'd, the ornaments hard by
Plann'd, which, so delicate yet true, left of the river lie ;
This broid'ry by its right-hand shore young Bittion began
And ended all, whose length exceeds by a good palm the span.

*289

288 Of Lycamedes the four daughters We, Leonidas.
Atheno, Glenis, Phinto, Melité,
Loom-weavers all, industrious and blithe,
Of our joint wool-work have a willing tithe,
First-fruits of labour, as poor people ought—
For little means a little portion—brought :
Hear us, Athene ! grant our future board
With many loaves instead of few be stor'd.

290

289 Autonomé, Boischion, Melité, Do.
O Stranger ! born in Crete, the daughters three
Of Nico and of Philomédes—whom
All know—their labours ceasing at the loom,
Have to Athene, mistress of their art,
As gifts, in this her temple, set apart
A spindle—whence the twist for ever roll'd,
A basket—the wool's growing store to hold,
And, guardian of Penelope's chaste bed,
A shuttle, worker of the warp's fine thread.

291

290 A fan, where ever mild the soft breeze plays, Dioscorides.
Here Parmenis for best Urania lays,

Cool gift for her chaste bed, wherewith to shun,
By gentle Zephyrs, the fierce-burning sun.

292

291 Once Bacchylis, of Bacchus' cups the lees, Antipater.
Lying in sickness, spoke to Deo these—
"'Scape I this deadly fever-wave, to you
I 'll drink for suns one hundred, nought save dew,
Nor mix a drop of wine." Her danger past,
On the same day this plan of fraud she cast;
A sieve of many holes in hand she took,
Where, thro' its hairs, suns many met her look.

*293

292 Hedylus.
Her fillets and her shift blue-dyed, and her Laconian shawl,
And of her fringe the golden reeds, Niconöe with all
Had parted—to the lib'ral Gods who would not lib'ral be?
The child of Loves and Graces, an ambrosial bud was she!
Wherefore the prize of beauty since Priapus gave to her,
A fawn-skin and this gold-rimm'd cup does she on him confer.

*294

293 This staff, these slippers, honour'd Cypris! here Leonidas.
Spoils from the Cynic Sochares appear;
His filthy flask, and, fill'd with wisdom old,
The relics of his wallet many-hol'd,
Has beauteous Roda in thy fair porch laid
When of the hoary sage a prey she made. [299.]

*295

294 His foot-guide staff, the thong and ferule near Phanias.
Which on their sculls the scapegrace urchins fear,
His bald head's cap and slipper single-sol'd,
His leathern ink-flask in its lithe ring's hold,
For Hermes, symbols of his tutor trade,
By Callon, limb-tied with long toil, are laid.

*296

295 His knife pen-making, and a sponge—to sell Do.
Borne far and wide—the reed which cleanses well,
His round page-ruler which its right-lin'd track
Keeps at due distance, and his ink-horn black,

His parchment skins with pumice-polish drest,
And calais-plinth his copy-books to rest,
The lucky scriv'ner Achestorides
To the Pierian Sisters offer'd these,
Tools of his poverty, since rais'd to share
In the state tax-collector's dainty fare.

297

296 A pow'rful foot-trap, a death-dealing snare Leonidas.
Of reeds and twine, a cross-bow for the hare,
A quiver, and bor'd pipe the quails to call,
A well-wove fishing net—Sosippus all
For Hermes plac'd, since he to life's last stage
Has pass'd, and feels the helpless sloth of age.

288

297 A toothless harrow, of a rattling hoe Phanias.
The stump, which olive-handle none can show,
A rough limb-clog, and, ploughed land to break
A mattock, and for weeds a comb-like rake,
To carry earth strong baskets withy-bound,
And a one-pointed digger of the ground,
Are in Athena's propylæum set
By Alchimus, a treasure since he met:
Else would his loins still doom'd to labour on,
Much bent and bow'd, have down to Hades gone.

299

298 A goat-skin pouch, unharden'd and untann'd, Leonidas.
A bag, and yet unpeel'd, a walking wand,
A foul oil-flask, a dog-band *sans* its brass,
A cap, the cover of no holy head—
Spoils from the ruin'd Sochares, alas!—
By Hunger on this tam'risk tree are spread.

*300

299 Phanias.
These ripe grapes off a portion'd bunch, this bak'd piece of rich cake,
Are, wayside Hermes! plac'd for thee, if thou wilt deign to take,
A tempting olive too, well-ripe, and parings round of cheese,
A black fig fit to eat, a heap of easy-pounded peas,

Corn-ears of Crete, and barley-meal, of banquet-wine a cup,
Self-tasted never, yet, for thee, ungrudgingly serv'd up:
All these e'en Cypris, until late my Deity, might prize—
Slay for her too a swift goat, Friends! in seashore sacrifice.

301

300 From poor Leonidas, a wand'rer he, Leonidas.
O Artemis! tho' small his mealstore be,
The well-priz'd olive and lard-cakes take thou,
And the green fig fresh-gather'd from its bough:
This bunch of five grapes, full of pleasant wine,
And a libation from the lees be thine,
And if, as from disease, thou me wilt rid
Of hateful poverty, take too this kid.

302

301 Eudemus, rescued from great storms of debt, Callimachus.
This salt-stand, whence he ate plain salt, has set,
His vow to Samothracian Gods to keep,
Since sav'd, O People! from the briny deep.

304 *303 Phanias.
Thou of the seaside with a rod, come, from your rock, ashore,
And find me the first purchaser of last night's scaly store;
Whether black-tails or mormyrs be in thy fish-basket found,
Whether with bream, or picarel, or kicklé it abound:
For know that I am none of those who favour only flesh,
But one who loves of sea-fish well a tender bit and fresh:
Yet, if thou hast but chalcis got, or thrissa, or thorn-back,
Fish on, and luck be thine, O Friend! a throat of stone I lack.

*304

305 These gifts from dainty Gluttony to Greed Leonidas.
The life-fond heart of Dorieus decreed,
Larissa's boiling-pot with belly large,
The saucepan, and the bowl's wide-gaping marge,
And the flesh-fork, of burnish'd brass, well-bent,
A rasp, and ladle for soup-stirring meant;
Bad gifts from a bad giver, Greed! receive,
And ne'er thy votary to temp'rance leave.

305

306 A clay-pot, a flesh-hook, and ladle—meant Aristo.
To stir the soup—a sty-key sorely bent,

A cauldron copper'd well, with feathers rife
A fan, a chopper, and throat-cutting knife,
The cup which tastes the broth between the spits,
And, near the strong knife, a clean sponge that fits,
A double-headed pestle salt to bray,
A good stone-mortar, and flesh-holding tray,
Spinther the cook, from slav'ry's load now free,
These, Hermes! his art-tools, presents to thee.

306

308 Asclepiades.
Conq'ring his eighty classmates all, when Connarus had done
Some wondrous writing, and from each, as prize, a plaything won,
Me Chares, the Comedian old, friend of the Muses, here
He plac'd, in image quaint, amidst his comrades' hearty cheer.

307

309 The rattling dice, the fair ball's pleasant sound, Leonidas.
The boxen clapper, and top spinning round,
All that he lov'd so well, his playthings young
Philocles now has here to Hermes hung.

308

310 Me Simus, Miccus' son, who genius pray'd, Callimachus.
Gave to the Muses; Glaucus-like, they made
A great gift for a small. But, gaping yet,
Against the Samian's double letter set,
Patron of boys, the tragic Bacchus I,
"O bless the locks" still dream I hear their cry.

309

311 Do.
I, Pamphilus, in quaintest proof—read, Stranger! this, and know—
Of Rhodian Agoránax stand the victory to show;
Mistake me not as burnt by love: but half of me is here,
Like a dried fig, or black with soot, as Isis' lamps appear.

*310

312 Boys, who on thee, O Goat! red reins have bound, Anyté.
And on thy shaggy neck a muzzle, round
This holy shrine, equestrian contests teach,
To which in turn thou mildly bearest each.

311

313 Bacchylides.
O Venerable Victory! fam'd child of Pallas thou,
Upon the lov'd Cranæan choir look still with fav'ring brow,
And, in the pastimes of the Muse, still may the wreaths of song,
Well-won, to Ceos' tuneful son Bacchylides belong!

*312

314 This cloak and mantle, his long journey o'er, Nicodemus.
To you Penelope! Ulysses bore.

313

315 Ophelion on the palisade, which fenc'd the flock, drew me, Do.
Goat-footed Pan, of Bromius friend, and born in Arcadie.

314

316 Aërópé dissolv'd in tears, the curst meal reeking yet— Do.
O rare revenge! in truest tints Ophelion here has set.

315

317 In marble from Mendele brought, Do.
Me, Pan, Praxiteles has wrought,
And, dazzling white—all gifts to thee—
These nymph-robes and this Danaé.

316

318 Young bridegrooms, O prolific Cypris! We Do.
This maiden heifer sacrifice to thee:
As home our brides, in grateful joy, we lead,
Bless thou our marriage beds with plenteous seed.

317

319 'Neath my sire's spacious roof, with feast-lights rife, Do.
From Cypris I led home a maid, as wife.

318

320 Hail, Beautiful Ascanié! and Bacchus' golden rites! Do.
And mysteries where Eviüs his votary requites.

*319

321 Cæsar! to thee, from distant Nile, Leonidas's Muse, Leonidas A.
Writing upon thy birthday these, her sacrifice renews;
The off'rings of Calliopé are smokeless still. But he
A better sacrifice than this will make next year to thee.

322 320 Leonidas A.
Again upon the fair Muse of Leonidas look we,
Playthings of easy eloquence whose clever couplets be:
To Marcus they will pleasure give, at Saturn's peaceful time,
At the high banquet and amongst the tuneful sons of rhyme.

321

323 Œdipus was his children's brother, and Do.
His mother's husband, blind by his own hand.

322

324 What! offer Mars, strong cities who o'erthrows, Do.
Grapes, and fat cakes, and garlands of the rose?
These for the Nymphs. No off'ring on my fanes
To Mars is welcome save when life-blood stains.

323

325 Eupolis! from the field, from air, and sea Do.
Friend after friend bring birth-day gifts to thee;
From me receive the Muse's lasting lay,
So would my love its debt to genius pay!

326 324 Do.
Nichis, of old Lysimachus the son, a Libyan he,
A Lyctian quiver and bent bow brings, Artemis! to thee;
Of arrows, which that quiver fill'd, late rattling at his back,
'Gainst antelopes and spotted deer all spent, he now has lack.

328 *325 Do.
Cæsar! a third Grace in this book receive once more from me,
A symbol 't is of eloquence where equal numbers be,
So that, in gift most musical, a well-aim'd shaft, this too
The Nile may send to Italy the lands of Helle through.

326

329 Wealth's birth-day presents, friend succeeding friend, Do.
Crystal, and topazes, and silver send:
As mine for Agrippina—which in vain
Envy would blight—suffice these couplets twain!

330 327 Æschines.
Rejecting further mortal skill, brought all my hope to place
In Providence alone, I left Athens of beauteous race:

Then, Æsculapius! to thy grove, I, coming, here was cur'd,
In three months of an ulcer'd head which twelve I had endur'd.

*328

331 Alcon, a father, round his infant young Gætulicus.
Seeing a deadly snake which fiercely clung,
Bent his stout bow with trembling hand yet true,
And thro' its mouth the hissing serpent slew:
His child thus sav'd, the quiver 'gainst this oak
He plac'd, as token of his happy stroke.

*329

332 Trajan, Æneas' son, to Casian Jove, Adrian.
The King below to the great King above,
This off'ring makes—two goblets richly dight,
And horn of mountain bull with red gold bright,
From the first plunder chosen, when expir'd
The great-heart Getæ 'neath his spear untir'd.
Cloud-wrapt! O grant for him with honour rife
That clos'd may be this Achæmenian strife,
So, both from Getæ and Arsacidæ,
Shall double spoils be set apart for thee.

*330

333 This, dearest Lamp! thy third sneeze surely speaks Argentarius.
Our lov'd Antigoné that marriage seeks:
If so, like King Apollo, thou wilt then
A prophet on a tripod be to men!

*331

334 Ye Folds! and thou, Nymph-haunted holy Hill! Leonidas.
Tall Pine! who neighbourest the rock-born rill,
Thou Hermes! Maias' Son, on four-square block
Who guard'st our sheep, and, Pan! the goat-browz'd rock.
Who lov'st to keep, accept, and may they please,
A bowl of wine and simple oat-cakes—these
From Neoptolemus Æacides.

*332

335 A Macedonian cap of easy wear, Antipater.
A shield in storms, a helmet war to dare
Thirsting to drink thy sweat, brave Piso! I
From Pindus came Ausonian heads to try:

Receive me well. Perhaps, the cloth-web, we,
Who Persia turn'd, will Thrace subject to thee !

*333

336 This thick wild thyme, these roses moist with dews Theocritus.
Are heap'd here for the Heliconian Muse :
For thee, O Pythian Pæan ! these dark bays,
Since Delphi's rock to thee such homage pays ;
There too this rough horn'd goat, which loves to feed
Upon the pine's far bough, for thee shall bleed.

*334

337 The son of Pæan to Miletus came Do.
To one well-skill'd disease to cure, by name
Nicias, who daily sacrifices brought,
And here his form in fragrant cedar wrought.
High price for it the fam'd Eëtion drew
Who all his genius in the statue threw.

335

338 This marble statue, Goddesses Divine ! Do.
Plac'd Xenocles in homage to the Nine :
A minstrel he—that praise will none refuse—
Fam'd for his skill and mindful of the Muse.

*336

339 Do.
Damomenes, who led the choir and here the tripod plac'd—
Which thou, the sweetest of our Gods, hast, Dionysus ! grac'd—
Won in his boyhood no great praise, yet, in the choir of men,
Discerning well the fit and fair, he gain'd the vict'ry then.

*337

340 No common Cypris ours ! Propitiate thou Do.
The Heav'n-born, and to her, best Goddess, bow,
Fair off'ring of Chrysogoné the chaste,
In house of Amphicles for honour plac'd,
With whom she happy liv'd and children rear'd :
Their life from you beginning, O Rever'd !
Each year was better. Men who God revere
Find that their piety is blest e'en here !

*338

341 Mandocreon after bridging o'er the fishy Bosporus,
These rafts to Hera offer'd up in memory, and thus
Around the Samians and himself a crown of glory plac'd,
The great work finish'd on the plan by King Darius trac'd.

339

342 Lo! in the Graces' porch, of a trireme,
Symbol of early art, this votive beam;
Pallas-Athene first the tall shaft wrought;
And, to the town, a gift its column brought;
When, to Tritonis, Cyzicus a fane
Built, first and best, in sacred Asia's plain:
Thence of its plinth was sent the gilded load
To Delphi, as a debt to Phœbus ow'd.

*340

343 The tribes of Chalcis and Bœotia tam'd
By might in war, the sons of Athens fam'd
Cast o'er their pride a gloomy galling chain,
And brought their steeds, a tenth, to Pallas' fane.

341

344 Thespia's extensive city once to barb'rous Asia sent,
Avengers of their ancestors, her sons in armament;
Giving, 'neath Alexander, there the Persian towns to waste,
A loudly-sounding tripod here to Victory they plac'd.

*342

345 Erewhile we roses bloom'd in spring, but now Crinagoras.
Our crimson buds grace gloomy winter's brow,
Smiling upon the day when thou wert born,
And pleas'd with this thy latest maiden morn.
To wreathe the bride Callista is more sweet
Than wait the suns of merry May to greet.

343

346 O Maia's Son! for his lov'd gifts, so rife, Anacreon.
This grace to Tellias grant, a joyous life:
Grant him, the Euonymians ruling well,
Good share of years, and peaceful there to dwell.

344

347 Dian! to thee Phileratis Callimachus.
set up this statue here:
Rever'd! do thou accept the gift,
and hold the giver dear.

348 *345 Diodorus.
This writing sad on a small stone from Diodorus wise
Proof of my love for her who died in early youth supplies:
She perish'd, bearing a first child, and Melas who receiv'd
The wailing boy with long wail o'er young Athenäis griev'd;
Griev'd Lesbian Dames, and Jason too, her old sire. Artemis!
Who carest for beast-killing dogs—for her thy care was this.

349 346 Philodemus.
O Melicerta! Ino's child, and Thou who rul'st the sea,
Spirit who ward'st its evil off, blue-eyed Leucothöe!
Ye choirs of Nereids! and Ye waves! and thou, Poseidon! hail,
Thou too, O Thracian Zephyr! best of winds to waft my sail,
Escaping over the wide waves propitiously bear now,
And safely to the sweet land where Piræus shines, my prow.

347

350 The Tyrrhene trumpet's piercing cry aloft, Crinagoras.
On Pisa's plains whose rough voice speaking oft
The olden times have known in vict'ries twain,
If thee to a third crown it lead again,
No brazen tube to story more renown'd
Demosthenes, Miletus' son, shall sound!

351 *348 Callimachus.
Boar-killer! Lion-slayer! brings to thee a beechen bough—
Who brings? Archinus. What is he? A Cretan. I allow.

*349

352 Skill'd hands these traits, O best Prometheus! drew— Erinna.
E'en men may match in cleverness with you—
So like to life, whoe'er has painted her,
Had she but voice, this Agatharchis were.

*350

353 It is Melinna's very image! See Nossis.
How sweetly smiles that gentle face on me!

In all things of her parents portrait true,
What joy and pride themselves in her to view!

354 *351 Nossis.

How well we recognise, e'en here Sabythe's lovely face!
How in those traits her beauty and high-heartedness we trace!
We see the soul, and think we see a sweet serene imprest
Where modesty and mind unite—All hail, O Woman Blest!

352

355 Poor Mother I, a picture vilely done, Leonidas.
To Bacchus bring, of Micythus my son;
Exalt him, Bacchus! high: tho' poor it be,
'T is no small want which brings the gift to thee.

356 353 Pancrates.

O Venerable Artemis! the sweeper of thy fane,
Clio, presents, at four-years old, her Cretan daughters twain;
Look kindly on Ameino, Queen! and Aristodicé,
And in my single place let both thy temple-sweepers be.

357 354 Theœtetus.

A O Children! happy may ye be, of whom are ye the race,
And what the pretty names to which upsmiles each handsome face?
B I am Nicanor, for a sire is Æpioretus mine,
My mother Hegeso, myself of Macedonian line.
C And I his sister Philé am. We both stand sculptur'd here
In due fulfilment of a vow made by our parents dear.

355

358 Hail, pretty zone! which loos'd, the Lydian Queen Diotimus.
In loving lap of Hercules was seen;
Blest wert thou then, O zone! now blest again
To Dian offer'd at her golden fane.

——VII. B. 53 356

This prize of song in Chalcis won from Homer the divine
Hesiod presents at Helicon in homage to the Nine!

357

641 This twelve-lin'd index of the hidden sun, Antiphilus.
Which speaketh with a mouth where tongue is none,

Oft as, its water in a small tube bound,
The air emits a clearly-breathing sound,
Has an Athenian for the people plac'd,
Where e'en in envious clouds the sun is trac'd.

358

—IX—91 Archias.
Hail, Sov'reign Hermes! thou who lov'st in Corycus to dwell,
Hail, and with smiling brow accept my humble offering well!

359

92 Dew 's for the tettix drink enough, and when Antipater T.
Drunk, blither than the swan's its note is then.
The minstrel too knows this, for bounty's sake
His host's requital in sweet song to make:
Hence this to thee my first return: if will
The Fates, thou often shalt my pages fill.

360

93 As birth-day gift, a little book Antipater.
in one night's labour wrought,
To Piso, his old friend and dear,
Antipater has brought:
May he with praise and welcome kind
the poet's off'ring greet,
Since e'en a little frankincense
to mighty Zeus is sweet!

142 361

To the hill-treading double-horn'd Nymph-leader, who conceal'd
In craggy birth-place this clear fount, to Pan we honour yield!
So may He still propitious be to us, at this lone well
Of ever-running water, who our noon-tide thirst dispel.

362

237 *A* Say, Herdsman! say, in Pan's great name, Erycius.
whose this huge statue, made
Of beech, to whom in loyal love
this milk-libation laid?
B The hero of Tirynthus this
the lion fierce who slew:
See you not, Dolt! his wild-ash club,
his bow and arrows too?

A All hail, O Heifer-eater fam'd !
my stalls, Alcides ! guard,
Till, from a few, a thousand kine
my waiting hopes reward.

363

239 Of lyric books a pleasing pentad, we Crinagoras.
Bring, in this volume of Anacreon,
The poems of inimitable grace,
Which that agreeable old Teian writ,
Or o'er his wine, or with the soft Desires,
And, on a sacred morning, as a gift
To fair Antonia, lay we at her feet
Excellent things of beauty and of wit.

364

318 This height well-fennel'd and well chervill'd keep, Leonidas.
Friend Hermes ! a fresh pasture for our sheep :
Patron of gardener and goat-herd be,
And lo ! this share of herbs and milk for thee.

365

322 These are no spoils of mine. This graceless gift Leonidas T.
Who on Mars' battlement has dar'd to lift ?
Unstain'd with blood the beamy shields appear,
Unbroken the tall helm, the fragile spear :
Glows all my face with shame, and from my brow
Sweat on my breast, as from a fount, drops now :
Let these the banquet-room and porch adorn,
Or be to hall and bridal chamber borne ;
For mounted Mars the spoils should stream with blood
That deck his temple : *such* to me are good !

366

323 Antipater.
These glitt'ring shields, these stainless spears who plac'd,
And helms unbroken ? Who has thus disgrac'd
Red Mars with honours which no honours are ?
Will none these weapons cast from me afar ?
The halls of peaceful men, when flush of wine,
These rather should approach than Mars' stern shrine :
Bruis'd warspoils and the gore of foemen slain
Please me, else nam'd as fatal Mars in vain.

367

324 Tell me, O Reed! Aphrogeneia near, Mnasalcas.
Why, left the shepherd's lip, art present here?
Nor hills, nor vales are ours: Desire here dwells,
And Love: the rustic Muse haunts shady dells.

368

326 Cold waters from the cleft rock leaping down! Leonidas T.
Hail, and Ye, Nymphs! whose rustic statues crown,
Hail too, Hill-Sources! freshen'd from whose spray
Around your fair haunts shining virgins play:
To you the trav'ller Aristocleës
This horn devotes, which dipt his thirst had ease.

369

327 Ye Water-Nymphs! for whom Hermocreon set Hermocreon.
These gifts, your spring soft-flowing when he met,
All hail! this fountain-house with sparkling feet
Light tread, aye sated with its waters sweet.

370

328 Naiads! this sweetly-flowing endless source Damostratus.
Who down the rocky promontory force,
Damostratus, Antilaus' son, for you
These ear-rings sets and shaggy goat-hides two.

371

329 Ye race of Dorus! Naiads of the rill! Leonidas T.
With fertile streams Timocles' garden fill:
Timocles ever brings in season due,
Fair Damsels! from his garden gifts to you.

372

332 To Aphrodite's fane come, and behold Nossis.
Her statue exquisitely wrought in gold,
By Polyarchis plac'd, when youth was done,
Great wealth who from her body's beauty won.

373

335 Leonidas T.
These statues from Miccalion the woodman, Trav'ller! see,
But, Hermes! the good woodman's self may he have grace with thee,

Since, even from his wretched trade, he strives a gift to make—
Thus ever the good man is good for virtue's single sake !

374

336 Eëtion of Amphipolis, to grace Callimachus.
His lowly porchway plac'd mine image there,
A little hero in a little place :
A writhing snake and sword are all I bear.
For, angry at my fall, for me unmeet
He thought a horse, so set me on my feet.

375

514 Menis the dramatist—so long pray'd he—
Me, ever sung in maiden rooms, has tied
In marriage with Procilla. Hymen ! be
Propitious, both to bridegroom and to bride.

376

541 Theogenes to Piso sends cups twain Antipater.
Made with much skill. Together we contain,
Cut from one sphere, all heav'n, for one shows forth
The Southern signs, the other of the North.
No more then to Aratus turn thy gaze,
Drink both, and all behold which Heav'n displays.

377

552 The iron I in Macedonia's brand, Do.
Who knew the might of Alexander's hand,
Piso ! am come to thine, and this declare,
" Gladly I meet the grasp which best may bear."

378

553 For Leucas, and Ambracia's rich mould,
Thyrreum steep, and Anactorium old,
For Amphilochian Argos, and whate'er
Cities of Greece spear-madden'd War laid bare
In his fell swoop, which one and all dash'd down,
Cæsar has built, to be a god-like town,
Nicopolis, which may his triumph tell,
And Phœbus, Actium's lord, accepts it well.

379

601 This sculptur'd image of rare art has Aëximenes
To Aphrodite plac'd who guards his sail across the seas :

Hail ! venerable Cypris ! thou by giving gain to me—
Suitable wealth—shall find my ship for mutual weal to be.

380

605 Callo this picture, which her likeness trac'd, Nossis.
In sunny Aphrodite's temple plac'd :
How mild she stands, what grace in her blooms rife !
Farewell ! She had no fault in all her life.

381

743 Thessalian cows—a fine gift—stand before Theodoridas.
Itonian Athene's temple-door :
Twelve, all in bronze, the work of Phrædmon, they
From lightly-arm'd Illyrians were our prey.

382

778 A land obedient to great Cæsar found, Philip.
And fruitful, as the ocean's belt e'er bound,
And azure sea has royal Carpo's hand
Tasteful and true, with twining shuttles, plann'd :
To Cæsar, no vain favours, from a Queen
We come, who gifts to Gods as yet have been !

*383

788 Parent of good, O Fortune ! at thy will,
Life 's blest with happy light to mortals still ;
All, at thy nod, brings peace to him, whose neck
Thy right hand deigneth, as a God's, to deck.
Thus Kings are fitted faultless for the throne,
And perfect chiefs of public speaking known,
Thus in the harbour ships more safely rest,
From wreck at sea by thine assistance blest ;
Best cities prosper and their people too,
Rejoice the plains, and fair the meads to view :
Hence, looking on thy fortunate slave, do thou
Accept his warm and grateful homage now !

384

791 Apollonidas.
Deep in the swelling waters of thy circling mother sea,
O Cytherea ! Posthumus this temple plac'd for thee :
Fixing its base where Ocean still, in smiles rejoicing drest,
Scatters to Zephyr's balmy breath its light foam o'er thy breast :

Thus built by pious care the fane may say with boastful smile
"Choose for thy shrine a spot on earth more fit than Paphos-isle!"

*385

—XI. B. 194 Lucillius.

To cavern-loving Pan, to Nymphs who haunt the hill and well,
To sacred Hamadryads, and to Satyrs here who dwell,
Did Marcus, after catching nought with dogs and spears all day,
Hang up his very dogs which erst the forest boar would slay.

386

258 Aulus the pugilist, to Him whom Pisa ruler owns, Do.
Offers his cranium, one by one collected its stray bones,
And if at Nemea sav'd, he will, O Sov'reign Zeus! to thee
Likewise his ancle-bones devote which still remaining be.

NOTES.—6 Burges translates Ἴϋγξ ἡ Νικοῦς "Iynx the daughter of Nicho." But surely this is a mistake.

7 The Muses were called Pimpleian from Mount Pimplias, in Pieria, which was sacred to them. Some however place this mountain in Bœotia. Helicon also was called Pimpleian.

8 The Dedicatory and Votive epigrams in the Palatine Anthology are prefaced by a couplet on the celebration of the mysteries of Bacchus:

"This radiant gem of Bacchus shows the myst'ries manifold;
And, over these, of winged Loves a vintage-choir behold."

18 Nos. 11 to 16 and Nos. 179 to 187 of B. vi. of the Anthology are all on one argument. Jacobs observes on this repetition of the same subject, as disgusting and tedious. His remark may apply, with truth and force, to the *translations* of those specimens herein given, but scarcely, it seems to me, to the original Greek. I cannot conceive any better lessons of style and form than that young students should have before them, at one view, the fifteen ways in which nine different poets—several of much eminence—have treated the same thought. The variety of expression affords an advantageous study even where there is an uniformity of sentiment. Its repetition, too, proves that the idea conveyed something more to the Greek mind than it does to the modern ear.

20 This is parodied by Lucian in No. 17 of this Book closely and cleverly, but with reference to practices which quite prevent its reproduction here.

27 This has been attributed to Julian of Egypt: the couplet which, in accordance with the inversion of the Greek, I have kept the last, should, agreeably with our English style, have been the first.

29 From the absence of any name of the person who makes the offering, and of the causes of the offering itself, it is suspected that a distich of this epigram has somehow been dropt.

34 Erionnius was a title of Hermes.

36 Line 8. Poseidaon or Neptune is here called "Ruler of the land" from his title of earth-shaker Ἐννοσίγαιος and Ενοσί-χθων.

38 Throughout the epigram there is one epithet for the goat and a corresponding one for the God.

39 Line 6. This mention of a crystal cup as the gift of poor fishermen seems strange,

and suggested to Burges the substitution of ἀναλέην, dried, for ὑαλέην, of which the υ is always short.

40 In the last line the Greek name is Simylus.

45 First Line. The Greek is Satyra.

47 Lines 5 and 6. This change of persons is very common in the epigrammatic style of Greece.

48 The Greek name is Alcimĕnes (See 179). An image of Pan was placed upon the rock whence the fountain flowed.

49 The Greek is deficient in the last line; what is introduced is not by Plato.

50 By some this is attributed to Leonidas of Tarentum.

55 Grotius separates the two distichs, for which there seems no reason, as they evidently belong to the same subject, and are so given by Athenæus. (B. vi. c. 21.)

58 Zeus is styled Panomphæan from the Greek words πᾶς and ὀμφή, signifying, in their combination, "all-oracular."

60 Lycoreus was a title of Apollo, from Lycoreia on Mount Parnassus.

67 See B. v. No. 248, translated at 167 of Part 1.

68 The Greek runs in the third person. Callimenes, an ordinary name for scriveners, being the petitioner who presents the offering.

71 We have κανόνα twice, and each time in the same position, at the end of the first and second distich respectively. There is probably some error.

72 The repetition of μολιβος or μολίβδος (lines 1 and 3) suggest a suspicion of some error, similar to that of the preceding epigram as regards κανόνα. Both words, and the lines in which they are found, seem to mean one and the same thing. There is a difficulty also as to the precise meaning of the twice-noticed (Lines 4 and 7) sponge.

73 Line 3. The much-bor'd stone πολυτρήτος was not our hone, but the pumice-stone, which, when pounded, was used to give smoothness to the parchment, and, likewise, as emery powder to needles, a polish and sharpness to steel.

74 Lines 7, 8. What Mars could have to do with the Muses, or how to him could be assigned the office of messenger, peculiar to Hermes, who is the God addressed, it is not easy to explain. Sharp steel may perhaps be styled the messenger of Mars as preparing his way before him on the battle-field, and it may be viewed as the minister of the Muses as making the pen which records and transmits the inspirations of the poet and historian.

78 Lines 1 and 6. The epithet τρομερός is twice used in the Greek, evidently to excite enhanced pity for his helpless old age: in line 6, as applicable to his frame, it is opposed to ἄτρομος descriptive of his still youthful voice.

87 Planudes classes this as ἀδέσποτον: Bandini attributes it to Anyte.

90 In these jocular verses the epigrammatist ridicules the barbarous pronunciation of Greek words, which was commonly in use among the military officers of the Constantinopolitan Emperors: the first line designates the principal articles, offensive and defensive, of armour, not by their entire names, but merely by the first syllables thereof: this agglomeration of so many monosyllabic sounds contrasts oddly with the length of the three words which constitute the second line.

92 Jacob remarks that the last line alludes to Bacchus having been in love with Ariadne.

93 Jacob suggests that νησίς may be the name of an island near Campania, quoting Statius in Sylv III, 1, 150.

94 In the sixth line for ἐσπέρης Burges would read ἐκ πέτρης.

96 Cyllenius is an epithet of Mercury as born on Mount Cyllene.

99 Deo is a name of Ceres.

100 Line 8. In the original a heifer is the victim: but, as one could scarce say of such that its horns were twelve palms long, the sacrifice was probably of an ox.

104 This has been also classed among the ἀδέσποτα; the allusion is to the torch race of ancient times.

109 Menis was formerly an angler, but, being unsuccessful, he had offered up all his lines to the Goddess, praying her, instead, for good luck to his nets.

114 In the Greek the deer is a female, but, as the horns are so very distinguished, I have translated it a stag. (See Note to 100, above.)

116 Jacobs remarking that the three stagheads seem to require their presentation by three

persons suggests, instead of γυγερῶ, that we should read Γύγεω: if this be preferred, for the words "with stout hands," in the third line of the translation, substitute "Gyges and."

118 This is assigned by Planudes to Simmias, the author of the immediately preceding epigram, and is also claimed for Samus to whom we owe No. 120.

119 Line 8. The Macedonian Kings claimed descent from Hercules who killed the famous bull of Crete.

125 This seems as much elegiac as dedicatory.

130 The Greek ἄλλος evidently conceals a man's name. Heyne supposed it might be Ἄλλος, Tyrwhitt, Γαλλος—Ιλλος and Θαλλος are also suggested. All this however is quite fanciful: any name may be assumed which answers the conditions of the verse. Line 1. "A hot quick blade." The Greek signifies "an onward rushing man." Lines 3 and 4. The three knees, or rather legs, were drawn from the centre of the shield (where was placed the Medusa's head), and so arranged that a line drawn from one foot to another made an equilateral triangle, and three such lines would give three such triangles. This latter emblem is the armorial bearing of the Cornish family Trefusis (Three-footed) in German Drei Füsse. The escutcheon of the Isle of Man shows a similar mass of revolving legs. There is also in military affairs, an instrument, the caltrop, which is so constructed.

131 The Greek name is Epixĕnus.

134 Athena was surnamed Itonis from the town of Iton in the south of Pthiotis where she had a celebrated sanctuary. Line 7. Pyrrhus traced his descent from Æacus through Achilles.

139 See 382 Appendix. The last words almost suggest a doubt whether the whole is not applicable to Mercury rather than to Zeus.

142 This inscription was written on the base, which had been placed by Calliteles, of a statue put up by his children, on whom the God is requested to grant his favour in return.

144 Barnes applies the epithet "wreath-loving" to Bacchus rather than to his mother, Semele, and, apparently with justice. By χορῶν is meant the Tragic Chorus, for Melanthus was a tragic poet.

147 It is not easy, between the probable corruption of some words and the doubtful applicability of others, to decide; but as our version seems to form an intelligible whole, it is submitted accordingly.

149 This cannot be Anacreon's, as he was prior to the epoch when Sophocles flourished. Bruncke thought that this, as well as others which precede it, should be attributed to Simonides.

151 Akeson set up an image of Demodiche, his wife, in the temple of Æsculapius, in testimonial of his having fulfilled the vow made to that God on her behalf.

152 The temple of Serapis—the chief Deity of Canopus—in Egypt, was celebrated for the numbers of sick who were there restored to health.

160 The loss of a distich has been suspected, but it seems complete as it is. This is an inscription upon a bronze offering, which represented Charisthenes with his hair newly cut off, and pouring from the χερνιψ, a vase containing lustral water, some drops on his body, which shone as the hide of a horse with a new coat, on coming out of the water.

165 The lines appear to refer to the son of Octavia, sister of Augustus.

175 Ennyo, a sister of Mars, called Bellona by the Latins.

177 Line 3. The Greek word is γαλλὰιω from Gallus, for so an attendant upon Cybele was called.

181 This is claimed, in some editions, for Theocritus.

191 Attributed by Planudes to Alpheus of Mitylene. As ἱερὴ (line 1) can be applied to the triad only in reference to their piety, I have at once used it in that sense.

192 The prayer of Therimachus is twofold, for excellence as a hunter, and for success in fight.

193 Burges for Ἀμαδρυαδες (Wood-Nymphs) suggests Ἐφυδριάδες (presiding over waters) with some justice, *if* the invocation was to one class only of these Goddesses, but it seems to be addressed both to wood and water Nymphs.

194 The modern name of the island is Cerigo. The penultimate is usually long in Cythera (although Antipater has it short in line 1, No. 209 of B. vi.), but as the second syllable in Cytherea is not unfrequently short, I have so accented it in the first line.

202 The last distich, wanting in Planudes, is found in the Palatine M. S.; but it is not easy to understand the words, nor what precisely the poet meant to say.

203 Road-Patron (Εἰνοδίη) is an appellation of Hecate.

208 Line 2. "Boring-tool"—such as by the English carpenter is called a centre-bit.

209 This epigram is full of corruptions, and difficult to make anything of. Line 4. For ἀι σχεδόν Burges, whom I follow, would read ἐς σχιδί.

210 Line 9. As we say Magdalene for Magdalené, Diomed and Diomede for Diomedés, I have used Aristotele, in this and in the next translation, for Aristotèlè.

212 Line 2. φᾶρος is a cloak or mantle which may be thrown over the head, as a hood or veil, rather than actually a veil.

213 The name in the Greek is Cythere.

214 The last line of the Greek, experimented on by several scholars, is still little else than unintelligible. Perhaps the author wrote something untranslateable, at any rate unmentionable, ᾽αφώνητα. We may well leave the matter in doubt, unless we are induced to particularise with Lord Byron:

> "Much linen, lace, and several pair
> Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
> With other articles of ladies fair,
> To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat."

218. Line 1. In Greek the name is Polyzelus. Line 4. Δαρετίου is understood to be a contraction from Δαμαρετίου. By comparing conflicting accounts, which bear upon the subject, it would seem that of the gold given by Damarete to her husband, part was devoted to the tripod and part to the introduction of a new coin of the highest value. I have translated the word, as I find it, Daretes, but, from the context, I incline to think that we might read Darĭus, or Darĭtæ, who, according to Herodotus, were a people of Persia. Lines 5 and 6 are spurious, and the whole epigram is imperfect.

221 Line 2. The priests of Cybele were known by the name of Gallus.

222 This seems to be by Alcæus of Messene, though not so distinguished by Planudes.

224 Cybēbe is synonymous with Cybēle, and used when a long penultimate is required, though, sometimes, with less propriety, that syllable is lengthened even in Cybele. Line 4. Pessinus was a city of Galatia,.on the Sangar, famous for a temple and statue of the Goddess, who was thence called Pessinuntia.

226 The word millipede must be understood rather in reference to the extreme length of the monster than to the number of its feet.

227 We are familiar, in modern times, with the periodical announcement of the great sea-serpent of America, and with the monstrous conger-eel caught some years back on the N.W. Coast of Scotland.

228 "Labyrinth" a sea shell of spiral-shape, so called.

232 Scholars are offended with Ἀείτα, and suggest various new readings, for which Jacobs may be referred to. May not the word be, as I have translated, ᾽αριστω or ὥριστω. Quintus, to whom the authorship of this piece is given, seems to be the same as Mœcius.

235 Line 3. "Breathless" seems the only sense in which the pursuit can be described as ἀπορῥήτος ("not to be spoken of"), which Jacobs prefers. Burges, too, is ingenious in suggesting ἀπειρήτος in the sense of "unfinished," for the whip is used on a course with greatest vigour just before the race is finished.

238 Except so far as it may be conveyed by the commencing "Lo!" the version omits the κειμεθα of the original, by which we see that the epigram is "dedicatory."

242 Line 4. In Greek, and in Latin, the antepenultimate in Hyperbŏrean is short.

244 Line 1. Burges translates τελείῳ by "presiding over marriage": the word is certainly used in that sense as applicable to Juno; but I do not recollect where it is so applied to Zeus. It is said of him as "fulfilling prayer, granting success." Besides, there is nothing in the epigram which seems to relate to marriage.

247 The Cabyri were three. The meaning of their name is uncertain, and their character and nature obscure. They were worshipped chiefly in Samothrace, Lemnos, and Imbros. Besides, there was a Bœotian Cabyrus, who possessed the power of averting dangers. A Macedonian Cabyrus is also mentioned. Alexander erected altars to the Cabyri at the close of his Eastern expedition.

248 Line 2. This teeth-bearing ornament around the breast was the modern martingale with notched sides. Orientals ornament the neck-trappings of their horses with the shells called *cowries*, which appear like pieces of ivory or strung teeth.

249 Lines 3-4. Those who understand the process of spinning in ancient times may be able to explain this couplet. The version keeps close to the Greek.

261 Last line. The feet of Mercury had wings attached to them.

262 (See part 1, 269, 270). This is probably, although the sculptor's name is not mentioned, in allusion to the statue of Love by Praxiteles, which was set up at Thespiæ. The Greek is in a confused and corrupt state, which various scholars have endeavoured to amend, but not, in my judgment, satisfactorily. My version is rather a rendering of what my own idea of the intention of the poet was than of the letter of the original.

264 Line 4. In the Greek the slain beast is hung up from a pine.

270 Last line. Pope, in the preface to his Iliad, on "the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος as applicable to a mountain," observes that it "would appear little or ridiculous translated literally leafshaking." I cannot think that poetry has so altered its diction since the time of Pope as to make that right and acceptable now which was incorrect and questionable then. I hold, therefore, that he was quite wrong in his opinion, and I fear not to go against it. In the literal translation of the word I see—and hear—the leaves shaking in the wind and glancing in the light. It is a beautiful compound, which requires no circumlocution. Its naturalness is impaired in any paraphrase.

273 The name of the husband of Themistodice, who was the son of Chichesias and grandson of Leon, is not given. There is a doubtfulness about the concluding couplet that has led me to be guided by the probable sense rather than by the actual words.

281 It is hoped that Eudoxus might be successful as a dramatic writer, and that he would, like others, be crowned with ivy.

282 Artemis had the title of Limnatis from a lake near Trœzene.

289 The original is very imperfect: no one has succeeded in mending it so as to make an intelligible whole: I have myself curtailed the epigram of some four lines (from τόν τε in the third to πολυάργυρα in the seventh) not merely for the reason just given, but from the difficulty of representing different parts of the looms and system of weaving in old times.

293 Line 3. The precise meaning of συνεπέκπιεν is "drank up." But this is not to be taken strictly, or as anything more than that she had soon got rid of, given away easily, her property—in the same way as in the French phrase "manger son bien" we understand general squandering and not mere gormandising. I dislike the whole idea of even a heathen female selling her dress &c., for drink: it is inconsistent with the great praises of the fine fourth line, unless, by the bye, ἀμβρόσιόν τι mean the liquor which certain modern distillers sell under a somewhat similar name, and it seems strange that, if so addicted, she should have preserved her golden ewer. I have preferred therefore to represent her as parting with her valuables to the Gods in return for their liberal gifts to her.

294 Line 2. I follow Meineke and Burges in reading ἀπὸ Ξωχάρεος.

295 I adhere to παρακείταν for which Salmasius suggested πυροκείταν and Burges πυροκλέπταν. Both Reiske and Jacobs are puzzled what to make of κίρκον τ' εὐόλπαν; Burges would read εἰσ λώπαν. I prefer the simpler meaning to which my Lexicon seems to lead me, for ὄλπη, though, ordinarily, a leathern flask for oil, may well have held ink, and φιλοκαμπέα seems to denote something like "a running ring."

296 This is also attributed to Leonidas.

300 This epigram is full of corruptions which no one has amended, satisfactorily, to my mind. Some of my own conjectures may not be easily tenable, but I have sought rather to make an intelligible translation than to restore an imperfect original.

303 We have here the names of certain small fish which abounded in the Mediterranean, but were not known elsewhere, and of which the corresponding species cannot now be distinguished in that sea. It has however been conjectured that the sparus and smaris may be the same as the sardines and anchovies of modern days, so called from their being caught on the coasts of Sardinia and near Ancona.

304 The very appetites were personified and made subjects of votive offerings. Λαβροσύνα should rather be translated Voracity than Greed. Δεισόζου is a puzzle. I have translated as if it were a compound from δείδω and ζοός.

308 Line 2. The allusion is to the exchange of gifts between Glaucus and Diomed. Line 4. The letter Υ as invented by Pythagoras was called the Samian. Bentley says that this letter, opposite to which was the image of Bacchus, was put up in schools to indicate to the pupils by its two arms pointing different ways, that their future lives must follow one of two paths, viz., of virtue or of vice. Line 6. The boys made offerings of their locks to Bacchus who was himself called the beautiful-haired.

309 Agoranax, a comic poet, upon his victory, consecrates the statue of Pamphilus.

310 See Part v., Ep. 599.

312 From this to No. 318 inclusive, and 321, the specimens are, in the Greek, of that kind of verse called *αναστρεφοντα*, or such as, without detriment to the rhythm or sense, can be read backwards as well as forwards. They are mere metrical curiosities, and seldom have any other merit. This peculiarity cannot be retained in translation.

319 This, No. 320 and Nos. 322 to 326 are, in Greek, of that kind of verse called *'ισόψηφα*, in which the letters of every word represent numerically the same sum.

325 Brunck, on the second line of the Greek (See also second line of 319 in the original), says that this means the art of writing verses so that the letters in each, taken as numbers, may make up the same sum.

328 This fact, as regards the skill in shooting, and the peril to the child, anticipates the story of William Tell.

329 Line 3. I have followed Jacobs in preferring *δέπα* to *λίτα*.

330 On the act of sneezing applied to a lamp, Jacobs quotes Ovid Epist. xix.:

> "Sternuit et lumen, posito nam scribimus illo,
> Sternuit, et nobis prospera signa dedit."

331 To give the whole of the Greek I have been compelled to wind up with a triplet.

332 The Macedonian cup called *καυσίη* was composed of hides, and served alike as a defence from cold and rain, and as a helmet in battle.

333 In the 5th line some read *μαλος*, white.

334 On a statue of Æsculapius by Eëtion, which was set up at Miletus by Nicias, a physician.

336 The name in some editions of Theocritus is Damoteles.

337 There were two Venuses, one called *Οὐρανία*, the other known as *Πάνδημος* or popular.

338 In Herodotus iv. 88 the name is Mandrocles.

340 The Greek is very obscure, and the translation, probably, no less doubtful. Line 3. Read with Herodotus V. 77 *'αχλυοέντι*.

342 This may be regarded as a companion picture to No. 254 of Antiphilus.

345 This cannot be considered "Votive."

348 Archinus offers a beechen club to Hercules.

349 The picture or statue was placed in a temple of Prometheus.

350 *Αὐτομέλιννα* is clearly *Αυτα μέλιννα*. In line 3 the mother alone is mentioned in the Greek.

351 Neither in this nor in the previous epigram is there anything to show to whom the picture is offered, nor can they, indeed, with certainty, be classed as Dedicatory.

353 Clio, a temple-keeper of Diana, dedicates the images of her daughters with prayers for their welfare. To this heading Jacobs adds, that we have here an instance of a married priestess of Diana as elsewhere (Part vi. 705) we have of one of Ceres. But I incline to Reiske's belief that, in this instance, the girls themselves, and not merely their images, were presented.

383 Line 9. For *ἀμύμονες* I read *ἀμείνονες*. I have added the last line to complete the apparent sense of the piece which I suppose to be Votive.

385 This seems to satirise those poets who after a magniloquent exordium, and the invocation of sundry Gods, end by recording some paltry thing.

DESCRIPTIVE.

1

—B. VII.—193 This trembling grasshopper, beneath the leaves of Bacchus' vine,
In passing a well-wooded copse I caught, and keep as mine,
A petted prisoner within its tiny house uphung,
With cheery chaunt regaling me, albeit mute its tongue. Simmias.

2

195 Meleager.
Cricket! who wilest my regret, and soothest me to rest,
Cricket! who art the rural Muse with wings sonorous drest;
Natural model of the lyre, come, chirrup something sweet,
As strike upon those vocal wings thine ever active feet:
O weave with thread-like voice thy strain which causes love to flee,
So, Cricket! thou from troubles dark and sleepless care wilt free,
And I to thee for morning-gifts will leeks aye-verdant bring,
Whereto, thy tiny mouth to match, the parted dewdrops cling.

3

196 Chirping Cicada! drunk with drops of dew, Do.
Muse of the fields, the desert prattling thro',
With jagged feet, on petals perch'd aloft,
Striking from dusky body music soft,
Come, pleasant Friend! to Pan responsive sing,
And to the Wood Nymphs some new carol bring,
That, fleeing love, I noon-tide rest may find,
Here underneath a shady plane reclin'd.

*4

200 Nicias.

No longer ranging at mine ease the level leafy bough,
With music from my restless wings shall I delight me now:
A prowling boy with practis'd hand has got me in his pow'r,
Seated without a care or fear within my greenwood bow'r.

5

375 While 'neath an earthquake, our main-dwelling fell, Antiphilus.
'Mid toppling walls my marriage-room stood well,
The secret scene of child-bed pangs severe,
For with earth's shock there came another fear:
My midwife Nature's self, all soon was done,
And both of us beheld earth's common sun.

*6

379 *A* Why this great mound, Dicæarchiá! say, Do.
Sea-built, and breasting the mid-ocean spray?
Sure! Cyclop hands have founded in the wave
These walls. How far will Earth our Ocean brave?
B The world's war-fleet I hold. Lo! Rome hard by,
A harbour, measure of her might, am I.

7

409 Antipater T.

Praise of untir'd Antimachus the vig'rous verse and bold,
Well worthy of the eyebrow stern of Demi-Gods of old,
Wrought on Pierian anvil, with the Muses' fervor hot,
If thou indeed, by fortune's grace, a faithful ear hast got,
If thou a voice admirest where all laughter aye is mute,
Or if thou seekest a new road untrod by other foot.
Tho' Homer hold the crown of song—as Jove superior stands
To Neptune, yet is Neptune next of the Immortal bands—
So, after Homer, ranks the son of Colophon indeed,
While of all other minstrels he takes easily the lead.

8

410 I Thespis am, dramatic song who fram'd, Dioscorides.
And new delights to village folk proclaim'd,
When Bacchus brought the triple choir, whose prize,
A goat, or crate of Attic figs, supplies.
New heads new changes make, many and fine
The marvels in Time's womb—but these were mine!

9

411 Thespis was its inventor. What he spoke, Dioscorides.
In wildwood revel and in rustic joke,
Did Æschylus exalt. Not smooth, nor fine.
But, like a winter torrent, his strong line
Renew'd the theatre. O matchless tongue!
From ancient Demi-Gods which doubtless sprung.

*10

626 Of Libya ye Nasamonian tracks!
Troops of wild beasts no longer prowl your backs;
The lion's roar ye now may slight at ease,
E'en where sands stretch beyond the Nomades:
Heads without number in foot-fetters caught
For one day's spectacle has Cæsar brought
Against men, arm'd with spear and shield, to fight:
And former lairs, upon each mountain height,
Of wild beasts, who the country rang'd, are now
Spots where men cattle feed and drive the plough.

*11

748 What one-eyed Cyclops all of stone built this Antipater S.
Mound for Assyrian Semiramis?
What Giants, sons of Earth, pil'd up on high
These, near the sev'n-orb'd Pleiades which lie,
Masses of soil of wide-extended weight,
Upright, immovable, which Athos mate?
A race aye-blest for Heracleia made
These walls, whose summits Heav'n's own blue invade.

12

B. ix. Ep. 1. A doe's full nursing udder, who her young Polyænus.
Had lately cast, a baneful adder stung:
Flew to the poison'd teat her frolic fawn:
From the death-wound the bitter milk was drawn;
So chang'd they fates, and, by a cruel doom,
The teat destroy'd the pleasure of the womb.

*13

2 A deadly viper with its venom stung Tiberius.
A doe's milk-heavy teats, who late had young:
Her fawn suck'd out the milk with poison rife,
And lost its own tho' sav'd its mother's life.

14

A walnut by the wayside, where, in sport Antipater: Plato.
To try their skill, stone-throwing boys resort,
With broken twigs and rifled boughs, I stand,
Frequently pelted by the passer's hand.
That trees it profits not to bear fruit well,
I, for my harm, who fruit have borne, can tell!

15

I erst in thickets bastard fruit who bare, Cyllenius.
A desert stump of wild and barren pear,
Now flourish, grafted with a foreign shoot,
Our joint boughs yielding fair and pleasant fruit:
Much thanks, O Gard'ner! for thy pains; by thee,
I, a wild pear, am rank'd a goodly tree!

16

Pear! pleasant labour of my hands, whose sprout Palladas.
I bound in summer the moist bark about;
Whose branch then taking in the tree a root
Has, by that blest incision, chang'd its fruit:
Above sweet-smelling and well-bearing now,
Below, as erst, a wild pear still art thou.

17

A wilding I, whom skill and care Do.
Grafted with a myrrh-breathing pear;
A sweet shoot on a sterile tree,
Thine is the praise if fruit there be.

18

Stretch'd on a sea-side rock, the sun to greet, Antipater T.
A polypus once threw its many feet:
Unlike the rock in colour, from the sky
An eagle saw it, seiz'd, and bore on high;
Clasp'd in their folds into the sea he fell,
And lost, alas! his prey and life as well.

19

One crippled in his feet, one wanting eyes, Philip: Isidorus.
Each to the other lends what Fate denies.

The blind man takes the lame one as a load,
Walking the safe path which his fellow show'd;
Thus what the other lack'd, each pitying each,
A bold and bitter need to share did teach.

20

12 A poor blind wand'rer bore one halt of limb, Leonidas.
The lame man's eyes in turn directing him;
Thus the two halves one perfect nature made,
Where either fail'd, the other came in aid.

*21

13 A blind man carrying on his back a lame, Plato.
Lent feet and borrow'd eyes together came:
Both wand'rers, both deficient, one in eye
And one in gait, each other's want supply:
The blind man his lame burden shoulder'd takes,
And by strange eyes their path securely makes,
One nature both sufficing, since they brought,
Into joint service, each what other sought.

22

14 Phædon in shallows of a sandy bay Antiphilus.
Beheld a polyp work his silent way:
Seizing it quick he threw it on the land,
Ere its eight claws could, twining, clasp his hand;
Fall'n in a bush—a timid hare's soft seat—
It bound, in its close folds, the quick one's feet.
Catching yet caught: and thou, Old Man! didst win,
Unhop'd, a prize both land and water in. [88.]

23

17 Once from the height a hare fell in the sea, Germanicus.
Eager the sharp tooth of a hound to flee,
But even there escap'd it not sad death,
A sea-dog straightway seiz'd, and stopt its breath:
So fell, from fire to flames, whom ill fate bore
The food of dogs to be on sea and shore.

24

18 One after other, dogs—why stare?—took me, Do.
Hated alike by beasts on shore and sea:

The air is left us, Hares! our sole safe path—
And yet I fear—Heav'n too its dogstar hath!

25

19 The racer Eagle—more than all steeds who Archias.
Formerly shone, altho', storm-swift, they flew,
Who erst rich trappings on his lithe limbs bound,
Whom, prize of Phœbus, solemn Pytho crown'd,
(When like a bird he started swift of wing)
And Nemea, nurse of lions, in its ring,
And Pisa, and the Isthmus, whose tall brow
Looks down on double seas—is fetter'd now,
On his old neck a clog, as 't were a rein,
Grinding between hard stones the golden grain,
His fate, like Hercules, so much who brav'd
And bore so long, at last to be enslav'd!

*26

20 I, at Alphéus, victor of the course,
I, the twice-crown'd by Castaly's bright source,
I, fam'd at Nemea, and at Isthmus first,
Who to the winged winds ran equal erst,
Now, in old age, the circling stone turn round,
By av'rice urg'd, by insolence uncrown'd.

21 27

Colt-breeding Thessaly! my home, I, Pegasus, to thee
The blame attribute that I here an end unworthy see,
I, who at Pytho revell'd, and at Isthmus was renown'd
And Nemea too, whom Arcady with its best laurel crown'd,
Now drag of this Nisurian stone the circling weight about,
And, from the sheaves of Deo, tread the golden harvest out.

28

22 Diana's favour to obtain, Philip.
Some pious servants of her fane
Once, as a sacrifice, had plac'd
A heifer heavy in the waist;
But, luckily, the threaten'd fate
Her labour-pains anticipate,
And, where her fellow herd was pent,
Dismiss'd to bear her young, she went,

For the pure Goddess who presides
O'er pains maternal so decides:
Whom she had learnt to pity still,
When pregnant, it were wrong to kill.

29

23 Archippus, aged ploughman, ere disease — Antipater.
His hard life ended, to his sons spake these,
As Hades open'd, "My dear children! be
Content the soil with spade and plough to turn;
The groaning labour of the dang'rous sea,
The heavy toil of ruinous sailing spurn.
Dearer than stepmothers as mothers are,
Firm land surpasses foamwhite ocean far."

30

24 The fiery sun, rolling his chariot wheels, — Leonidas T.
The stars, and fair moon's sacred rim conceals:
So Homer quench'd in nothingness and night
A crowd of bards by his more brilliant light. [462.]

31

25 This the well-skill'd Aratus wrote, — Do.
With subtle care and constant thought
Who trac'd each everlasting star,
Whether they fix'd, or planets are,
Wherewith, while rolling in its round,
Th' expanse of heav'n is brightly bound;
Who, lab'ring, has a great work done,
By him be highest honour won:
Second to Zeus he can but be
Who better gave the stars to see.

*32

26 Of Women, in their hymns who spake as Gods, — Antipater T.
Whom Helicon, and, Macedon hard by,
Fam'd Pierus have nurtur'd, these are they:
Praxilla—Mæro—Anyte's fire-mouth,
The female Homer she—Sappho, the pride
Of Lesbian damsels with their lovely locks—
Erinna—Telesilla the renown'd—
And thou, Corinna! whose ambitious verse

Of bright Athene sang the martial shield—
Nossis sweet-voic'd, and tuneful Myrtis too,
All poets of the never-dying song.
Great Heav'n has Muses nine, nine too the Earth,
To man a deathless source of pure delight.

27 33 Archias: Parmenio.

A With kindly speech pass noisy Echo near—
B And yet not noisy, only when I hear
I make a due reply.
The word you speak I but return to you;
If you are silent I am silent too;
What juster tongue than I?

*34

28 Tho' I, Mycenæ, here in silent dust Pompey: Marcus.
Lie low, in lone obscurity now thrust,
Yet who has look'd upon the far-fam'd town
Of Ilus, whose proud walls I trampled down,
And Priam's every dwelling empty made,
Well knows the strength which then my youth display'd..
Age has brought scorn yet bars not my just pride,
Since Homer's self is witness on my side.

29 35 Antiphilus.

Boldness! first leader thou of ships, who, o'er the boundless main
Hast found a path, and minds of men hast fill'd with hopes of gain:
What treach'rous timber hast thou fram'd since first thy work began!
What love of gold, annull'd by death, hast thou infus'd in man!
This iron age of restless man had truly golden been,
If from the land, as Hades is, the sea were distant seen.

36

30 A pine I was, earth-smitten by the breeze, Zelotes: Bassus.
Wreck'd ere I sail'd, why send me on the seas?

37

31 O Shipwrights! why upon the sea
a pine-tree do ye trust,
Uprooted from the mountain side
by a strong southern gust?

I shall not be a lucky ship
on ocean, I, a tree
Hated by storms, who knew ashore
the tempests of the sea.

38

32 A ship new-built upon the roaring beach,
Mine yet was never the blue wave to reach.
But Ocean stay'd not. From the solid shore
A flood-tide in wild flow and long storm tore
The helpless merchantman, on whom alike
By land and sea, the tempests fatal strike.

39

33 Cyllenius.
Not yet a ship, I was destroy'd : what worse could I endure,
Had I known ocean ? to all barks its waves are ruin sure!

40

34 Long battling with the boundless Ocean's roar, Antiphilus.
Wave upon wave, but lately moor'd ashore,
Not ship-fear'd seas destroy'd me but earth-flames—
Who then the sea as less trustworthy blames ?
I perish, whence I sprung, on this home strand,
For my lost sea-hopes blaming the false land.

41

35 Scarce fram'd, when my light keel near Ocean tore, Do.
Against me fiercely raging e'en on shore.

42

36 I who my path o'er boundless ocean cleav'd, Secundus.
And lightly on its gleamy billows heav'd,
Whom nor black Eurus, nor the wintry blast
Of the wild-swelling South on rocks e'er cast,
A wreck by fire this faithless shore now blame,
And vainly water from the salt sea claim.

*43

37 *A* In silence draw. T. Flaccus.
B On what account ?
A Then draw no longer.
B Why so, Fount ?

A Because I here by happy lot
Of Quiet the sweet drink have got.
B Fountain! with feelings so unkind—
A Taste, and the truth still worse you'll find.
B O disagreeable harsh spring!
A You 're rightly punish'd noisy thing!

*44

38 Draw, Stranger! from this fount, if man you be:
Drink not, if soft by nature, and blame me;
For I, a manly drink, please men alone,
The soft of spirit are as water known.

45

40 Not only in the clash of battle strife Zosimus.
Sav'd I of bold Anaximen the life,
But e'en from ocean, in its swell when sank
His broken ship, he swam upon my plank;
Thus hope to him at sea, on land, I gave,
From double death defending still my brave.

46

41 I, erst a shield, 'gainst hostile darts who gave Theon.
Mine aid, in horrid battle's bloody wave,
Did not, altho' the sea with rude shock burst,
And deadly wreck the drowning sailors curst,
Neglect my double duty, but ashore
My lov'd and honourable freight safe bore.

*47

42 Myrtilus with one shield two dangers past; Leonidas A.
Once fighting bravely, once when the fierce blast
Had sunk his ship, it, floating, serv'd to save:
—Therefore he keeps it tried in war and wave. [102.]

48

43 A cloak's slight shelter is enough for me. Parmenio.
While on the pure flow'rs of kind Muses fed,
At luxury's board a slave I will not be.
Dull wealth I hate, of whom is flatt'ry bred,
Nor will I, of a frugal feast who know
The freedom, stand the brow of pride below.

*49

44 A man, once finding money, left a rope: S. Flaccus.
He who the gold had hidden, lost all hope,
Missing what he had left, his neck around
Tied the thief's rope, which there instead he found.

50

45 One found, and one lost gold: he kept who found, Plato.
Who lost, his body to a death-rope bound.

*51

46 Blind, barren, to see light, a child to kiss, Antipater.
A pious wife implor'd the double bliss:
Unhop'd, and easily a son was born,
And seen at once the sweet light of new morn:
Artemis heard both pray'rs, and smooth'd her bed,
And on her eyes days' welcome lustre shed.

52

47 From mine own teats I feed this wolf, perforce;
For so a goatherd's follies me compel;
Since kindness cannot alter Nature's course,
When grown, against me he will sure rebel!

*53

52 One from the shore who fish'd with line and hook, Carphyllides.
The bald head of a shipwreckt stranger took:
Pitying the trunkless dead, his kindness gave,
Tho' dug with spadeless hand, a decent grave,
And digging found—O may the just still reap
Such prize of piety—a golden heap!

53 54 Nicomedes: Bassus.
Hippocrates was life to man, by rare skill so on earth
Saving the nations that in Hell of dead he caus'd a dearth.

*55

56 A boy his death in Thracian Hebrus found, Philip.
When the black waters a brief frost had bound:
As from the pliant ice his footstep slipt,
His tender neck the circling edges clipt:
The head alone for rites funereal left,
All else was borne away, of burial reft.

Unhappy she! the labour of whose womb
Water and fire thus sever'd in the tomb:
He too unhappy! equally who seem'd
A part of both is now of neither deem'd.

56

57 Pandion's hapless daughter! why all day — Pamphilus.
Warble sweet notes in melancholy lay?
Is it regret for thy lost virgin flow'r,
Which Thracian Tereus spoil'd by tyrant pow'r? [69.]

57

58 I 've seen the hanging gardens, and the walls — Antipater.
Where chariots ran, of ancient Babylon,
Seen Phidian Jupiter where Alpheus falls,
At Rhodes the fam'd Colossus of the Sun,
The labour of the lofty Pyramid,
And the vast marble which Mausolus hid:
But, when Diana's temple on me beam'd,
Piercing the clouds, all these as nothing seem'd:
The Sun has never seen, where'er he roll'd,
Its like or equal, save Olympus old.

58

59 Four Vict'ries on whose winged shoulders wide — Do.
An equal number of Immortals ride,
Lo! Aphrodite fair, and, wise in wars,
Athene, and Alcides, and bold Mars,
Adorn thy painted roof: ere these on high,
Guard of thy native Rome, O Caius! fly,
May the Ox-eater make thee unsubdued,
Cypris well-wiv'd, Mars bold, and Pallas shrewd.

59

60 A sea-rock tow'r, whose lights a port proclaim, — Diodorus.
Pharos is of the isle and me the name.

60

61 A Spartan mother, seeing from afar
Her son, without his shield, return from war,
And to his native soil with rapid feet
Press, as for safety, him rush'd forth to meet,

And, thrusting with a spear his bosom, said
In manly indignation o'er him dead,
"False to thy country and thy sire in one,
To Hades down, nor mine, nor Spartan's son!" [329.]

61

62 O Strangers! me, in whom arm'd nations met, Evenus.
Who erst for well-tow'r'd walls had such renown,
Me, sacred Ilium, Time has trampled down.
My brazen gates in Homer menace yet,
Never to earth by Greek force to be flung,
Living immortal in her matchless tongue.

62

63 Asclepiades.
I Lyde am, in name and race, and more respect I claim,
From Codrus to Antimachus, than e'er to woman came.
What man who has not read of me? who has not Lyde sung?
The Muses and Antimachus—from both my music sprung.

63

64 The very Muses saw thee, Hesiod! tend Do: Archias.
Thy sheep at noonday where old hills ascend:
All with their hands the holy laurel bough,
Bright-flow'ring, pluck'd, and plac'd upon thy brow,
And, where the winged steed erst struck his heel,
Did Helicon's inspiring fount reveal:
Pleas'd wherewithal, thy songs sublime the race
Of Gods and Demi-Gods, and tillage trace.

*64

65 As stars to Heav'n, Athens to Greece, as people to a town,
So, with its many trees, is Spring, earth's ornament and crown.

65

66 Mnemosyne with wonder strong Antipater S.
Was seiz'd at Sappho's honey-voice:
"Our past belief has sure been wrong,
Men in a tenth Muse now rejoice!"

*66

67 Thinking her love had set for him in gloom,
A boy with flow'rs his step-dame's pillar drest:

It fell, and kill'd him, leaning o'er her tomb :
— E'en at a stepdame's grave beware to rest !

67

68 Stepmothers aye are curses ! e'en in love—
This Phædra and Hippolytus well prove.

68

69 Fierce ever is a stepdame's wrath, and unrelenting, e'en Parmenio.
Tho' loving. Chaste Hippolytus sad truth of this has been !

*69

70 *A* O why, the lawless bed of Tereus known, Mnasalcas.
Pandion's daughter ! with that plaintive tone
Moan'st thou the livelong day our mansion thro' ?
B Cease, Swallow ! coming tears await thee too. [370, 371.]

*70

71 O wide-spread Oak ! whose pendent branches yield Antiphilus.
Against the sultry noon a guardian shield,
Whose many leaves a closer cov'ring give,
Than city roofs, where doves and crickets live,
Me too defend, who, here reclining, shun
'Neath thy tall shade the fierce rays of the sun.

71

72 Hermes is kind, O Shepherds ! pleas'd to see Antipater.
Libations, milk, and honey from the tree :
But Hercules, not so, demands a ram,
Or, all his own, in sacrifice, a lamb.
He keeps off wolves, but much the same my cost,
By wolf, or watchman, if my flock be lost.

*72

73 Much-rolling Ocean of Eubœa's bay ! Antiphilus.
'Gainst thine own stream whose wind-lasht waters sway,
Tho' thrice each day and night in order set,
False are thy floods to venturous vessels yet.
Wonder of life ! a thousand times and more
I look upon thy depths, nor dare explore
How Nature prompts their silent flow and fall,
Far-stretching, fathomless, mysterious all !

*73

75 Tho' you may eat me to the root, Evenus.
O He-Goat! I shall still bear fruit
Enough to pour upon that head
When to the sacrifice you're led. [93.]

*74

76 Of two set snares one held a sleek thrush well; Antipater.
In one of horse-hair a sweet black-bird fell.
Loose from that woven necklace, never more
Shall the plump thrush in morning's brightness soar;
But soon the holy bird's at freedom set—
Mercy for minstrels has the fowler's net! [290.]

*75

77 Hera once said, when Ganymed's rare charms Antipater T.
Stung all her soul with jealousy's alarms,
"A flame for Zeus, Troy has produc'd a boy,
And therefore will I send a flame on Troy,
Paris the source of evil: not as erst
On Ilium's sons shall now an eagle burst,
But Greeks, as vultures on a feast who break,
Shall spoil their labours and their treasures take."

76

78 O Trav'ller! blame the pear tree not, Leonidas T.
As if no harvest hence was got;
Tho' ever flourishing I seem,
With fruit tho' all my branches teem,
Whate'er are ripe, upon my boughs
Theft to continue disallows:
Only what are unripe you see
Remain upon their mother tree.

77

79 My fruit when ripe I willing yield to all— Do.
Wherefore with sticks and stones upon me fall?
Be wise then, nor Lycurgus' fate forget,
For Bacchus on his foes will venge him yet.

78

81 Say not, when earth has heap'd man's head Crinagoras.
That death 's the limit of life's chain,

As to the living, to the dead
Other calamities remain.
The fate of Coan Nicias see ;
Laid in the grave already, he
May sure sleep safely ? No ! they force
Back, 'neath the sun, the tyrant's corse :
His countrymen, the very tombstone rent,
Drag the unhappy dead to punishment.

79

82 Not e'en at anchor trust the fatal sea, Antipater T.
Sailor ! although ashore thy moorings be.
Ion fell overboard in port, his hands,
For diving quick, wine-shackled as with bands.
Dance not, nor drink in ships. The sea is foe
To Bacchus. The Tyrrhenians prov'd it so !

80

83 Dolphins—fisheating dogs of Ocean—play'd Philip.
Around a ship her swift course as she made,
When, deeming them wild beasts, a keen boar-hound
Leapt in the sea from deck with sudden bound,
And died in that strange hunting—a sea-race
Is not for a shore-dog an easy chace !

81

84 Borne by wild waves, a shepherd 'neath a cliff Antiphanes
Beheld the stray hull of a sea-tost skiff ;
He seiz'd, to save it, but—such hate it kept
For all—was with it in the salt surge swept.
The shepherd had the sailor's fate : one boat
To port and plain like desolation brought.

*82

85 Seas whelm'd my ship : but Fortune at my side, Philip.
A dearer vessel, ere I sank, supplied ;
For seeing my sire's body near me swim,
I clasp'd—a natural load—sole rower, him ;
Shoreward he bore me safe, and so twice gave
Life, when a babe, and now on that wild wave.

83

86 A gluttonous and all devouring mouse, Antiphilus.
With silent feet who crept about the house,

Seeing an oyster, its mouth open'd fresh,
Of the moist beard he nibbled the strange flesh,
When instantly the oyster-shell again
Clos'd with a clang : the mouse in mortal pain,
Prison'd in that inevitable tomb
Drew on itself a suicidal doom.

84

87 No more, O blackbird ! in the oak sing thou Argentarius.
Sweet notes, reposing on the highest bough :
This tree 's thine enemy : but thither haste,
Where, by its dark green shade, the vine is trac'd,
Fix on its branch thy foot, and thus at ease
Pour forth from thy shrill mouth safe melodies ;
Fatal to birds, lime oft to oaks will cling,
Vines have but grapes, and Bacchus loves who sing !

*85

88 Blaming the North—for winds of Thrace to me Philip.
Are hostile—I flew over the salt sea,
When, from the deep, his back, my music heard,
A dolphin show'd, and bore night's tuneful bird :
By his sure pilotage, where'er he floats,
I cheer his oarless toil with sweetest notes ;
The hireless dolphin is the Muses' ship,
Nor fram'd Arion's story by false lip.

86

89 To keep aloof fell hunger, Nico, bent Do.
With age, to glean the fallen corn-ears went.
Heat kill'd her there : from stalks of wheat just reap'd
O'er her a pyre her fellow-gleaners heap'd.
Take it not ill, Demeter ! of earth's mould
Sure ! fruits of earth may best the relics hold.

*87

90 O Horse-God ! who hast pow'r swift vessels o'er, Alpheius.
And the great rock which guards Eubœa's shore,
Grant, that, from Syria now our cables freed,
Fair course and fleet to Rome thy suppliants lead !

88

94 Tynnichus, torpor fearing on his hand, Isidorus.
Threw a sea-polyp he had caught on land ;

Falling, it fix'd upon a sleeping hare,
Escap'd, alas ! in vain, from fleet dogs there ;
Caught, it caught too—the hare instead his dish,
Tynnichus threw in ocean the live fish. [194.]

89

95 The nursing hen, 'neath winter's heavy snows, Alpheius.
Her downy wings around her young ones throws,
Till 'neath the pitiless storm and frosty skies,
Struggling, at length in vain, love's victim dies.
Procne ! Medea ! human mothers Ye !
Blush that by birds your duty taught should be.

90

96 Antigenes, with one foot in his grave Antipater.
Last counsel this to his sole daughter gave :
" Fair art thou, Girl ! the staff and wheel retain,
Sufficient wealth for thy poor life and plain :
Wed, like thy mother, be sweet, gentle, pure,
Best dow'r a husband's true love to secure."

91

97 Still do we hear Andromache lament, Alpheius.
Still Troy behold in fearful ruin rent,
The strife of Ajax hear, see Hector bound
And dragg'd by steeds the city ramparts round,
In Homer's verse, the bard whom not alone
Greece honour'd, but all climes and ages own.

*92

98 Each Œdipus—Electra charg'd with wrath— S. Flaccus.
The sun at Atreus' meal turn'd from his path—
And of much-suffring Kings thine other lays,
Worthy the choral dance of Bacchus, raise
Thee, Sophocles ! our Drama's King to be,
The very mouths of Heroes spoke by thee.

93

99 As thro' a vineyard light he skipt, Lonidas T.
A truant goat, well-bearded, stript
The tender branches, nibbling round :
To whom a voice as from the ground

Thus spake, "Our branches fruit that bear,
Rend, wicked one! at will, and tear,
For, still secure, the root will send
Sweet nectar, spite thee, to the end,
Enough, between thy horns, to shed
When to the sacrifice thou 'rt led."

100 *94 Alpheius.

Thou who a holy nurse wert in Latona's labour-pain,
Whom Saturn's son a calm port fix'd in the Ægean main,
I will not of Antipater the language use or line
In calling thee unfortunate—twin Deities are thine!
I deem thee blest, whom Phœbus chose his place of birth to be,
And Dian, after Heav'n, her own no country calls but thee.

95

101 Few countries now of Heroes are in sight: Do.
And others with the plain are level quite,
So sad, and more than any sheep-walk lone,
In passing, have I thee, Mycenæ! known,
A thing to point at, while some old herd cries,
"Here the rich city of the Cyclops lies."

*96

102 Acropolis of air-borne Perseus erst, Antonius A.
To Ilus' sons a baneful star I nurst,
A dwelling now for desert goat-flocks made,
In expiation late to Priam's shade.

103 97 M. Munatius.

I, once a city of much gold, whose ramparts high of eld
The race, of heav'nly lineage sprung, of the Atridæ held,
I, who destroy'd the God-built Troy, once fam'd Mycenæ, I
Of Demi-God Hellenians the chosen palace, lie
A pasture-place for sheep and kine, deserted and o'erthrown,
Preserving of my former pride the bootless name alone:
Truly of Nemesis the care has favour'd Ilium been,
Thou wast, and art, a city while no longer I am seen!

98

104 O Argos old! O Homer's song! Alpheius.
O sacred soil of Greece!

Golden Acropolis! where erst
rul'd Perseüs in peace
The glory of those Heroes you
for ever have put down,
Who to the very earth once tore
of Troy the God-built crown.
This city stronger is than all;
amid the ruins low
You but the herds which widely graze
of bellowing cattle show.

99

Why build a ship of me, a storm-struck pine?
Neath wrecking winds ashore to sink was mine! [117.]

100

A fire on land, where winds the pine-torch fed, Leonidas T.
Burn'd me, a ship who o'er vast seas had sped.
Long time the seas preserv'd me from the shore,
But Mother Earth than sea was faithless more.

101

Little they call me: voyage swift and brave Do.
Not mine to make, as stout ships breast the wave.
And I deny it not. A skiff *is* small,
But ships at sea are on a level all;
In helm and masts nor safety is, nor strength,
The diff'rence is the vessel's luck, not length.
Fair winds may waft or fierce waves whelm the ship—
I to the Gods commend mine ev'ry trip.

*102

I know not whether I shall call you shield, Diocles J.
With whom, true friend, in many a stricken field
I met the foe, or a small boat, which bore
Me safely from my sinking ship ashore:
Armour alike to save in storms and wars,
From Neptune's billows and the bolts of Mars.

103

Bugs the long night fed full on my fair skin; Parmenio.
At morn their blood my smart hands revell'd in.

104

114 As o'er a high wall's edge a dear child leant— Parmenio.
The Fates for infants nought of fear present—
The mother with bare breast his thoughts beguil'd,
Her milk with life thus blessing twice the child. [298.]

105

115 Crimson'd with Hector's blood, Laertes' son
Achilles' shield, by Greek injustice, won :
But Ocean snatch'd it from his wreck, and bore
Near Ajax' tomb, not Ithaca, ashore ;
So of the Greeks was shewn the judgment bad,
And Salamis the destin'd honour had.

106

116 More than Athene Neptune has been just,
His waves hurl'd back the shield upon the shore,
As if thy tomb alone deserv'd the trust—
Take, Telamon ! the arms Achilles bore.

*107

117 Proud, o'er the tomb, when, hon'ring his sire's shade, S. Flaccus.
Pyrrhus Polyxena's sad nuptials made,
Thus, of her weeping head the white locks torn,
Did Hecuba her children's murder mourn :
" Erst at thy wheels was Hector dragg'd, when dead,
Now of Polyxena the blood is shed :
Why torture thus my womb, Æacides !
Can nought save death thy wrath on mine appease ?"

*108

121 The plant, for which long strife has been
Sparta and Salamis between,
I prize not either, but, by this low grave,
Weep of our youth the first and foremost brave !

122 109 Evenus.
O Atttic maiden ! honey-fed, a chirping tettix who
Chirping hast seiz'd, and bear'st the feast thy callow nestlings to,
Should prattler treat the prattling so, the wing'd the rich of wings,
The bird the fly, both strangers, whom together summer brings ?
Wilt thou not let it quickly go ? Sure ! 't is not right at all
Nor just that fellow songster should by fellow songster fall !

*110

123 An old ewe-goat—tho' first the pain was bad—
Her sight, by going to a wild pear, had,
And with blind pupil was no longer seen :
Forcing her way, a bough with prickles keen
Couch'd one of her two eyes ; and so than Art
A poor shrub play'd a more effectual part.

*111

124 Where had silly Phœbus gone
When with Daphne Mars was one ?

112

125 The bold Celts of the jealous Rhine inquire
About their babes : none deems himself its sire
Till in the holy stream the birth is dipt.
When from the mother's womb its load has slipt,
At the first cry, he, on his shield, receives
The new-born child, and there, untended, leaves.
Not his a father's feeling, till 't is tried
By washings of the marriage-proving tide.
The mother, tho' she knew herself indeed
The child's true parent, from her travail freed,
Pain upon pain yet feels, and trembling waits
The issue which the water-test relates.

*113

126 Where point thy sword, 'gainst womb or bosom, first,
The womb which bore thee, or the breast which nurst ?

*114

128
The dragon crawl'd, and water drank ; eftsoons the fountains ceas'd,
The river too as dust became, yet thirsty still the beast.

*115

129 Part crawl'd, a part to follow did prepare, Nestor.
And yet a part lagg'd listless in its lair.
Under a river then it plac'd its chin,
Sore-struck with thirst ; flow'd all Cephisus in.
As the stream down its gurgling gullet went
The Nymphs did lost Cephisus much lament.

*116

I am Athene's olive, why,
Branches of Bacchus! squeeze me so!
Keep off your ripe full clusters, I,
A virgin, hate their purple flow.

117

A full-grown pine upon a hill's far crest
Me from my roots uptore the wet South-West.
Then was I made a ship, to fight again
With winds—for nought Man's boldness can restrain.

*118

Would that where elm or rock their shadow lend, Cyrus.
My sire had rear'd me fleecy sheep to tend,
Then might I soothe on tuneful reeds my woe.
Fly we, O Muses! the full town, and go
To other lands. For here, to all I say,
Destructive drones have driv'n true bees away.

*119

S Dead my one half, the other famine smote,
O King! save me, in music a half-note.
A Thou wrongest Phäeton and Pluto both,
Still looking upon that, to this still loth.

*120 Claudianus.

She to the castanetted choir gives forth the Evoë cry,
With flash and clatter brandishing her double cymbals high:
Her hair, already to the grave welnigh, and strew'd with white,
She darkens with a leaden comb, or, vainly, veils from sight:
False is the flush upon her face, for vanity may claim
Those meretricious tints her own, and not a sense of shame.
A bastard beauty lightens o'er her painted plumper'd cheeks,
And lust, yet kindling her old eyes, well Venus' vot'ry speaks.

*121

A brass-legg'd chair, the Muses' porch before, Do.
Upon his back a servant, standing, bore;
Of me, poor poet, since he took no heed,
I seiz'd it—thereto prompted by my need.

122

Two sick, one mad, and one lethargic, lay
Together in a tent: each drove away

The other's ill. The madman leapt on him
Who feeling lack'd, and beat him limb by limb.
The blows cur'd both : this waken'd into sense,
O'er that his great toil threw a sleep intense.

123

143 Small is my home, yet dear, whence, dark waves o'er, Antipater.
I look, sole Mistress of the sea-beat shore ;
For I rejoice in Ocean's dreaded rage,
And my best cares poor mariners engage.
Propitiate Cypris ; I your friend will be,
Alike in love as on the stormy sea.

124

144 This is the spot to Cypris dear, Anyté.
Ever on Ocean's shining breast
She lov'd to look, vouchsafing here
To the worn sailor happy rest.
Here the hush'd sea flows calm and still,
For her fair marble crowns the hill.

*125

145 Wise old Diogenes, the Cynic styl'd,
To Hades come, met Crœsus there, and smil'd ;
Near him much gold from Lydia's stream who drew,
The hoary sage his thin small mantle threw ;
" Which now is greater, richer ? I have brought
All I had with me, you bring, Crœsus ! nought."

*126

147 Go to Demeter's shrine, fond Pilgrims ! go Antagoras.
Nor fear the river in its wintry flow,
So safe a bridge has Lindian Xenocles
Thrown o'er its waters wide your path to ease.

127

148 O Heraclítus ! weep, tho' thine be o'er,
At life now made more piteous than before :
And, O Democritus ! laugh thou, at life
More than aught else with ridicule now rife.
For me, between you both, I strive to keep
The mean, with this to laugh, with that to weep.

*128

149 True! Aristides little wealth possest, Antipater.
Yet in one cow and sheep, his all, was blest;
But Envy spar'd him not. The self-same morn,
When a wild beast his sheep, piece-meal, had torn,
Difficult labour-pains destroy'd the cow.
Disgusted with his hovel, silent now
Of low or bleating, with the string which slung
His wallet, from this pear himself he hung.

129

150 One heifer, and a sheep with woollike hair, Do.
Of worldly wealth was Aristides' share:
By these he kept off hunger from his door.
Both fail'd him. A grim wolf his sole sheep tore;
The heifer in the pangs of labour died.
He with the string his wallet's neck which tied
Tied to his own a noose. In that lone shed
All now is mute, himself and herd both dead!

130

151 Where now is Dorian Corinth, once so fair? Do.
Her crested tow'rs, her former splendours where,
Her palace homes, her temples of the Blest,
Where high-born dames and myriad people prest?
Sad City! now no trace of her is left,
War has of all, which grac'd her once, bereft.
We, Nereids, ocean-born, are spar'd alone,
Fond Halcyons of her woe, her fall to moan.

131

152 Not Greece in ten years war has thus cast down Agathias.
In utter ruin Priam's once-fam'd town.
Epeius with his wooden horse accurst
O'erthrew me: would that he had perish'd first!
So had my roofs devouring flames ne'er seen,
Nor I thus dash'd upon mine own stones been.

132

153 Do.
Sad City! where those famous walls, the many-tow'r'd, of thine,
Thy temples of much wealth, and where their heads of slaughter'd kine,

Of Paphia the myrrh-vases where and upper garb of gold,
And where too, of the Triton-born, thine image fam'd of old !
The strife of War, the flow of Time, strong Fate have seiz'd on all,
And in their stead have round thee thrown Misfortune's strangest thrall,
And grievous Envy in the dust all low has bow'd thee down,
But her worst hatred cannot hide thy name and its renown.

133

154 O Guardian Goddess of the city ! be, Agathias.
This anger past, propitious yet to me.
I, hapless Ilion, by a temple, bright
With sheeted gold, did honour thee as right :
But thou a prey hast left me, and, denied
The apple, of my walls crush'd all the pride.
Sure ! 't was enough the neat-herd's death to claim,
The crime was his and not his country's blame.

155 *134 Do.
If thou of Spartan race art come, O Stranger ! laugh not here,
For not on me alone has been Misfortune's hand severe :
But if from Asia, weep not thou : for ages, all the town
Of the Æneidæ has held the Dardan sceptres down.
But, tho' the envious war of foes has low my dwellers laid,
Has rais'd my walls, and holy groves of Gods has empty made,
Again I am a Queen, my child, O fearless Rome ! in thee,
For on the Greeks thy justice-yoke is bound eternally.

*135

156 Lo ! pregnant with the well-arm'd sleep of Greece Antiphilus.
The horse which made Troy's ten-years war to cease :
Epeius wrought it as Athene bade,
And in its womb was gen'ral Helle laid.
Armies so great were sure in vain destroy'd,
Since vict'ry over Mars Greek craft enjoy'd.

*136

157 Who Eros call'd a God ? Of God we see
No cruel acts. But at man's blood smiles HE,
A swift sword in his hand, before him throng'd
Murder's foul plunder by which God is wrong'd.

A child and mother kill'd ! for whose chok'd breath
Ston'd was the assassin in avenging death.
Not Hades' acts, nor Mars', of Eros these,
Acts, which, as pastimes, aye that urchin please.

137

Three girls together playing, fair and free,
Drew lots to know which first should Hades see ;
Thrice thrown, the fatal die to one still came ;
She, laughing, her ill-luck seem'd scarce to blame.
Chance-slipping from the roof, a corpse she roll'd,
And went, sad fate ! to Hades as foretold.
The lot is true for evil : but, for good,
Clasp'd hands and mortal pray'rs are all withstood.

138

One in the road a dead man's scull who saw,
Wept not this image of life's common law,
But, as one kicks a senseless stone, aside
Cast it on earth : the scull for justice cried,
Nor vainly—bounding, the struck bone recoil'd,
Maiming the thrower, and his dear sight spoil'd,
Dooming him in return to darkness. So
He wept the folly of his well-aim'd blow !

*139

Herodotus to dine the Muses took,
And, in return, each left behind a book.

140

I was an useless plant, a reed :
Figs, apples, grapes, not mine to breed ;
But, happily, I learnt from one
The mysteries of Helicon :
He, at a point, my thin lips cleft,
For narrow stream a channel left :
Since then, as if inspir'd with drink,
Whenever dipt in potent ink,
With voiceless mouth I speak whate'er—
Grief, joy, love, war—to write men dare.

141

From Troy's fast-circling flames, where foemen wav'd
The frequent spear, his sire Æneas sav'd :

"Spare him, ye Greeks!" he cried, "his age can be
Small gain to Mars, tho' dearest prize to me."

142

164 *A* What mortal, Justice! has dishonour'd thee?
B The thief, who plac'd me here, had nought with me.

*143

168 Palladas.
Wretch that I am, "to deadly wrath" condemn'd and angry wife,
Beginning, by my very art, with wrath our married life;
Doubly destructive o'er my head of late the tempests are,
My trade is Grammar, and my wife's, alas! is that of war.

144

169 Achilles' wrath of ruinous want to me, Do.
A school-master, is doom'd the cause to be:
Would, with the Greeks, that wrath had slain me, ere
This curst school-hunger it was mine to bear;
That Agamemnon might Briseis seize,
And Paris Helen, I both starve and freeze.

145

170 I've put to shame by reas'ning strong Do.
My belly impudent and wrong,
And have by temp'rance mortified
My keen and troublesome inside,
For, if my mind be firm and chaste,
Above the stomach's clamour plac'd,
How shall I not to conquer know
The appetites which range below?

146

171 My books I'm selling, fast and far, Do.
The Muses' instruments which are;
Much grief they caus'd me. I depart
To try my hand at other art.
Lessons and Lectures all! to you
I bid a long and last adieu.
Pieria's sisters prosp'rous be!
But Syntax is the death of me.

*147

173 Grammar's commencement is a five-lin'd curse; Do.
Wrath fills the first, ruin the second verse,

And, fraught with woes to Greece, to Hell the third
Sends souls of heroes slain, whom, uninterr'd,
By Jove's dread ire, the fourth and fifth display
To rav'ning dogs and birds obscene a prey.
Its five first lines since five such curses fill,
Hope not to find poor scholars free from ill.

*148

174 Those who have chaf'd Sarapis' school within, Palladas.
Those with "the deadly anger" who begin,
To such, perforce to book and pupils bound,
The nurse the monthly pay of want brings round,
And—at a tomb as smoke—leaves on his chair
The little paper, torn and thrown in air;
First stol'n a part, a part she changes too,
And mixes lead, and so forestals her due;
But when the annual guinea should be won
In the last month the sire removes his son,
Showing his ill mind with injurious sneer
At the poor teacher, robb'd of his whole year.

*149

175 Do.
Callimachus and Pindar both I sell for paltry pelf,
My very grammar cases too in such poor case myself;
Against me Dorotheus today his impious embassy
Accomplish'd, and dissolv'd the pact of bed and board with me:
Belov'd of God! in my behalf stand forth a friend again,
Nor suffer me to lead a life in poverty's worst chain.

150

176 Rhetor invites me; fail I to attend; Do.
I've had the honour and am more his friend;
It pleasures not the soul to judge of meals,
Alone 'tis nourisht where it honour feels.

*151

177 A Phrygian, standing by bold Ajax' tomb,
Began with saucy slander to presume
"Ajax remain'd not"—here a deep voice said,
"Ajax remain'd." The living fear'd the dead!

152

178 Erewhile the Sun's, now Cæsar's isle am I, Antiphilus.
Rhodes, and from both an equal day enjoy.
O Sun ! new rays, when sinking fast in night,
Illumin'd me in Nero's wondrous light,
What shall I say ? which most as patron rank ;
This rais'd me from the sea, that sav'd me ere I sank.

153

179 Leonidas T.
Who, from a tree of frankincense, has arrow-darting Love
Carv'd out, who kept not his bold hands away from even Jove ;
He, mark for Vulcan, lies at last, on whom it him became
Not to look otherwise than when he smoulder'd in the flame.

154

184 O Pindar ! of the Muses sacred tongue,
O Siren eloquent, Bacchylides !
O varied Graces erst by Sappho sung !
Lays of Anacreon, which ever please !
Stesichorus ! in whose familiar theme
Flow'd, as thine own, the old Homeric stream,
Simonides' soft page ! Persuasion's pow'r
Culling in Ibycus youth's dearest flow'r !
Sword of Alcæus ! where the blood of Kings,
For liberty and justice shed, yet clings,
Sweet songs of tuneful Alcman ! source and end
Of lyric art, your votary befriend.

155

185 These of Archilochus's lay
The echoing iambs are,
Terribly raging, venom they
Cast wildly near and far.

156

186 Antipater T.
O Books of Aristophanes ! the toil of godlike mind,
On which Acharnæ's ivy has its copious green entwin'd,
With Bacchus' very spirit, see ! each glowing page abound,
And, with austerer graces fill'd, thy tale's harmonious sound ;
O Thou ! the rare of spirit, with true comic genius blest,
To paint our Greece how ready are thy satire and thy jest !

157

187 The very bees to aid Menander's pow'rs,
Of all the Muses cull'd the varied flow'rs,
The very Graces in his dramas threw
Expression happy, elegant, and true.
Thus still he lives: the glory which redounds
From him on Athens fills Heav'n's utmost bounds.

158

188
Best mouth of well-tongued Attica, O Plato the divine!
All Greece in ev'ry page conceal'd no greater voice than thine,
For thou didst first thine earnest eye to God and Heav'n upraise,
And of blest Genius fling the light on mortal life and ways,
And didst with the Socratic sneer mix up the Samian mind,
In styles that differ, yet in thoughts best union where we find.

159

189
Come to the bright and sacred grove of Hera the blue-eyed,
Ye Lesbian maidens, with fair feet which delicately glide,
There for the Goddess weave the dance and wake the lovely song,
While, in her hand a golden lyre, shall Sappho lead our throng:
O blessed in the joyous dance! it surely will appear
That of Calliope herself the tender strains we hear.

*160

190 This is Erinna's Lesbian hive,
a something sweet tho' small,
And with the honey of the Muse
pervaded, pregnant all;
For the three hundred verses are,
to those in Homer's page,
Equal of her, tho' but a maid
of nineteen years of age,
Of her who, late and early, stood
of mother frowns in fear,
A slave—yet, by the Muses fir'd—
the loom or distaff near:
And tho' in lyrics Sappho's pow'r
Erinna's may excel,
From Sappho in hexameters
Erinna bears the bell.

*161

191 Thou wilt not, should'st thou my much-winding way
Enter, come easily to light of day:
Such tales did Priam's child, Cassandra, speak,
To the old King a messenger oblique:
If to the Muse a friend, in hand take me,
If rude thou art, a burthen I shall be.

*162

192 *A* Ye Books! whose are ye? what do ye conceal? Antiphilus.
B Mæonides' twain daughters, We reveal
Stories of Troy, the wrath of Peleus' son,
The deeds by hand of mighty Hector done,
The varied contests of that ten-year strife,
Ulysses' toils, the tears of his good wife
O'er her lone couch. The Muses cherish—time
Two more have blest in our immortal rhyme.

*163

193 Finish'd my history! where, by God's wise grace, Eunomianus.
Of truth the mingled incidents I trace.

*164

194
Twelve letters Philostorgus has to form his noble name—
Wherefore to match those letters twelve of books he wrote the same;
With its first letter he begun, and thus, in order due,
Following his name, until the last he wrote his Hist'ry thro'.

165

195 The son of Constantine, Asclepias nam'd,
In honour of his native city, fram'd
This pedigree of Anazarbus fam'd.

166

196 Marinus.
Things grateful to th' Immortal Gods who, now and ever, sought,
Marinus, from a pious mind, these too in honour wrought.

167

197 Do.
This too is the transcendent work of thy divinest head,
O blessed Proclus! in that thou hast in thy holy stead,

Of pious mortals a sure help, Marinus left behind,
In whom of all th' Immortals we the living image find—
A very strength to save the soul—who, thy Heav'n-pleasing life,
Writing, the mem'ry in our sons fix'd of thy virtues rife.

168

198 Nonnus, the Panopolitene,
Am I, in Pharia who
With clashing scimetar and keen
The race of Giants slew.

169

199 Oft, seeing the immortal art
Of Oribasius the divine,
The Sisters, awestruck and apart,
Forgot of fate the thread to twine.

*170

200 This volume of inventions was by Cyrĭnus writ through, Leo.
Associate in its toil and thought was fam'd Marcellus too.

171

201 The rites divine, to Phœbus dear, of his prophetic art Do.
To me did Paulus, the renown'd astrologer, impart.

172

202 Of Theon and of Proclus—men all wise— Do.
This book the bounds of heav'n and earth supplies ;
Theon the skies, and Proclus measuring earth,
Each gives to us of each exact the girth :
Both equally, in eloquent exchange
Of noblest speech, the heights of glory range.
Theon of Proclus the wise theses takes,
And of the planets demonstration makes ;
Proclus, whom Theon's demonstrations fill,
Sets his own theses and expounds at will.
O wise alike and mutually dear,
All hail ! and of our loves this homage hear ;
Hail ! O blest Theon, thou, with wisdom's crown,
Who hon'rest now our Alexandrian town :
And thou too, best blood of Sarpedon's line,
Hail ! Proclus, whom to praise all tongues combine.

*173

203 These leaves the tale of Clytophon narrate, Leo.
A sad love in a virtuous life his fate ;
But of Leucippe the most modest life
Is with amaze and admiration rife,
How, beaten sore, head shorn, and treated ill,
Nay more ! thrice dragg'd to death, she bore up still.
If to live modest thou art willing too,
Friend ! of her hist'ry take no careless view,
But throughly learn its course, which makes all here,
Whose love is prudent, in bride-dress appear.

174

204 Trav'ller ! thy weak grasp may not rear, or wrest Agathias.
Me, Ajax' stone, once hurl'd at Hector's breast,
Tho' black and rough I be, great Homer told
How Priam's son upon the ground I roll'd.
But scarcely now, the shame of a sad race,
Can man with levers lift me from my base.
Hide me then, Friend ! within the womb of earth,
Lest sport I make for men of little worth.

*175

205 O Past'ral Muses ! scatter'd once so far, Artemidorus.
Now of one flock within one fold ye are.

*176

206 Curst crowd of rules tautologous ! how ye, Eupithius.
With fine pen-making notes obscure, plague me !
So tir'd am I—back, shoulders, nerves, eyes, brain—
From ev'ry line my whole frame is in pain.

*177

207
Lay up the counsel in your mind of Epictetus wise,
That so, behind it, leaving earth, the soul sublime may rise,
And scale the flaming ramparts of the starry-vaulted skies !

178

208 Who Epictetus' counsel wise attends,
Smiles, o'er life's sea as calm his course he bends ;
And, ended here his voyage, has his seat
In heav'n, with bright stars circling at his feet.

179

209 Why greatly scream, flitting from bough to bough?
So did thy mate, yet scap'd he not I trow,
My limed reeds, but came, against his will,
His wings oft flapping, at my master skill.

*180

210 Full of stout toils, accept in me a book
Which erst, in his campaigns, King Adrian took,
For long years welnigh hid in Lethe's pool;
But, 'neath strong-handed Anastasius' rule,
Armies to lead again I see the light:
'T is mine to tell the toils of bloody fight,
The West's arm'd sons, with thee, to overthrow,
The Persian too and Saracenic foe,
Th' Isauri to hill-crests who ever run,
And, mounted on swift steeds, the war-mad Hun:
All these to Anastasius' sceptre bow,
Whom the East owns than Trajan greater now.

181

211 Paiéon—Æsculapius—Chiron—Hippocrates—
The glories of Nicander far transcended even these.

182

212 To heal, to harm, drugs many of rare worth
Nicander stor'd, o'er all men skill'd on earth—
What marvel! of Paiéon was his birth.

183

213 Most fam'd of towns eke Colophon appear'd,
Two men of mighty minds as having rear'd;
First Homer, and Nicander next in fame,
Both fav'rites of the heav'nly Muses came.

184

214 Leo.
Porphyrius! thy name and speech are both with purple deckt,
They beautify the lips and arm alike the intellect.

185

215 The water of the Hellespont is still Antipater.
For females fraught, O Stranger! with worst ill;

This Cleoniche of Dyrrachium found,
Sailing from Sestos, to her husband bound ;
From the dark vessel, bending o'er the blue,
The fate of Helle on herself she drew ;
Poor heroine ! Deïmachus's wife,
She lost on the same spot her lord and life.

*186

216 Recal Harmonia's holy marriage-rite— Onestes.
And that of Œdipus unholy quite—
Speak of Antigone, the pious, well—
But of her brothers as abom'nable—
Think upon Ino who immortal was—
And mis'rable her husband, Athamas—
Amphion's harp welcom'd its rising wall—
But a sad flute illustrated its fall—
Then own, at Thebæ, Destiny mix'd still,
In one cup pouring equal good and ill.

187

217 O why, ye Kids ! the thyme and spurge forsake, M. Scævola.
And the green sward where goats their pasture make ?
Why, with high leaps, the pastoral God around
Who haunts the wood, upon each other bound ?
Cease from your buttings, else among you all
The hated staff from shepherd's hand will fall.

188

218 Alas ! the wintry seawaves have immers'd Æmilianus.
Me, now a freight-boat for the dead, accurst.
Safety is shame. What good in port to be,
Wanting the men who reef'd and haul'd in me ?
Call me Cocytus' heavy skiff, my crew
Lost, lost, by shipwreck, in a harbour too.

*189

219 As Neoptolemus, Achilles' son, ... Diodorus S.
Leaving the plains of goat-graz'd Scyros, run
His course of old to Ilion, Nero now—
The chief descendant of Æneas' blood—
Returns to Remus' city, whence his prow
Pass'd over swiftly-flowing Thymbris' flood,

While yet a youth, with fresh down on his face.
Like in all else one difference we trace :
The former sacrific'd to war alone,
The latter is for war and wisdom known.

190

222 Antiphilus.
A sea-beast, I, while yet in breath, a breathless landsman bore,
A dripping corpse upon my neck to this low sandy shore,
And, after my sea-swimming hard, when land at last I gain'd
In guerdon of my painful load I death alone obtain'd,
So, each with other, we our fates have chang'd—and not for good—
I stranded on his earth was left, he perish'd in my flood.

191

223 An eagle, Heav'n's own bird, wheeling above, Bianor.
Bound on a message from eternal Jove,
A Cretan saw, and swift his bowstring drew ;
The winged bird that winged arrow slew.
Jove's justice slept not o'er the deed of death :
The eagle fell upon the man beneath,
Of whose good archery that arrow paid
The penalty : its point, the eagle's flank
Transpiercing, in his neck an entrance made,
And thus one bolt a double life-blood drank. (228.)

192

224 Me, a well-udder'd goat, whose flowing teats Crinagoras.
Yield more than any who the milkpail meets,
Has Cæsar, since my rich sweet store was known,
Taken on shipboard there to be his own ;
I too shall reach the stars, since mine a breast
Not less than that which infant Zeus once prest.

*193

225 Onestes.
Fountain of Pegasus ! and thou, Asopus ! sister source,
Parents of rivers which burst forth at footstamps of a horse,
The springs of Acro-Corinth one, of Helicon one broke,
O Heel ! well-aiming which alike tapp'd streams at either stroke.

194

226 Come hither, ye brown hiving-bees ! and crop Diodorus Z.
The sweet thyme-twig, the crumpled nettle top,

The poppy leaf, the grapes which dry aloft,
The violet blue, the down on apple soft,
Nibble all round—make wax while yet ye can,
Patron of hives and friend of bees, that Pan
Himself may taste, and that his hand may spare
Who cuts the combs some little smokeless share.

*195

227 In the bright sea, a fisher, who beheld, Bianor.
From land, the fish by many feet impell'd,
Rush'd on it swimming, and from sea to shore,
The capture of his net forestalling, tore :
Thrown like a quoit, it fell upon a hare
Asleep in a thick bulrush lying there :
So close the polyp's folds about it wound,
Spoil both from land and sea the fisher found.

*196

228 News unexpected ! in the wintry wave Apollonidas.
O'erwhelm'd, Melteia's son has met his grave.
Distracted, as she pac'd the sea-beat shore,
A floating form the swelling surges bore :
Symbol of her own loss, with sorrow wild,
She ran, she clasp'd, she claim'd it as her child ;
But, from a prosp'rous voyage, safe at last
To a fair haven Dion's good ship past.
What diff'rent fates by two fond mothers met !
For them, alas ! what lots unequal set ;
For *this* the dead one lives, the lost is won,
That sees not e'en the cold corpse of her son.

230 197 Onestes.
Tho' hard the labour to ascend the Heliconian mount,
Yet there one sips the nectar-drops from Pegasus' pure fount ;
So Wisdom's road is also steep ; but if its utmost height
One reach, Pierian Muses there with favours shall requite.

198

231 This creeping vine wreathes me a wither'd plane, Antipater S.
So, with a foreign leaf, I bloom again,
I, on whose fertile branches flourish'd erst,
Not less of leaves, now clust'ring grapes have nurst :

Still be my soul by such fond mistress led,
Alone who knows to grace and guard the dead !

199

233 Poor Mindon ! as a dry old oak he cleft, Erycius.
A lurking viper bit his naked left,
From the tree-root : and soon with foul decay
The green flesh rotten to the ancles lay.
His strong knee lopt, a full-grown olive bough
On its rude stump, one-footed, props him now.

238 200 Antipater.
Apollo this, a well-grown youth, Onatas' work in brass,
Proof of Latona and of Zeus may by his beauty pass,
Proof that high Zeus was not in vain her lover, and, as said,
That Saturn's son was beautiful alike in eyes and head,
And that Onatas, pouring out the molten bronze, had pleas'd
Hera, for she the well-born work, as Ilithya, eas'd.

235 201 Crinagoras.
The world's great border lands !—thro' whom his path
The Nile from swarthy Œthiopia hath—
Both of you have in marriage monarchs join'd,
And one with Egypt's Libya's race combin'd.
Firm, o'er both continents, hereafter may
The sons their royal parents' sceptre sway.

202

236 Stern Destiny's irrevocable vow Bassus.
Priam's last off'ring seal'd at Jove's vain shrine.
The sacred fleet has, for Æneas, now
A port, the prelude of a home divine.
To a good purpose fell the Trojan tow'r,
Queen of the world since Rome is rais'd in pow'r !

240 203 Philip.
A little truant child who from his mother's side had fled,
A sturdy ram with crumpled horns assail'd and butting head ;
But, breaking from its binding-chain, a Herculæan boar
His savage tusks embedding deep, the he-goat's entrails tore,
And so from death preserv'd the child. By Hera's early hate,
Verily ! Hercules was taught to rescue him from Fate.

204

242 Glaucus, on Thasos' seashore bred, the guide Antiphilus.
To all who sail'd that narrow island tide,
Skilful sea-ploughman, even while he slept
Who ne'er with erring hand the rudder kept ;
Gray with long years, a ragged salt, when e'en
About to die, upon his old plank seen.
Well o'er the old man have they burnt his boat,
In his own skiff that he to Dis might float.

205

243 For Aristippus, their sole cherish'd boy, Apollonidas.
His parents in one day felt grief and joy :
Joy—from their fir'd home that he safe had fled ;
Grief—that Jove's lightning-flash then struck him dead ;
And thus they spake whose tears his pale corpse wet :
"Unhappy ! to Heav'n's fire he ow'd a debt."

241 206 Antipater.
Phœbus a shepherd once became, while Ammon of a snake,
Zeus of a swan, and of a horse Neptune assum'd the make :
But these were all for woman's love ; now boy-love all inflames,
And passion its poor prize by force, not fraud or flatt'ry, claims.
Evagoras of brazen brow to no disguise e'er turns
For either sex, but, openly, for each alike he burns.

207

244 A herd of horned deer by fear possest, Apollonidas.
When snow-flakes fill'd the mountain's frozen crest,
Sought refuge in a stream, where hope had led
To warm their quick knees in its shelter'd bed.
Them soon, the hostile river closing round,
The wintry ice in hateful shackles bound,
And rustic throngs feasted on prey, which yet
Had cords and stakes escap'd, without a net.

208

245 Hades, not Hymen, stood the bridal door Antiphanes.
Of sadly-married Petalé before ;
Her, as, thro' fear, alone at night, she fled
Cypris' first yoke—which virgins often dread—
The pitiless house-dogs kill'd, and whom a wife
We hop'd to hail we saw no more in life.

218 209 Boethus.

If, on Olympus' holy heights, had Dionysus been
With Satyrs and Lenæan Nymphs a merry-making seen,
Such as the skilful Pylades here in the dance has shewn,
Then, verily! by ev'ry law which tragic minstrels own,
Hera, the wife of Zeus, had said, all jealousy laid by,
"Him also bore I: Semelé! thou Bacchus didst belie."

210

217 E'en from my roots, the South-West loud and rude Philip.
Me on the ground, a blooming planetree, strew'd:
But wash'd by wine I stand anew, and gain,
In cold and heat, a sweeter show'r than rain,
Tho' dead I live; while others are laid low,
I, drinking wine, alone stand upright so.

211

219 This trellis'd vine, leafy and bright, to guard, Maccius.
I, Pan, am plac'd, on the hill-top, in ward.
Should'st thou desire its purple grape to pull,
Trav'ller! I grudge not, freely eat till full:
But, if thou dar'st to steal, upon thy crown
Instant the weight of my good staff comes down.

251 212 Evenus.

Most hateful to the Muses, who soilest and min'st each leaf,
Den-lurking Moth! of wisdom's crumbs a constant silent thief,
Wherefore, in Law's and Learning's books, O thou of colour black!
Lie wait, thine envious image there in wasteful dust to track.
Fly from the Muses, distant keep, nor let me of thy feet,
Intruding on the sacred page, again the traces meet.

213

250 Built with a harp and buried to the flute— Onestes.
How ill at Thebæ kindred Muses suit!
Prone of my lyre-charm'd tow'rs the remnants fall,
Whose stones came willing to the Muse-built wall;
Thy sev'n-string'd harp, and its sev'n gated town—
Vain help was thine, Amphion!—both cast down.

214

252 A trav'ller leapt—a herd of gaunt wolves nigh—
Quick into deep Nile from its green bank high:

But, through the water hunting him, they rush,
Each seizing with his teeth his fellow's brush,
And so bridg'd soon the stream. War's self-taught plan
Help'd swimming wolves to get the best of man !

253 215 Philip.

At Thebæ of wise Cadmus was the famous marriage scene,
At Thebæ too the horrid one of Œdipus has been ;
And Euius, the ivy-crown'd, best lov'd his myst'ries there,
Which Pentheus, ridiculing first, soon wept in death's despair :
Her ramparts, rocklike as they stood, the pow'r of lyre-strings
own'd,
And, loosen'd by the flute's soft sound, in sympathy they moan'd ;
Holy Antiope's birth-pangs, those of Jocasta sad ;
Fond of her children Ino was, but Athamas hate-mad ;
Whether we envy or deplore her lot, of good and ill,
In stories which of Thebæ tell, sufficient is there still.

216

254 Philænium I, who all my children bore Do.
But for the fun'ral fire, in sorrow sore ;
A mother, who have, even to my third
And last, my children one by one interr'd;
Sonless myself, I, with another's son,
Had settled here, expecting that this one,
Not born of me, at least, would surely live,
And to my longing soul love's blessings give ;
But Fortune will'd it not, that e'er for me
Of a strange mother e'en the joys should be ;
Who was call'd mine he too is from me reft,
And to all mothers else I mis'ry's mark am left.

*217

255 With one sheep as a flock, one cow his herd, Do.
Poor Aristides deem'd him rich—nor err'd.

218

256 Half still it seem'd to live, that half to sprout, Antiphanes.
One apple on its top-bough giving out ;
But the tree-cursing caterpillar there,
Hairy fruit-thief, not e'en that one could spare.
I, Envy, with'ring many, spare the small,
Must I a vile worm now my master call ?

219

257 I, pure—for such the name Nymphs gave to me— Apollonidas.
Above all other rills who wont to be,
When Murder struck the sleeper at my side,
And wash'd his red hand in my holy tide,
Turn'd back the bubbling stream, which may not lure
The trav'ller more—who now would call me pure ?

220

258 I, who in sweet clear stream wont once to glide, Antiphanes.
Am now of ev'ry Nymph deserted, dried ;
For Murder here his gory hands to lave
Has mingled foul defilement with my wave :
Since then, my Nymphs have sought the sun and stars,
They mix with Bacchus only, not with Mars.

221

259 Roof-downwards, once a house fell in a heap, Bianor.
Yet, light as Zephyr, on a child asleep ;
E'en ruins infants spare, e'en storms reveal
Sympathy for the pains which mothers feel.

222

260 Lais, of old Love's fav'rite fair, Secundus.
Lais in me no more appears ;
But, in the wild world's pitying stare,
I stand, the Nemesis of years :
By Cypris !—but what now to me
Beyond an oath, can Cypris be ?—
Lais, as one no longer known
E'en to herself, at length is grown.

223

261 I, among leafy vine-shoots, who of yore Epigonus.
Was young, and of ripe fruit full clusters bore,
Am now grown old. How time subdues all things !
E'en to grape-bunches old age wrinkles brings.

224

262 All Aristodiché as happy held, Philip.
Whose womb its load of life six times expell'd :
But 'gainst her sons earth fought with water : three
Died by disease, three perish'd in the sea.

Aye, on a tomb, as Philomel, to weep
She loves, or Halcyon-like upbraids the deep !

225

263 Aged Eubule, the sooth-saying crone, Antiphilus.
When anything perplext her mind, the stone
Which, at her feet, as Phœbus' priestess, lay,
Tried with her hands—first one, then both—to sway ;
Tho' lighter than a leaf whene'er she would,
When she would not its weight all moveless stood :
So in what pleas'd her, if she ever fail'd,
At Phœbus for her feckless hands she rail'd.

226

264 Apollonidas: Philip.
A tettix—while the sun with noon-tide beam
Was blazing—on a bushy point extreme,
Beating its echoing sides with wings well-skill'd,
The desert with sweet natural music fill'd.
Pialean Crito, fowler of all prey,
Sought on its fleshless back his reeds to lay ;
Well-punish'd, failing in his wonted snare,
In quest of birds he wanders ev'rywhere. [234.]

*227

266 Antipater.
Said Phœbus of the tuneful-ton'd Glaphyrus, as he play'd
Upon the flute with many holes and sweetest music made,
" The Phrygian Athene's flute this fellow, as a prize
Has taken, and the one you made was, Marsyas ! nought but lies ;
Erst had you breath'd in such as this, the sire who gave you life,
Not then had, by Mæander, mourn'd our fatal flutist strife."

228

265 Jove's wounded eagle on the Cretan's bow, Apollonidas.
Shaft for his shaft returning, veng'd him so ;
The quick-eyed God a bolt aerial threw
From Heav'n, and falling it the slayer slew.
Crete ! thy sure arrows boast no longer thou,
But hymn with honour Jove's good arch'ry now.

229

267 Damis, of old Nicaretas the son, Philip.
While o'er Icaria's sea his full sail run,

Stumbling on shipboard, fell into its wave ;
Much of the Immortals did his father crave,
And also to the waters wildly spake,
That on his child their depths should pity take ;
In vain—engulphing Ocean o'er him roll'd,
Deaf still to pray'rs paternal as of old.

230

268 Gorgo, a pregnant Cretan bitch, for aid Antipater T.
To Artemis, a stag pursuing, pray'd :
In killing it she pupp'd. Eleutho heard,
Good capture and deliv'ry both conferr'd :
Milk for nine pups she gave. Flee, Fawns of Crete !
Whelps from their very litter taught to beat.

231

269 Their ship amid the waves in pieces rent, Do.
Two sailors scuffled on one plank intent.
Antagoras Pisistratus o'ercame—
The contest, one for life, seem'd free from blame,
Yet scarce its issue watchful Justice pleas'd.
This swam ashore, on that a sea-dog seiz'd.
Thus all-avenging Destiny works still
On the high seas as on dry land its will.

232

271 A stormless fearless passage—say, O Deep ! Apollonidas.
E'en in the days of Halcyons must we weep,
Halcyons, for whom so calm and fair his blue
Ocean has made, the very earth 's less true ?
Else why—for them when boasting to have been
A painless nurse in parturition keen—
Has Aristomenes, beneath thy wave,
With crew and cargo found his early grave ?

233

272 When Phœbus' minister, thirst-dried, Bianor.
Once, on a woman's tomb, descried
A pitcher to receive Heav'n's rain,
He caw'd upon the brim—in vain ;
Its beak the bottom could not reach.
Thou, Phœbus ! then thy bird did'st teach

How to succeed—stone after stone,
Borne to the pitcher, in was thrown,
Till thus the water risen to the brink,
With eager bill it easily could drink.

234

273 A tettix, prattling on a bush, in June, Bianor.
Sung, with a tongueless mouth, its simple tune:
Crito—not now his wonted birdlime brought—
In a reed-trap, the airy songster caught.
But, for the sacrilegious capture, he
Met, as well merited, the penalty.
Never did he, in glen or grove, again
Successful spoil of other birds obtain!

235

274 A cow, urg'd on by the flank-falling goad, Philip.
The plough behind her turning furrows broad,
Freed from its yoketoils had a second pain,
While drinking, for its new-born calf again.
Press her not, Farmer! this small calf shall be,
If thou art sparing, a fine cow for thee.

236

275 Codrus on land kill'd a huge boar, i' th' sea, Macedonius.
Amid the fierce waves, a swift stag caught he:
And, if wild beasts had wings, his hand not e'en
In ether empty had Diana seen.

237

276 A poor workwoman by the shingly sea, Crinagoras.
Washing her dress upon a dripping rock,
Was from her feet swept by a billow's shock,
Around the point which rolling came, and she,
Releas'd alike from poverty and breath,
Unhappy! drank the bitter wave of death.
Who, on a ship, can trust in ocean more,
When safety is not e'en for those on shore?

238

277 Torrent of winter! who, with violent course Antiphilus.
And crest erect, thy stormy way would'st force,

Closing each foot-path of the buried plain,
Surely, intoxicate with mountain rain,
Thou, for the Nymphs, no clear flood now hast brought,
But from black clouds an inky tribute sought.
Ere long the Sun shall dry thee up, who knows
To test the true pow'r of each stream that flows.

239

278 A boy a coffin saw, the bones which held — Bianor.
Of his dead sires by torrents fierce impell'd:
Leaping, into the shameless water, wrought
By grief to madness, a sad help he brought.
He sav'd indeed their relics from the wave,
But in the wild stream found himself a grave.

*240

279 In Lethe's bark when Hades had again — Bassus.
Three hundred sailors, all in battle slain,
Sparta's fam'd host, he cried—"In front all rife
Your wounds, and on your breasts alone the strife;
Rest now, ye people of unconquer'd Mars!
In comely sleep, suffic'd the din of wars."

*241

280 When first Eurotas it was his to see, — Apollonidas.
Lælius—of all Ausonia's Consuls he
The glory—looking on its sedgy tide
"Hail! famous stream of ancient Sparta" cried.

* * * * * *

His hand on learned book of Muses spread,
He saw, apt symbol of all lore, o'erhead,
Jays, mimic birds of man, in shady glen
Chatt'ring from throats of many voices then,
Of whom he spake "Let man in toil rejoice,
Since even birds thus imitate his voice."

242

281 When, in all Asia's sight, a horse began — Do.
To neigh, strange marvel! at the flesh of man,
Old tales were of the Thracian stable brought
To mind—a second Hercules I sought.

243

282 Stranger ! I am a virgin tree ; Antipater.
Bid the hir'd hands which ready be
To lay me low, their blows forbear,
And yet the youthful laurel spare :
Or let the trav'ller cut instead
The terebinth and arbutus—
They both are best for leafy bed
And both are found not far from us:
Pass onward and a rivulet,
Three furlongs distant hence, is met,
And lo ! two bowshots from its source,
The forest in full growth and force.

244

283 The deep-val'd Alps, the pourings forth which see Crinagoras.
Of the near Rhine, the lofty Pyrenee
Are witnesses of the death-darting rays
Which our Germanicus has caus'd to blaze,
When the spear-clashing and collected Celt
Of his great war the fatal light'ning felt :
Grimly thro' blood Enyo said to Mars
" Brother ! such hands make great and bright our stars."

245

284 Alas for Greece ! whom great misfortunes bow, Do.
Sad City ! what strange denizens hast thou :
Would that at once more level than the land
Lay Corinth, and more lone than Libya's sand,
Ere hucksters—buying, selling—such as these,
Trod the old dust of our Bacchiades.

*246

285 No more the long-tusk'd elephant, whose back Philip.
A tow'r surmounted, in the fierce attack
Rushing against a phalanx unrestrain'd,
But to the yoke-band now thro' terror chain'd,
His deep and sinewy neck the high-wheel'd car,
In triumph drags of the Imperial Czar.
Tho' a wild beast, he knows the charms of peace,
And, most delighted, when war's weapons cease,
He, mild-eyed and soft-pac'd, returning, draws
The sire of a good state of equal laws.

247

286 Why hast thou broken, Bird ! my pleasant sleep ? Argentarius.
Pyrrha's sweet vision from my couch has fled.
Is this, Ill-fated ! the reward I reap
For thy long rearing, whom I plac'd at head
Of all the poultry whom my walls confine ?
Now by Sarapis' sceptre and her shrine,
No longer shalt thou crow o'nights : at morn
Thy blood shall stain the altar where I've sworn.

248

287 I, sacred bird, erewhile to Rhodes unknown Apollonidas.
(An eagle erst in history alone)
Came thro' wide air, on lofty wings sustain'd,
This island of the Sun when Nero gain'd,
And, in his home a dweller, learn to love
My ruler's hand, nor flee the future Jove.

288 *249 Geminus.

Sacred to Mars, O Stranger ! I lie here a triumph-stone
Grievous to Athens, and best proof of Philip's courage shewn ;
Of Marathon and Salamis, the rock-bound Ocean near
The fame insulting, subject now to Macedonia's spear :
Swear by the dead, Demosthenes ! but herein credit me
Both to the living and the dead I yet shall grievous be.

250

289 Capherian rocks, ship-fatal ! erst who marr'd Bassus.
Of Greece the home-return, and passage barr'd
From Ilium, when your false torch lit its light
(Darker than underneath our earth is night)
And on the bristling rocks when ev'ry keel
Ran, as if blind, and Greece was doom'd to feel
Another and a bloodier Ilium, far
More deadly than with Troy the ten-years' war.
Her they laid waste—her glory set in blood
And flames—invincible, Caphereus stood.
Thine, Nauplius ! full retribution here,
Aveng'd by Helle's universal tear.

251

290 When from the fierce South-West, and Libyan blast, Philip.
The sea grew dark, and, from the bottom cast,

The deep sands rose, and, with the wave's oft stroke,
Weaken'd and tott'ring long, his whole mast broke,
And the sea-swell his cargo swept away,
Did Lysistrate, his senses wand'ring, pray
To Gods who sailors guard : alone their fane
He serv'd, and they for him appeas'd that savage main.

252

291 Not if the Sea rais'd all his waves on high, Crinagoras.
Nor the whole Rhine if Germany drank dry,
Would they, the least, the pow'r of Rome distress,
In Cæsar's fortune while she trusts to bless.
Thus, while the winds the dry leaves scatter wide,
Sacred to Zeus firm-rooted oaks abide.

253

292 One boy Aristion burn'd, a second son Onestes.
She shipwreckt saw, by double grief undone ;
Alas ! Fate smote her twice : alike she gave
Her children to the flame and bitter wave.

*254

293 When in Thermopylæ's ensanguin'd pass, Philip.
Smiling in death, lay great Leonidas,
Slow by the martyr'd hero as he past,
Xerxes his purple mantle o'er him cast ;
Instant a voice the mighty dead returns—
"The Persian gives it and the patriot spurns :
The traitor's recompense is not for me :
My tomb's sole honour let my good shield be.
Tyrant ! take back thy gift, and let me go
Pure and unstain'd, as Spartan should, below."

*255

294 *A* This purple robe, Leonidas ! to you Antiphilus.
Gives Xerxes, to great deeds in homage due.
B And I reject it. Let the tyrant keep
His favours for the faithless. In Death's sleep
My only honour let my good shield be.
Is tissued gold fit winding sheet for me ?
A Dead, 'gainst the Persian foe why still so hot
A hate ?
B The love of liberty dies not !

256

295 Wonder not if the horse—which scours the vale, Bianor.
Not rides the sea—in ship refuse to sail,
Snorting and chafing, kicking the hard deck
With violence which scarce his heel-ropes check ;
On a new element, indignant he
Of a full cargo a mere part to be ;
Asham'd that others ever should uplift
An animal himself than all more swift.

*257

296 When Xerxes' fleet all Helle harass'd round, Apollonidas.
Skyllus a field of fight 'neath Ocean found :
Thro' salt sea-marshes on his secret way,
Diving to where that hostile navy lay,
He of each anchor'd bark the cable cleft,
And, harbourless, to winds and waters left.
Perish'd the Persian, ship and crew, unsung,
On the cold shores of craggy Pelium flung :
Neptune aveng'd, Greece sav'd—glories like these
Grac'd the first triumph of Themistocles !

258

297 March to Euphrates, Child of Zeus ! to thee Antipater.
With willing feet the Orient Parthians flee.
March, King ! their bows relax'd by fear to find.
Start, Cæsar ! from the utmost East, and bind,
As with a seal, first to the west'ring sun
Rome on whose ev'ry shore the sea-waves run.

*259

298 Me to their fane, staff-borne, a novice quite Antiphilus.
In sacred things as to the sun's glad light,
The Goddesses in both have blest indeed,
And, on that night, from night my vision freed ;
Staff-less and sound, I thro' the city sung
Their praise by eyes more clearly than by tongue.

260

299 We, necktam'd bulls, erst ploughers of the soil, Philip.
Have now in sea instead of land our toil ;
We, without iron, drag a furrow wet
A long-stretcht rope-band fasten'd to a net,

Slaves now to fish, not corn. Unhappy we !
Bulls for their food must even plough the sea.

261

300 On horseback stout Peucestes once withstood Addæus.
A bull, which from Dobera's shaggy wood,
Rush'd on him. As a rock, he, fearless, full
Drove a Pæonian spear-point in its scull,
And, wrenching then the bent horn from its head,
Still, o'er his glass, could vaunt his victim dead.

262

301 Why drive ye, to thresh corn, in ringlike pass, Secundus.
With mares the braying and slow-footed ass ?
Is 't not enough, driv'n round i' th' dark, that I
The weight of this revolving mill-stone ply ?
Can I strive e'en with colts ? for me there now
Rests but the rough ground with my neck to plough.

263

302 Antipater.
Out on ye, cruel bees ! the boy Hermonax thus to treat,
Crawling, as was his childish wont, the honey-comb to eat :
Him with your stings, alas ! ye kill'd whom often ye had fed
With little bits of luscious sweet. If serpent-holes we dread,
Amyntor and Lycidiche ! henceforth in praise of bees
Be silent, since their honey e'en is bitter now in these.

264

303 The daughter of Latona has Addæus.
a good deliv'ry given
To little Calathina, by
her litter-labour riven.
She hears not woman only, but
knows too in need to save
Even the very bitch to her
who help in hunting gave.

*265

304 'Gainst him who chang'd the ways of sea and land, Parmenio.
Sailing on earth, walking the waves who came,
Did Spartan Mars with spears three hundred stand—
Blush, O ye Mountains ! and ye Seas ! for shame.

266

305 Stood Bacchus by my pillow yesterday, Antipater.
And said, as full of the fresh spring I lay
"The sleep thou sleep'st is Aphrodite's hate:
Hast never heard Hippolytus's fate?
Fear then his end." He ceas'd and went. To me
Ne'er since has water pleasant seem'd to be!

306 *267 Antiphilus.

Wood-cutters! cease—ships need you not: no longer does the pine,
But in its stead an oxhide now, run o'er the swelling brine.
No longer now in merchant-craft a bolt of brass is found,
Or iron, but the joining sides by hempen ropes are bound:
Now Ocean has the very ships which o'er the land anon
Are lifted as a leathern load the high-wheel'd waggon on:
The Argo to our ancestors was fam'd in song, but now
Pallas has on Sabinus fix'd to form a newer prow.

268

307 The damsel, who fled erst from Phœbus, now Philip.
Sends up from Cæsar's shrine a dark-leav'd bough;
After one God another has she won,
Who loath'd Latona's likes Æneas' son:
Rooted in rock and not in mother Earth,
Since even stones for Cæsar yield some birth.

269

308 When, near the Tyrrhene whirlpool, dread and dark Bianor.
Sea-robbers flung the harper from their bark,
Instant a dolphin the deep waters o'er
Him and his harp clear-sounding to the shore
Of Corinth carried. Surely the sea must
Fishes contain which are than man more just!

270

309 The fear of thunder Gorgo so unmann'd, Antipater.
When at the hearth she lit the winter brand,
Midway already 'tweeen old age and death,
Thro' very terror cold, she clos'd her breath.

271

310 On gold dust—smaller than the Libyan sand— Antiphilus.
Which ne'er felt fire, chance-fall'n from file of steel,
A little mouse had made a heavy meal;
Its whole frame hardly dragging o'er the land,
The very quick became the slow of foot:
Captur'd, the theft was from its belly cut.
Surely to dumb brutes as to mortals still,
O Gold! thou art the pretext of all ill.

272

311 A bitch, who swift stags hunted to their doom, Philip.
Became, when pregnant, ulcer'd in her womb;
In time the sore, entirely cur'd, was dry,
But now her hour of labour-pains was nigh:
While much she moan'd, incision with a knife
Was made, thus op'ning to her young ones life.
Henceforth we have no need of Dian's art,
Since, steel in hand, Mars acts a midwife's part!

*273

312 Spare, Woodman! spare the acorn-mother dear, Diodorus Z.
But cut the aged fir, the pinetree near,
The leafy holm, or thorn with many a stem,
Or wither'd arbutus instead condemn;
But from the oak keep far thine axe: of old
Oaks were our mothers—so our grandsires told!

274

313 Rest we, beneath the fair bright laurel's shade, Anyté.
Panting with summer toil, our worn limbs laid;
The near stream, pure and fresh, our thirst shall stay,
And on our fever'd brows light Zephyrs play.

275

314 Close to an orchard on a breezy height, Do.
Near the white seashore, where three roads unite,
I, Hermes, to the wayworn grant repose,
Where softly a cool spring in crystal flows.

*276

315 Rest thee, tir'd Trav'ller! 'neath dark poplars here, Nicias.
And slake thy long thirst from my fresh spring near.

When far away, this fount remember yet,
O'er Gillus, his dead child, by Simus set.

277

316 Ye ! to the country from the city bowne, Leonidas T.
Or from the country travelling to town,
Two Gods are we who guard these boundaries,
I Hermes one, the other Hercules ;
Each kind to mortals, but, if here you bear
Dried fruit or fresh, he ever eats my share ;
So too for grapes still ready is his maw,
Or fit to eat, or valueless and raw ;
I like not this : such partnership I loathe ;
Who offers aught, let it not be for both,
But that for Hercules, for Hermes this,
And we at once our mutual strife dismiss.

319 278 Philoxenus.
Tlepolemus the Myrian, of Polycrites son,
This Hermes plac'd, for those who in the sacred races run,
Their starting-point, the conq'ring course when twenty stadia make—
Young Rivals ! labour lest your limbs soft sluggishness o'ertake.

*279

325 Tho', in the deep, on sea-wash'd rock, I late,
Surrounded by luxuriant sea-weed sate,
Within my breast delightful Love sleeps now,
Soft slave to Cypris of the well-wreath'd brow.

330 *280 Nicarchus.
A Near to a fountain's gushing stream, with water good of taste,
And near the Nymphs, has Simon me, Pan the goat-footed, plac'd.
B On what account ?
A Hear what I say. As much as is thy will,
Drink of the fountain, and from it thy hollow pitcher fill ;
But of the Nymphs' crystalline gift, thy common feet to lave,
Take no drop hence—else know in me th' avenger of their wave.

*281

331 Rolling o'er ashes, where the flames yet swept, Meleager.
The Nymphs wash'd Bacchus when to life he leapt ;

Hence Bromius loves the Nymphs, and whoso let
Their union wise the burning fire shall get.

282

333 Where Ocean washes the low lands, which see Mnasalcas.
Einalian Cypris' sacred grove, stand we:
Lo! fountains fring'd with alders on whose brink
The bright-wing'd Halcyons crystal coolness drink.

283

334 If upon me a little God thou call'st in little task, Perses.
At season fit, thou shalt obtain, but great things do not ask;
Yet, for a poor man, whatsoe'er a greater God can do
I will do likewise since in this is Tycho master too.

284

337 Good luck, Hare-hunter! to your sporting, if Leonidas T.
Birds 'tween the hills with lime you like to snare,
On me, the forest Pan, call from yon cliff,
And with my pipe and dogs I'll join you there.

285

338 Resting your wearied frame on leaf-strewn bed, Theocritus.
Daphnis! you sleep, your net-poles freshly spread;
But Pan pursues you, and Priapus—round
His lovely head the saffron ivy bound—
Both in the cave with one more bound will leap,
Up then, and off—else rue this heavy sleep.

286

339 Thro' the bright air moving his raven wing, Archias.
A crow once saw from earth a scorpion spring:
He pounc'd to grasp it—in defence not slow,
It sharply stung him as he lit below.
The wound was unto death; and so he met
Alas! the fate he for another set.

287

340 The oboe I, by Troy's Hyagnis made, Dioscorides
When first the mother of the Gods display'd
Cybelle's sacred rites, and, to my sound,
In Ida's cave her beauteous hair unbound

The frenzied Priestess. If Celæne's swain
Erst had kept mute the sweetness of my strain,
He had not sought with Phœbus strife in vain!

*288

341 *A* Tell me, O Nymphs! and truly, passing near, Glaucus.
If Daphnis with his white kids rested here?
B Yes, yes, pipe-playing Pan! and on that tree
Carv'd by his hand some writing you may see;
"Pan! Pan! to Malea, by Psophidion's hill,
I shall be there."
A Nymphs! fare ye well, I will.

289

343 Into a net's broad breast in air which spread Archias.
A blackbird once and thieving thrushes fled:
Tho' soon the scapeless meshes captiv'd these,
Their folded threads the blackbird fail'd to seize:
Sacred of minstrels is the genuine breed,
Even deaf nets of singing-birds have heed! [327.]

290

344 While dwelt my mind on squares and curves alone, Leonidas A.
I liv'd to Italy's high lords unknown,
Now am I dear to all: experience tells,
Urania how Calliope excels.

291

345 Not Athamas against his child Do.
Learchus, with such rage was wild,
As burn'd Medea's bosom thro'
When she her proper offspring slew.
For jealousy than madness worse
Is in man's heart the greater curse:
And if a mother murd'ress be,
Where shall their trust her children see?

*292

346 Thro' the whole earth and islands has thy wing, Do.
O Swallow! flown, who would'st thy young up-bring,
In red Medea's picture-frame their nest;
Cheat not with hope so vain thy loving breast.

What faith by Colchian mother can be shewn
For thy soft brood, who spar'd not e'en her own ?

*293

347 We Oxen know, not only how Leonidas A.
To cut land-furrows with the plough,
But likewise, by late lessons, we
Are taught to force ships thro' the sea ;
For here the rowing art we learn—
Do thou, O Ocean ! in return
Yoke the free dolphin, and command
His back to bear a plough on land.

294

348 Grape-stealing Hecatonymus to hell Do.
Went in a hurry, scourg'd with vine-twigs well.

295

349 Father of a third happy child, Do.
May Cotileia's bubbling spring
Cæsar ! upon this natal day
Which brightly on thy head has smil'd,
For thee abundant healing bring,
In order that the whole world may
Behold thee yet a grandsire grey.

296

350 Thou send'st me of papyrus thin fine sheets Do.
And reeds from the long points where Nilus eats ;
The servant of the Muses needs no more
Those idle implements on this strange shore ;
Send all or nothing, Dionysius ! think,
What use in pens and paper without ink ?

*297

351 Risking thy fate, Astyanax ! at Troy Do.
To the far verge had crept Lysippe's boy :
Baring her breast with loving plenty rife,
She lur'd him back to the sweet fount of life.

352 298 Do.
With prayr's and sacrificial rites, great Cæsar's life to save,
The Nile makes now high festival by Thymbris' sacred wave ;

A hundred axes sev'ring quick each shaggy victim's head
The altars of Olympian Zeus have with their blood made red.

299

353 Pappus ! thou hast in history Leonidas A.
a careful language shewn,
And, in a friendship long and firm,
a blameless life made known :
This gift to thee while holding feast
upon thy natal day,
Thy minstrel friend of Nile presents
his debt of love to pay.

300

354 I whom, thro' fear, war kill'd not, waste away, Do.
In private conflict crush'd by sick decay :
But pass, O Dagger ! to my heart : thus I,
Conq'ring disease as war, may bravely die.

301

355 August Poppæa ! wife of Jove, Do.
Receive upon thy natal morn
This model of the heav'ns above
E'en from Leonidas Nile-born :
Such gift should please thee, for 'tis fit
Thy marriage-bed and subtle wit.

302

356 We open from another fount a draught to-day, wherein Do.
Our host the last lay of the bard Leonidas may win,
Equal the sum of letters in each couplet. But, do thou,
Momus ! depart, and thy sharp tooth fasten on others now.

303

357 Sacred throughout all Hellas are games four :
For Zeus and for Apollo two, divine,
And two for men Palæmon, Archemore—
Their prize wild olive, apples, parsley, pine.

304

358 If Plato writ not me—all flow'rs who bear
Of style Socratic—then two Platos were :

Well may Panætius deem me spurious ! he
Who mortal the soul too defin'd to be.

*305

363 The wintry winds are all from Heav'n exil'd ; Meleager.
The purple reign of flow'ry Spring has smil'd ;
Reneweth the fair earth her garb of green,
And budding plants with petals young are seen ;
The tender dews of teeming morn to quaff,
Open the roses and the meadows laugh :
His shrill pipe the pleas'd shepherd from the height
Plays, and the goatherd his white kids delight ;
Now mariners the wide sea fearless sail,
Their canvass swelling to the gentle gale :
Now hymns to Bacchus for his grape are sung
By youths whose brows with ivy-wreaths are hung :
Now ox-born bees their fair works labour'd well
Concern, as, settling in each waxen cell
Liquid and light their honied stores they make :
Birds their fond notes on ev'ry side awake,
Swallows on housetops, halcyons on floods,
Swans upon rivers, nightingales in woods.
If this new joy the leafy plant now feel,
And her best beauty the bright earth reveal,
If skip the fleecy flocks as shepherds play,
If seamen sail and Bacchus' dance be gay,
If toil the bees and sing the birds, 'tis meet
That minstrels with sweet song the springtime greet !

306

364 Shed, Muses ! upon me your light clear strain, Nestor.
Of Heliconian minstrel-mouths sweet rain.
Whoever drink the poet-firing fount,
Dear the soft music of your numbers count.

*307

365 Lo ! a strange kind of reeds, with instant art, Julian I.
From a strange field of brass which surely start :
Rough made, to quicken which our breathings fail,
But, rushing from a leathern cave, a gale,
Under the roots of tubes well-hollow'd, blows,
While one strong man, with hands lightfinger'd, knows

In sound the pipe's harmonious notes to wake,
Whose sink and swell by turns soft music make.

308

367 Theron, Menippus' son, basely, when young, Lucian.
In lawless waste his wealth paternal flung.
His father's friend Euctemon, when forlorn
He found him left, by poverty sharp-worn,
Shed tears for his sad fate, rais'd him, and made
His daughter's husband, and rich presents paid.
When this new wealth to Theron sudden came,
At once in wild expense he liv'd the same,
Pamp'ring his senses in all wicked waste,
By surfeiting and wantonness disgrac'd,
And thus a second time the whelming tide
Of ruinous poverty did Theron hide.
Fresh tears—not now for him—Euctemon shed,
But for his daughter's dow'r and marriage bed;
Convinc'd too late that one who could so lose
His own, deserv'd not others' means to use.

368 *309 Julian I.
O Dionysus! who, and whence? The genuine Bacchus by
I know thee not at all—the son of Zeus alone know I.
He smells of nectar, thou of goat. The shaggy Celts, 't is plain,
Have, in their poverty of grapes, produc'd thee out of grain.
Wherefore not Dionysus but Demetrius be thy name,
Rank, musty Bromus, born of malt, not Bromius born in flame!

310

370 Not dogs, stakes, hunters, me a lithe doe kill'd: Tiberius.
My fate on land in ocean was fulfill'd;
I from the forest leapt into the sea,
Whence fishers with their nets ashore dragg'd me.
Vainly I fled from land: nor seems it ill
So to catch me who left my own safe hill.
The fishers' hand a certain prey must strike,
Thus weaving nets for sea and shore alike.

311

371 A swift dog with hot footsteps press'd a hare,
Who scarce had scap'd a many-meshed snare:

Sharp turning a steep hill in flight, it leapt
Where the loud seawave by a deep shore swept.
A seal with fast teeth seiz'd it then, and ate,
Dog-destin'd, and indeed unfortunate !

312

372 A spider with slim feet her fine web wrought,
And captive in its toils a tettix caught :
Seeing him thus in filmy fetters pent
I left not the young minstrel to lament ;
Freed from the net I let him go, and said
" Live, and for me again sweet music shed."

313

373 Why, O ye Shepherds ! drag me thus away,
A shameless capture, from the dewy spray,
Me, a Cicada, loving lone retreats,
Me, the Nymphs' wayside songster, in the heats
Of noon, upon the mountains chirping shrill,
Or haunting of green groves the cool shade still ?
Behold the blackbird, thrush, and starling ! these,
Robber-like, of your fields the plenty seize :
Kill them—'t is just—who spoil your fruits, but why
To me the leaves and dewdrops fresh deny ?

314

374 From the near dell for all who come and go,
My waters well with pure perennial flow ;
All round, with laurels bright, and, overhead,
With branching planes in shady coolness spread :
Wherefore, when sultry summer burns, here stay,
Rest thy tir'd frame, thy burning thirst allay.

315

375 Who carelesly has cut from Bacchus' vine
Grapes still unripe which soon had yielded wine,
And on the ground, with lips contracted, cast,
To be as offal by the travell'r class'd ?
As of Lycurgus Bacchus be his foe,
Who thus quench'd joyous feeling in its flow :
For some one from its draught perchance had broke
Forth in blithe song, or from dark sorrow woke.

316

376 Why, silly ship-wright! make of this pine-tree,
Blown down by winds, a ship to pass the sea?
Fear'st not the omen? Boreas me pursued
Ashore—how shall I scape the seablasts rude?

*317

377 Tantalus nothing ate: for, o'er his head Palladas.
Tho' fruits hung tempting, from his touch they fled:
To drought thus hunger added no distress,
But, wanting nourishment, his thirst was less.
Figs, damsons, apples had he eaten first,
After fresh fruit how great had been his thirst!
But we, invited guests, all salted things
Eat, yet the cup but once thy butler brings.
Therefore, O Tantalus! at once allow
We suffer here more bitterly than thou.

318

378 Where 'neath a mould'ring wall a murd'rer slept, Do.
As a night vision, stern Sarapis crept,
And whisper'd to the prostrate wretch "Awake!
Hence! in some other spot thy slumber take."
He, by the dream disturb'd, woke, chang'd his place,
When, lo! the ruin crumbled to its base.
At morn the malefactor, for life spar'd,
Gifts for the Gods, as friends of blood, prepar'd:
Again Sarapis came at night, and spoke:
"Think not, for love of thee, thy sleep I broke?
Death had been painless had I let thee lie;
Know that I spar'd thee—on the cross to die!"

*319

381 By the broad Hellespont, where juts the shore, Od. Ω 82
A modest maiden, on the upper floor Il. B 514
Of a lone tow'r, moaning and weeping, stood— Il. Z 373
Her golden lantern cast of light a flood— Od. T 34
Thinking of him unhappy, whether he Od. B 351
Could, swimming, quickly pass that swollen sea { Od. H 275 / Od. I 323
Thro' the ambrosial night, when all men slept: Il. K 83
For the great wave upon the dry land swept; Od. E 402

As many nights as days, on all and each, Od. Ξ 93
The youth and maiden there held mutual speech, Il. χ 128
Then sought their couch, forgot their parents, who Il. Ξ 296
Abydos, Sestos, and Arisbe knew. Il. B 836

*320

382 Friends! who serve Ares, Heroes of the Greeks! Il. B 110
Speak I or true or false, my spirit speaks; Il K 534
At the field-end, where grow the tall trees, there Od. E 238
A vocal Goddess dwells with beauteous hair, Od. M 449
Goddess or Woman—so the people call, – K 228; 249
Upon whose ear if voice or language fall, Od. I 496
She, word for word, all that is utter'd, brings Od. M 453
Back. But why dwell I, singly, on such things? Il. K 432
Close by, I cannot see her nor conceive; Od. T 478
But thine each word thou shalt from her receive. Il. X 250

321

387 O Hector, martial blood! beneath the earth Adrian: Germanicus.
If thine to hear me, hail! Without regret
Visit again the country of thy birth.
Troy is a peopled famous city yet:
The Myrmidons are dead. Than thee indeed
Weaker, but still war-loving sons succeed.
Stand at Achilles' tomb, tell him the whole
Of Thessaly Æneas' seed control.

*322

388-9
Thus bold are they, since of my helm the front they see not now.
I am a hearty combatant of well-arm'd Mars, I trow!
Of Helicon's Apollo too a faithful servingman,
And by both Deities am plac'd among the soldier van.

323

390 Two children lost, a mother, in the flames Menecrates.
Placing her third, insatiate Pluto blames;
A fourth son born, in false hope left no trust,
The living infant in the fire she thrust—
"I'll rear no more—what profits it? In vain
My full breasts flow. Less grief to me is gain."

*324

391 The rival sons of Neptune and of Jove, Diotimus.
When young, for conquest in strong wrestling strove:
Not for a brazen cauldron is their strife,
But which shall carry off or death or life?
Antæus falls to Hercules, Jove's son—
Wrestling is by the Greeks not Libyans won!

*325

392 If any be who long to die, yet from self-slaughter shrink,
Then let him the cold waters of the sacred city drink.

*326

395 "Naught sweeter than one's home" Ulysses said— Palladas.
In Circe's halls he ate not the charm'd bread,
Whose smoke had he but seen as it upsprang,
He ten Penelopes had bid go hang!

327

396 Together with a thrush at early morn Paulus S.
A sweetly singing blackbird once was borne,
Where spread a well-wove net its cloudlike folds,
Whose scapeless mesh the thrush a captive holds;
But from the bird-snare, e'en as if it knew,
The desert-loving songster quickly flew.
The thrice-blest Artemis, who loves the chase,
Surely deliver'd from that dangerous place
The singing bird, the favour to acquire
Of the melodious monarch of the lyre.

328

397 A Spartan once from battle fled, Palladas.
Whom meeting, thus his mother said,
Raising a sword against his breast—
"Living, thou sham'st thy natal nest,
And breakest the ancestral laws
Of mighty Sparta's much-lov'd cause;
But if thou diest, by my hands—
Such fate this craven flight demands,
Unhappy mother tho' I be,
Sav'd is my fatherland and free.

329

398 A ship, which had escap'd loud Ocean's wave, Julian E.
Found on the breast of mother Earth its grave,
Fir'd by a torch in dock, and, while it flam'd,
Of water, its old foe, aid vainly claim'd.

*330

400 When I see thee, and thy discourses hear, Palladas.
O ven'rable Hypatia ! I revere,
And on the virgin's starry dwelling gaze,
Whose life our lesson is to Heav'n's own ways :
Beautiful are thy words, thy reas'nings mild,
Thou star of wise instruction undefil'd !

*331

402 To whom in life were rear'd rich fanes Adrian.
Scarcely in death a tomb remains.

332

403 Treading the wine-fat, Bacchus ! with oft leap, Maccius.
At lively labour thro' the long night keep :
Bare thy brisk limbs and bend the naked knee ;
Led by thy cheer our maidens will move free.
Fill ev'ry empty butt with gen'rous wine,
And a rough kid and cakes, kind soul ! are thine.

333

404 Spontaneous, beautiful, lo ! bee-built cells Antiphilus.
Hung, not by hands, in air, whence richly wells
A largess to man's life, without the aid
Of crooked sickle, ox, or trenchant spade,
But a small cup, whence, as a fountain, free
Flows, in fit hive, the sweet stream of the bee.
Farewell, Ye light glad births ! On flow'rs to feed,
Forth, Ye wing'd workers of Heav'n's nectar, speed !

334

405 May Nemesis, track-following Virgin, be— Diodorus.
Tho' many she has fool'd—a guard to thee,
And Adrasteia the divine ; O Youth !
Even from birth thy lovely form, thy truth

And strength of mind, its manliness divine,
Its wisdom and ripe skill, woke fear in mine.
For such the children, Drusus! as we hear,
Of the Immortals in their higher sphere.

335

406 A silver fountain, under wine-drops, me — Antigonus.
A frog, not now loud-croaking, gives to see:
I lie amongst the Nymphs, to them a friend,
Nor Bacchus' foe—both drops to bathe me lend.
I late a Dionysan revel had!
—Some water drink, with sober wassail mad.

336

407 A bond-child of Hippocrates, — Antipater.
From cottage bord'ring the wide seas,
Crawl'd out, and, falling o'er the side,
Soon perish'd in the treach'rous tide.
More e'en than mother's breast e'er gave,
He drank his fill in that fond wave.
Out on thee, Ocean! to receive
With open arms—and yet deceive.

337

408 Apollonidas: Antipater.
Were I, 'neath Heav'n's each gale, a wand'rer yet,
Or nurse to fugitive Latona set,
I had not griev'd thus lonely. Woe is me!
Tho' many gallant barks of Greece I see
Near my once honour'd shores, all pass me by—
Delos the desolate, alas! am I.
Hera has, for Latona succour'd, sent
This terrible and tardy punishment.

338

410 A mouse, of all food greedy, nor afraid — Sabinus.
Of traps, who e'en from death his profit made,
Nibbled of Phœbus' lyre a sounding nerve;
Drawn to the bow, the thief's throat in its curve
It caught—of Loxias such the bowyer skill,
His sweet harp is a well-aim'd shaft to kill!

339

412 E'en now the rose, the chick-pea in its prime, Philodemus.
The delicate lettuce in its crisp leaf drest,
The shiny sprat, the salt cheese newly prest,
And earth's first fruits bring back the sweet springtime;
But, Sosylus! the sea we love not now,
Nor haunt, as once, the cape's far-looking brow;
Antigenes and Bacchius were at play
But yesternoon—we bury them to-day!

340

413 I am an island, rich in turpentine, Antiphilus.
Of little space, with here and there a vine,
Ev'rywhere level, and entirely free
Of rugged spots. But those, which near you see,
Both large and wide, are rocky for the most;
They all to mine a size superior boast;
In fruits not furlongs I contend with them:
Praise me as fertile not as small condemn.
In bounds tho' narrow, Egypt's furrow'd land
Has no regard for Libya's boundless sand.

341

414 Geminus.
Tho' a thorn-shrub and of rough wood, for hedges I beat all:
Me, guard of these fruit-bearing trees, who can fruit-barren call?

342

415 Great profit to my master erst I brought Antiphilus.
Of city Cyprian when the work I wrought;
Hence were my timbers fram'd, and Cypris me,
Who walk'd the street, beholds now swim the sea:
Mine still a social crew, bright sails too mine,
And bright'ning all my deck is purple fine.
Sailors! undauntedly ascend my prow
I 've room for many oars—as then, so now.

343

416 A ship, constructed from the merry hire Philip.
Of Cyprian labours, to the sea, her sire,
I come for freight. Who launch'd me on its wave,
Erewhile my customers, of Friendship gave

The name to me, for I 'm a friend to all :
Enter, nor fear : the fare I ask is small.
All welcome are, of home or foreign birth,
And each on sea may row me as on earth.

344

417 Lampon, the hound of Midas, died of thirst, Antipater.
Altho' for life he struggled stoutly first ;
Digging with eager feet the humid earth
Whose deep springs gave not the slow waters birth :
Exhausted with vain toil, he fell and died,
Then rose the fountain bubbling at his side.
Surely the Nymphs, for fawns that he had caught
And kill'd, their anger thus on Lampon wrought !

345

418 O Maidens ! from the mill your hands withdrawn, Do.
Rest we, tho' chanticleer salute the dawn.
Deo has call'd the Nymphs our task to aid—
They, lightly leaping on each whirling blade,
Urge the live wheel, whose flashing axle turns,
And to their forceful speed the mill-stone burns ;
We taste the life of old, her golden stores
Since, without toil, to bless us Deo pours.

*346

419 E'en to Hercyna's cave below, Crinagoras.
Or farthest Soloeis should'st thou go,
Or where old Berenice sees
The Libyan Hesperides,
Cæsar, the most august, is there,
Glory his comrade ev'rywhere :
The waters of the Pyrenee
Witnesses of his fortune be.
Honour be his ! The baths wherein
Not e'en the wood-cutters around
Had bath'd as yet their swarthy skin,
Parts of his empire now are found !

347

421 Fragments of land, lone isles, whom, as it own, Antipater.
Ægea's wave enclasps in sounding zone,

Like Siphnos and parch'd Phologendros, Ye
Now stript, alas! of ancient splendour be:
Sure! Delos, once so lucky, but of late
Deserted, taught you this strange turn of fate.

*348

422 "I pray you on my knees," she said, Apollonidas.
"for our dear children's sake,
If yours to dress my corpse in death,
mix not, as then you make
Libations your lost wife above,
Philtres of any second love."
Philinna ceas'd. Diogenes
another wife to wed
Hasten'd. For his forgetfulness
she veng'd herself, tho' dead.
Inevitable wrath cut down
ere the first night was done,
The marriage-room whose nuptial couch
beheld no second sun.

349

420 Sardis! of Gyges city old, Bianor.
Sardis! of Alyattes bold,
Sardis! whom Persia's royal pow'rs
Compass'd for centuries with tow'rs,
Whose streets with gold as richly gleam'd
As if Pactolus thro' them stream'd,
The very bricks so brightly gilt
As if of virgin ore seem'd built,
Utterly miserable now
Prey to calamity art thou,
Fallen, from thy proud precipice,
In ruin's terrible abyss.
Bura and Heliché their grave
Met in the whelming salt-sea wave,
But, Sardis! thou an end hast found
On land, where yawn deep caverns round.

350

421 Whence, air-clouds! pour ye bitter waters down, Duris.
As if, in night eternal, all to drown?

These myriad courts of Ephesus, the Blest
Which held for years, as Libya why distrest?
Where do the Saviour Gods now turn their eyes?
Alas! o'erwhelm'd our fam'd Ionia lies!
Her all—to ocean, like its rolling waves
Swept down—the mighty torrent far ingraves.

351

425 Thoroughly wretched, with my dead sons, I, Johannes B.
A hapless city, now no city, lie.
Me earthquakes first o'erwhelm'd, and fire then burn'd:
Alas! to dust from so great beauty turn'd.
Grieve, O ye passers by! my sad fate o'er,
And tear-libations for Berytus pour.

*352

426 Where's Cypris now, our city-patron? She Do.
A ghost at noon the Graces' seat may see,
Tomb of the unentomb'd, beneath whose dust
We, many thousands, are of Beroé thrust;
Write on one stone "Of man the lov'd remains,
Lies lost Berytus, even with the plains."

353

427 Sailor! for me thy freighted bark stop not, Do.
Furl not thy sails, my shores no port have got;
An utter tomb—in depths less cursed dip
The oars' oft plash of thine approaching ship.
Nor social Gods in me, nor Neptune dwell,
Wand'rers by land and sea alike, farewell!

354

428 To thee, the bearer of war-spoils from Thrace, Antipater T.
Thessalonica, chief and central place
Of Macedonia's whole land, sends me.
I sing the Bessian Mars subdued by thee,
All I had learnt recounting of the war,
Since first they scorn'd till now they subject are:
Do thou, as God, attend my pray'r, and hear,
Lest bus'ness shut against the Muse its ear.

355

430 Crinagoras.
Of race Agarrican the breed, Araxes! on thy bank
Where by Armenia's felted sons are snow-fed waters drank:
Their hair is not of long soft wool, as best becomes the sheep,
But short, and scanty, and more rough than even wild goats keep:
Thrice ev'ry year they bring forth young, and well their udders teem
At yeaning time with milk as if from an immortal stream;
Their bleating as of tender calves is nearest to the low,
Certes! in distant lands and strange do many strange births grow.

*356

431 I hostile Mars abhor,
But Heav'n-sent gold adore.

357

432 To thee, unhappy Thyrsis! what relief Theocritus.
Thine eyes in tears, thy visage wan with grief,
Thy fair young kid is gone to Hades' gulf,
Torn by the fierce jaw of the rav'nous wolf,
While the dogs howl. Ah! what avails to moan
Since of her dust is left not now a bone?

358

433 If, by the Muses' aid, thou willing be Do.
Sweetly to play on double pipe to me,
I too the sounding well-strung harp will try,
While our good herdsman Daphnis shall sing nigh,
Pleas'd with the air. So goat-herd Pan we'll keep,
Standing hard by the oak-fring'd cave, from sleep!

359

434 The Chian is another: I, these idyls who have sung, Do.
Theocritus of Syracuse, am from the many sprung,
Of old Praxagoras the son and of Philinna fam'd,
And never to myself have I another's Muse yet claim'd.

360

437 Goatherd! adown yon lane, those oaks behind, Do.
Fresh-carv'd, an image you'll of figwood find,
Its bark yet on, three-legg'd, and earless, still
Apt with prolific thallus for love's will.

Well-fenc'd a spot so sacred : on all sides
From hollow rocks a stream perpetual glides ;
There laurels, myrtles, fragrant cypress spread,
And clust'ring vines around their tendrils shed :
Of vernal blackbirds the clear notes and soft
Chaunt ever-varying melodies aloft,
And yellow nightingales fond plaints repeat,
With mutual throats aye warbling music sweet.
There seated to our dear Priapus pray,
From Daphnis' love if I be turn'd away
A fine kid shall be his ; should he decline,
I'll pay him, to succeed, e'en victims trine,
A ram, a heifer, the pet lamb I rear
In my best stall. May he propitious hear.

361

To strangers as to citizens this bank allows the same,
Your int'rest duly reckon'd up what you deposit claim.
Who will, let him excuses make, Caïcus aye tells o'er
The gold he gets, tho' e'en by night, they ask him to restore.

362

To the sweet wealth a farmer's hives which blest, Philip.
A land-host of mould-cutting ants once prest :
The old man, wroth, in water set the jar
Thinking his land-foes would not come so far ;
They, bringing straws, on these strange ships astride
Ran, their own pilots, to the pitcher's side ;
From land o'er water novel rowers they—
Sure ! their dear bellies taught the little rogues the way.

363

Palladas.
Where three roads meet Jove's brazen son in wonder when I eyed,
Whilom the object of oft vows, now coldly cast aside,
" Shield from all ill " heartsore I spake. " In three nights scarce begot !
Never before subdued ! to-day neglect is thy hard lot."
Standing at night my bedside near, the smiling God said " Friend !
We too, to Jove's high will and wise, must learn, yes, love to bend."

364

442 A fisher at his daily trade Agathias.
Was notic'd by a wealthy maid:
Soon in her fond heart passion bred,
She made him partner of her bed.
He whose past life so low had been,
Now prosp'rous, puff'd with pride was seen:
"Cypris?" ask'd Fortune with sly glee,
Belongs the change to you or me?"

365

445 A King desir'd to send thee forth again, Julian.
A helper to spoil'd towns and needy men,
But, in life's calm thy preference is to wait
At home, rich Tatian! on thine own estate,
Thy sire's just wealth augmenting: Justice shares
Thy throne, and still the wealth of subjects spares.

366

447 A mother slew her son, who fled Do.
Singly the fight, his comrades dead;
The womb which bore him, thus disclaim'd
A child who sire and country sham'd,
For Lacedæmon genuine worth
Judges by valour not by birth.

*367

448 *A* Ho! Fishermen of Arcadie,
Tell me, and true, what sport have ye?
B We've left what we would catch, and brought
Home with us what we have not caught.

368

450 If, as some say, the dead have pow'r Philemon.
with whom they will to be,
I'd hang myself, Euripides!
thy solemn shade to see.

451 *369

Alone to lure me in deep cave thy wicked lord contriv'd,
And there—ah me unhappy!—of virginity depriv'd;
This hateful dowry mine to be in cursed marriage link'd,
My tongue cut out, all pow'r to speak in words of Greece extinct.

370

452 Procne! thy sister Philomel to thee
Sends a farewell—if yet farewell can be.
This robe the anguish of my soul may show;
Thy cruel Tereus thus has laid me low:
In lonely hut to lure me he contriv'd
And of virginity and voice depriv'd.

371

453
A suppliant at thine altar high, the bull, ethereal Jove!
Bellows, as if to save his soul from certain death he strove.
O Son of Saturn! spare him then. His form erewhile was thine,
When gallantly thou bor'st, O King! Europa o'er the brine.

372*

454 This—and not Chronides divine—
Gëorgius is true sire of mine.

373

455 Phœbus inspir'd the thought sublime
Which Godlike Homer link'd to rhyme.

*374

456 Thou who, for mountain-wand'ring bull,
my heart with flame hast fraught,
Teach me a tender low, that thus
my horn'd love may be caught.

*375

457
Now, Agamemnon! knowest thou my man-destroying rage,
How great the strength which Hector brings in close fight to engage:
Thus, thro' thy fatal contumely, our friends have perish'd all,
And, worse than death, great mis'ry seems on thine own head to fall;
The evil ends of folly, and griefs not-to-be-endur'd
Thou suff'rest, thou, who of all Greece wert her war-shield assur'd.

*376

458 Hail, Ithaca; with what delight thy soil
The exile visits after years of toil,

After the bitter losses of the main,
Sire, wife, and our bright child to clasp again.
Your love has sooth'd my life; than all more sweet
Is it one's kin and country thus to greet.

*377

460 Mother! these arms and splendid gifts, by man
Ne'er seen before, be mine in battle's van.
Now Pallas arms my hand 'gainst Hector's life,
And raises against Troy insulting strife.

*378

461 My good sire's labour did not find an end—
Death to all Trojans I am come to send;
Tho' high the boast which here my manhood shows,
Mine is the might which in the battle knows,
Together with King Priam, to destroy
All whom Achilles left behind in Troy.
Her warlike city giv'n to waste and spoil,
My spear shall end of Greece the ten-years' toil.

*379

459 Certes! Ulysses of all men most fertile is of plan,
Alive, he found out means to see what is forbid to man,
Th' abysses of the nether world, the torments of the dead.
How dar'd he leave the holy light? Or what compulsion led
Despite himself? On land, at sea, and e'en the dead among
Läertes' son in wiliness unwearied is and strong.

*380

462 My heart's sharp anguish thou hast caus'd to cease
Which in me for thy sire Achilles prey'd,
Whom wretched Troy destroy'd, for thou hast laid
All Ilium waste, and to expectant Greece
Furnish'd a deathless boast which still seem'd far,
Tho' struggled all her sons in ten-years war.

*381

463 Wrathful Athene in immortal arms
Again Achilles cas'd. By yet worse harms
Must Hector, Priam, and doom'd Troy be riven,
When to this man a God these arms has given!

464 *382

Perish ye, Cowards! one and all, seaborne, our coasts who crown,
Lo! Menelaus dying now augments my great renown.

465 *383

My Child! forgetful of thy blood, of ruin'd fatherland,
Thou heedest not, nor swervest aught the strong edge of thy brand,
Disgracing æneus, Calydon and dwellers, with red hand.

466 *384

The famous deeds of manhood led thy chariot-wheels along,
And loudly claim'd the well-won bride in choicest wedding-song.

467 *385

Ye mountain peaks of Pelion! of yore who rear'd him, tell
The boy, whom Centaur Chiron taught in battle to excel,
All hate against the Greeks to end and deadly anger quell.

*386

468 Thus pays your Father to your valour's sweat
O Hercules! an honourable debt,
Whose labour, vast and many trials done,
For man has this unbounded triumph won.

387

469 Labour and monstrous sweat for thee procur'd
This richest seat, ne'er yet to man assur'd.

*388

470 It ill becomes the dead to cherish strife.
Lov'd be thy friend when thou hast left of life
The pains. Ulysses err'd not against thee
By choice, but in her might Athene slew,
And Father Zeus, and Fate and Furies, who
The darkness walk. In salt depths of the sea
Would Thetis the divine these arms had thrown!
Thine ardour then this quarrel had not known.

471 *389

Over wild seas the good man pass'd, and suffering much toil—
He was my better, braver, far—has reach'd his native soil,
Cities, and nations, and the minds of men his easy spoil.

472 *390

Enduring much, yet stout of heart, Ulysses home return'd ;
By land and sea, afar and near, much glory had he earn'd;
Known to all future times as one who cities sack'd and burn'd.

*391

473 Woe to proud Troy!—so Agamemnon speaks—
Now left one wide prey to my gallant Greeks,
For fierce Achilles, his old wrath laid down,
Arms his death-hand against the doomed town.

*392

474 Fair, ah! how fair wert thou, of Zeus's race.
A heav'nly beauty I behold. For thee
A ten-years' war 'twixt Greece and Troy took place.
Did Zeus, thine ægis-bearing Father, free?
Speed thee for aye! beyond the sea of ill
Eidotheé thy safe return does will.

*393

475 Princes of Europe, Asia, strong of spear,
On a sword's edge, to both of you, hangs here
Or death or life. Which husband, to secure
Me wretched, with most courage shall endure?
Sire Zeus! decide—no Cypris near—the case,
Lest second sin my marriage-bed disgrace.

*394

476 Thou wrongest Hector with these failing pow'rs
The arms thou vainly seek'st to bear are ours.
1 Nathless it profiteth. Ere long indeed
Thee to thy death Achilles' spear shall lead.
2 Had but my strength suffic'd to wield this spear,
Hector had never won it. Rather here
Full spoils from him should I, victorious, rear.
3 If on that spear my right hand close, thro' me
Soon shalt thyself the halls of Hades see!

*395

477 What shall we do, O Vine! since now
Apollo of the laurell'd brow,
With shaft from Alexander's bow
The scion of our stem lays low?

*396

478 Dang'rous the gifts tho' glittering
Which back to fatherland you bring.

479 *397

From the relentless fett'ring rock thy mind like it has grown,
And of Medusa's eye the glance thy form has turn'd to stone.

*398

480 As one who pow'r assumes, thou now turn'st back:
Eros for us invites no mutual track,
But in exchange attempts another tack.

*399

481 Hesperius, and first morning sleep detain'd; Julian A.
He fail'd to call me; heavy slumber chain'd;
That may go perish, but good luck on this!
Which may I ne'er, time's passage knowing, miss.

483 *400

Perseus a hostile plant to Greece from hostile Persians brought,
Whereof to Theognostus' son a surfeit death has wrought.

401

488 Singing, in Sparta's blithe umbrella feast Trypho.
His well-harp'd strain, the life of Terpes ceas'd;
Struck by no sword or shaft, but fig-chok'd he—
Alas! Death never is without his plea.

*402

490 Fear not the flames, who bear'st Pantarbe's spell Heliodorus.
Fates work e'en wonders easily and well.

403

491 Zeus, Paphia, Cronos, Mercury, and Mars, Theon.
The Sun, and Moon, are high Heav'ns brightest stars.

404

492 Lie with the shield together here
Lance, helm, cuirass, and sword, and spear.

405

493 Hard by, the shield and darts and bow,
Stout spear, and sword, and helm lie low.

406

494 Arrows and bow, headpiece and shield,
Lance, sword, and corslet strew the field.

*407

495 Brave sons of Greece! Commanders without blame!
The sex is wily: let not woman claim
Trust from you ever: whom in war's red plain
Fierce Hector could not a false wife has slain.

498 *408

Bury not his unburied corpse, leave it to dogs a prey—
Earth! common mother! hold not him who could his mother slay.

*409

501 Till now who died their city living left,
But, living, we leave ours of life bereft.

*410

504 Calliope the epic's value found,
Clio the soft guitar's foot-timing sound,
Euterpe the sonorous tragic quire,
Melpomene the mind-delighting lyre,
Graceful Terpsichoré the cunning lute,
The glad hymns Erato the Gods which suit,
Perfect Polymnia the pleasant dance:
The starry pole Urania to man's glance
In Heav'n discover'd, and Thalia drew
The comic life whence courtly manners grew.

411

506 Who call the Muses nine err greatly. We Plato.
A tenth at home in Lesbian Sappho see.

*412

507 Both song and style are Hesiod's: Soli's son Callimachus.
Copied not our best minstrel, but has won
Certes! his sweetest verse. Fine sayings, hail!
Born with night watchings of Aratus pale.

*413

509 The Colian matrons with amaze
On oars adrift and broken gaze.

510 414

Wife of Critonian, my sire was Solon, and my name
Meltiné—a rare sculpture from my husband's hands I came.

415

513 Whate'er Menander, in oft dramas, sung, Crinagoras.
Graces and Muses there, conspicuous, clung.

516 416 Do.

Practice what you have learnt. 'Neath Alpine heights,
Robbers, their plunder ere they seize o' nights,
The watchdogs cheat, disguis'd in shaggy shape,
And, smear'd with fat of animals, escape
Their noses quick of scent. Ligurians wise!
Bad things than good more ready to devise.

*417

517 Orpheus the wild beasts sooth'd, but Orpheus thou: Antipater T.
Phœbus did by his skill the Phrygian bow;
But his God-lyre, Glaphyrus! yields to thee
Whose name and art and nature all agree.
Athene had not thrown her pipe away,
Had she but known such notes as thine to play,
Breathing aye-varied sweets. Sleep's self is won
In Pasithea's arms to slumber on!

418

518 Zeus! since by Philip scal'd Macynus' wall, Alcæus Me.
Shut of the Blest the brazen portals all.
Earth and the Sea now Philip's sceptre own,
The road Olympus-ward remains alone. [423.]

419

519 I'll drink, Lenæus! more than Cyclops e'er, Do.
Filling his paunch with human flesh as fare,
I'll drink. O would, the bones of Philip's head
First smash'd, that I could drink his brains instead,
Who pouring in a cup a comrade's blood
Drank off as wine, and swore the med'cine good!

420

521 Sappho! to thee Fate gave no glory slight
When of the sun thou first did'st see the light;

We then to thee undying speech decreed,
And the loud Thund'rer, Sire of all, agreed,
Hymn'd of all men should live thy minstrel name,
Nor any failure be of purest fame.

421

Iliad! great work, the wise Ulysses' song!
On Ithaca as Troy like fame which bring,
Eternal youth to your old man belong,
The Sirens, in your mouths, of Homer sing.

422

Illustrious Calliopé!
From Helicon, where feeds the bee.
Since now Achilles lives anew,
Send us a second Homer too.

423

Shut the strong gates of great Olympus well; Alpheius.
Guard Zeus! the sky's most holy citadel.
Rome sea and land has brought beneath her rod,
The road to Heav'n alone still lies untrod.

424

All who were Christians born, and so possess Palladas.
Houses in Heav'n, dwell here without distress:
For them the bellows-point, which to the fire
Gives life, will never place upon the pyre.

*425

I from one only couch who fled
Am now of many made the bed.

426

On pole firm-fixt a man, in air throwing his body bent,
Head foremost and with feet well pois'd, over a lion went;
So baffling, as, with rav'nous jaw, it rag'd below, the beast;
The mob, loud-shouting at the feat, from death the man releas'd.

427

This sweat from Artemis which flows
Instant approach of tumult shows.

428

Delighteth in his ægis Zeus,
In berried ivy Dionuse:

Joy in his guest a kind host kens,
A city in good citizens.

*429

536 His sweet springs ran salt seas betwixt,
Neither with either water mixt.

430

537 Nestor.
Why have ye bawl'd against me, and to cease my singing brought?
I, as a horseman, was to ride, to sing as minstrel taught.
But if, because he learnt to ride, any desire to sing,
In riding and in singing both his own disgrace he 'll bring.

431

540 Turn thou not over, quickly, as in slight,
This book of the Ephesian Heraclite.
The road, I own, is difficult to track:
Without a torch gloomy it is and black,
But, if a practis'd pilot guide thee, soon
Thou'lt find it clearer than the sun at noon!

432

542 With boldness write a fiction, by masks four Crinagoras.
To be perform'd—nay, venture e'en on more.
Neither Bathyllus nor Philonides,
With charms of song and hand, can fail to please.

*433

543 Philip.
Lo! the well-mounted tauridor, from Thessaly's fair land,
Approaching the wild animal tho' weaponless his hand,
Provokes his horse with rowel'd heel against the rushing bull,
Prepar'd around its horned head the fatal cloak to pull;
And now the noose is featly flung within whose certain hold
Low in the dust the mighty strength of the fierce beast is roll'd.

434

544 Tryphon, whose light touch these fine tresses brought Addæus.
From Indian beryl me, Galene, wrought:
Lo! with sweet lips the Ocean deeps I sail,
And with free bosom woo the absent gale:
As wills the envious stone away I shoot,
And soon you'll see me swimming at your foot.

545 435 Crinagoras.

This is the well-wrought epic of Callimachus; and here
He of the Muses has indeed set all the cables clear.
Of hospitable Hecaté he sings the homestead kind,
And upon Theseus what the toils by Marathon assign'd;
Strong hands, like his, and equal praise of life illustrious may,
By thee, tho' young, Marcellus! these be won in this our day.

*436

546 Low on the poop be mine a bed, Antiphilus.
With skins of sheep above it spread,
Where the rain rattles with oft drop;
And on the glowing hearthstone's top
A steady fire and seething pot
With the vain noise of bubbles hot.
My table let the first plank be
On my ship's deck: to wait on me
With ready hand and aspect rough
The sooty cabin-boy 's enough:
Give and receive—to each his share—
The sailor's talk, the sailor's fare.
Lover of common things and plain,
Such Fortune grant me still to gain!

548 *437 Bianor.

Alas! ye cruel oxborn swarms, how could ye so destroy
Little Hermonax, lately wean'd, the tott'ring truant boy?
Poor child! he nothing knew of bees, nor ever dreamt that he
Was coming near—too near—your hives; but worse than snakes were ye,
Since in requital of the feast he, sweetly-smiling, brings,
Courted as friends, his bitter foes ye darted deadly stings.

438

549 *A* O Fountain-drops! why are ye fled? Antiphilus.
Where now your gushing waters shed?
Of the high sun has blazing beam
Dried up your ever-flowing stream?
B We, for Agricola laid low
In death, by tears are wasted so.
All that we ever had we gave
Of moisture to his thirsty grave.

439

550 Antipater.
That thou 'rt renown'd I naught deny, O Tenos! for of yore
The winged sons of Boreäs abroad thy glory bore:
Ortygia too had great renown, and of its fame the boast
Reach'd even the Ripæan hills and Hyperborean coast:
Thou livest still, but that no more. Who would have thought to see
That Delos could more desolate than Tenos ever be?

440

551 Colchis as foe the unhappy heron treats; Antiphilus.
Wherefore the bird its name of traitor meets
Phœbus shall tell us. On the marshy beach
Placing its light limbs, once it sought to reach
Its supper from the cockle-yielding sand,
When, from the adverse coast, an armed band,
To whom its stature the long shallows show'd,
Cross'd o'er the sea on foot the selfsame road,
And took the shrieking city. Thus the name
Of traitor on that bird of evil came:
Pelt then the curst one who a heavy meed
Earn'd from the foe on wilks and kelp to feed!

441

555 Tho' small they deem, who write of me, my worth, Crinagoras.
Only sev'n stadia all mine island girth,
The fatness of plough'd land my furrows yet
Produce, and trees of plenteous fruit beget.
Good for the take of many fish my coasts,
And cool'd by winds what time the dogstar roasts.
Mine a smooth harbour too without a fear,
And to Phœacian Corcyra near;
My name, of which a joke the neighbours make,
I love e'en better for that laughter's sake.

*442

556 Hill-Nymphs! and Naïads! did ye Daphnis see, Diodorus Z.
How from the downy dust he wash'd him free,
When burnt by fierce heat in your streams he rush'd,
Slightly with rose his fair cheeks' fulness flush'd?
O he was beautiful! or Pan is grown
Goatlike in heart, and not in legs alone!

443

557 Antipater.

Menecles' son, young Aries, our runner for the prize,
Thee, Perseus! who built Tarsus in Cilicia, nought belies:
Such of his winged feet the speed as has the viewless wind!
Not Perseus self, while running, e'er had left the lad behind;
Or at the starting post, or goal, has Aries haply been,
But never on the stadium's round his form has any seen.

444

558 The goat of Cleson, through a long dark night, Erycius.
Kept the ewes, by its bleating, sleepless quite—
Afar of a kid-killing wolf the scent
Struck him, as to the rocky fold it went—
Until the dogs, each rousing from its den,
Scar'd the wild beast; sleep clos'd the goat's eyes then.

445

559 To Italy my voyage is arrang'd; Crinagoras.
Sent to friends there from whom too long estrang'd,
I seek a pilot guide, and would behold
The island Cyclades and Scheria old.
Do thou, Menippus! then assist a friend
With thine, the best advice; for who has penn'd
"Of History the circle" sure must be
Of perfect skill in all geography!

446

560 Most fearful Earthquake! whether the swoll'n sea, Do.
Or force of stormy winds has lifted thee,
Defend my new-built house. No fear I know
So great as that when earth is shaken so.

447

561 What desert sunless crag this wild vine bore Philip.
On northern Scythia's bleak and barren shore,
Or frozen Alp where snows perpetual reign,
Or the hard soil of iron-yielding Spain?
So harsh and sour thy grapes, of him who sips
Shrink from their outprest juice the shrivell'd lips.
O for Lycurgus' hands! at once to tear
All roots from earth such villain fruit which bear.

562 448 Crinagoras.

A parrot with its human voice, 'scap'd from its wicker home,
Had with its gorgeous-painted wing to leafy thickets come,
Which for illustrious Cæsar then with salutations rung,
Nor in the mountains of his name forgetful was her tongue,
Till ev'ry bird, soon caught the sound, flew striving who should be
Best able of their feather'd tribe to hail a God in thee.
Orpheus of old lur'd savage beasts to leave the mountains' brow,
But, Cæsar! ev'ry bird to thee sings voluntary now.

449

563 If anywhere thou meet'st Democritus Leonidas.
Lover of autumn fruits, O tell him thus,
That I white figs and ripe, in season fair,
And food for him, no fire which needeth, bear;
But let him hasten—here I've no firm root—
From virgin bough if he would pluck ripe fruit.

450

564 Brown restless Bee! who ush'rest vernal hours Nicias.
Blooming with pleasure, mad for virgin flow'rs,
Speed to thy honied home with loving toil,
Till full thy waxen cell with flow'ry spoil.

451

565 Theœtetus a clear path went. What tho' Callimachus.
His way to Bacchus' ivy may not go,
Tho' Heralds a brief while sound others' name,
Yet Greece his wisdom will for aye proclaim!

452

566 Short, Bacchus! is the conq'ring poet's phrase, Do.
"Mine is the prize" the longest word he says.
But ask on whom thou hast not smil'd his fate,
He blames its luckless issue long and late.
Such be his speech who envious strife begins,
But mine, O King! the brevity which wins.

453

567 Antoidemis, she, who, from a child, Antipater.
Lay in soft purple, on whom Paphia smil'd,
Who look'd with melting eyes more soft than sleep,
Whose fine arms dazzled as the sunlit deep,

(Halcyon of Lysis, who so sweetly sung,
Best playfellow where sparkling goblets rung)
She who alone no share of bone possest,
Whose flesh resembled most milk newly prest,
Has pass'd to Italy, by her rare charms,
That Rome she may persuade from war and arms.

454

568 The flooded Nile swept down in its wild pass Dioscorides.
Homestead and hearth of Aristagoras:
The old man, as one shipwreck'd, swam himself,
Lost ev'ry hope, on his own relic pelf
Towards a neighbour's half-drown'd hut, and said
"Vain the much toil of mine old hands and head—
All water—this to ploughmen good may be,
But fatal, Aristagoras! to thee."

*455

569 'T was mine, erewhile, a boy, a girl to be, Empedocles.
A bush, a bird, a live fish of the sea.

* * * * * *

O Friends! in the great city's citadel,
By sandy coloured Acragas, who dwell,
Ye who are careful of good works, Adieu!
I wander an immortal God for you,
No longer mortal, honour'd now, as right,
By all, with fillets crown'd and garlands bright,
And, whensoe'er in famous cities I
Enter, I am rever'd and follow'd by
Women and men in thousands: some of me
Inquire the path where profit most may be,
And other some need oracles, and these
Ask spells and safeguards against all disease.

456

570 Philodemus.
Yellow, wax-working, musical, and perfume-bringing Bee!
Fair image of the winged Loves, aye buzzing merrily,
Spread safely forth thy myrrh-dew'd hands. A soul am I entomb'd,
Within this monumental rock to sleep eternal doom'd.

No foe, to covet thy sweet stores, O gentle Bee! I come,
Then fear not, but around my bed renew thy happy hum.
Car'st thou not, sordid usurer! to hear the song? then go,
Thou too in monumental rock ere long shalt sleep below.

457

571 Pindar of Thebes loud sounded the bold lyre:
Of lov'd Simonides the graceful Muse,
With voice as honey sweet, was all delight:
Stesichorus and Ibycus shone both;
Alcman was soft; Bacchylides' apt mouth
Breath'd liquid notes; with his Æolian harp
Lesbian Alcæus spoke in varied strain;
Persuasion follow'd as Anacreon sung;
Sappho is ninth enroll'd, not amongst men,
But of the lovely Muses a tenth Muse.

*458

572 "Of Heliconian Muses" Hesiod said Lucillius.
"Let us begin to sing" as sheep he fed.
"Goddess! the anger sing." "Sing, Muse! the man"
In Homer thus Calliope began.
I need a preface too. What shall I write,
A second book beginning to indite?
Jove-born Olympian Muses! yawn'd my grave
A copper when Imperial Nero gave.

*459

574 I too, Aganax, on whose head were rife
All ills, pass'd thro' a wretched lifeless life:
Not long its course for me; the vital flame
Quencht in rash fury, I to Hades came.

460

583
Take me in hand, O Friend! if wise; if stranger to the Muse,
Let me lie still, the dull of sense ne'er comprehend my use,
Plain, not to all, but to the few who reverently read,
Thucydides of Olorus am I, of Cecrops' seed.

461

575 Sooner from Heav'n's high vault the stars shall fade, Philip.
Or midnight by the sun be brilliant made,

Sooner shall sweetness flavour Ocean's wave,
And dead men join the living from the grave,
Than shall oblivion of the lays of old
On Homer's world-wide glory lay its hold.

462

576 Tritonian Virgin! in whose greedy hand Nicarchus.
Is held my prize, why foe of Cypris stand?
Remember, amid Ida's rocks, not thee
Paris pronounc'd most beautiful, but me.
Thine spear and shield, the apple is my right,
Suffices for the fruit our former fight.

*463

584
Thou know'st, Apollo! well how I, the Locrian Eunomus,
Beat Spartis erst. To those who ask I tell my triumph thus.
I struck a tune upon the lyre with many a sink and swell,
But, ere half thro', on one snapt string my plectrum mutely fell,
And when the proper time requir'd a free and easy strain,
No longer accurate the air did in our ears remain.
Upon the bent arm of the lyre, all of its own accord,
A tettix lighting, what was wrong in harmony restor'd:
For I upon the six strings play'd, but, on my seventh when
Puzzled to strike, its natural note the tettix lent me then.
The minstrel of the midday thus who haunts the sunny hill,
Came with its pretty pastoral strain the symphony to fill,
And when upon the soul-less strings my sound had else been strange,
With new and lively melody it answer'd to the change:
Since to my fellow-vocalist such gratitude owe I,
Its form in brazen sculpture sits upon my lyre on high.

*464

578 O Friend! of this my book in travail wrought Leo.
Hard are the signs and full of deepest thought,
Such, certes! as a Delian diver need.
Would any its recesses pierce indeed,
And fathom carefully their whole depths in,
He will Geometry's first honours win,
And be without dispute the wise confest—
Plato of this my surety is and test!

465

579 Behold the herald image of the ancient men of erst, Leo.
Corinthian, on Trinacria's soil a dweller, who drank first
The far-fam'd Arethusa-springs, by Syracuse which burst.

*466

581 Phœbus, far-darting Archer ! whom obey
Pierian Muses, to thy Sister say
Henceforth that stronger fiercer beasts she raise,
Not such as mortal bodies merely graze :
So, in the lists, with sacred mouths the crowd,
Delighted at the sport, may shout aloud :
Nor let me, seated on this central throne
Of Zeus the merciful, man's sad fate own.

582 *467

Submitted to the government of our unconquer'd Kings,
A holy zeal for Christ beneath their willing fealty brings
Armenia's sons, and this stout clan which from Iberia springs.

*468

586 Cometas.
A O Shepherd ! say to whom belong the plants in fair rows here?
B Some are Minerva's olives, some the vines to Bacchus dear.
A And whose the corn-ears ?
B Deo's they.
A And of what Deities
The flow'rs ?
B Of Hera, Queen of Heav'n, and rosy Paphia these.
Cease, darling Pan ! with lively lips upon your pipe to play,
Echo you vainly seek in spots with sunshine bright and gay.

469

587 Amidst the Nymphs, by Bacchus' side, Eutolmius.
I stand and evermore
The last drop of the ruby wine
in willing goblet pour.

470

588 Alcæus.
As here in his bronze image, thou see'st of Clitomachus
Stranger! the spirit high, his strength did Helle witness thus:

For from the boxing-match of hands just over, did he come,
His arms all bloody to fight in the dread pancratium:
And, wrestling next without a fall, from dust his shoulders free,
At Isthmus did he bear away the labour-prizes three:
And he alone of all the Greeks this greatest guerdon found,
Hermocrates, his father, him, and Thebes sev'n-gated crown'd.

*471

589 Art has here modell'd the stepmother well—
Why should her breasts with milk for bastard swell?

*472

590 Art and not Nature form'd the group,
the sculptor vainly cried,
A mother without progeny,
a husband without bride.

473

591 A painter in his chamber had design'd
Ares and Aphrodite close entwin'd,
When, his bright beams the window bursting thro',
Stood Phœbus, and in doubt look'd on the two:
The Sun, altho' for some time very wroth,
To vent his ire on soul-less wax was loth.

*474

592 Surely our artist lack of sense reveal'd
To draw the Prince of peace born on a shield.

*475

593 That look, at once where love and madness mixt,
In marble here has heav'n-taught chisel fixt:
So true that almost her old wrongs and woes,
By force of art, this stone Medea shows!

476

594 His very image, Painter! but thy wax
The soul of Socrates to shew us lacks.

477

595 In portraiture to nature true,
Himself our best Apelles drew.

478

596 Sparta, for brav'ry crown'd, call'd Chilo son—
Of the Sev'n Sages He the wisest one!

479

597 Long time, of former energy depriv'd — Cometas.
From loin to toe-tips, scarcely I surviv'd,
Midway 'tween life and death, to Hades near,
Dead in all else, and merely breathing here;
But clever Philip, in yon picture trac'd,
Reviv'd me and the numbing palsy chas'd;
And now I, Antoninus, walk along
Our earth, with limbs all sound again and strong.

480

598 Pisander of Camirus see! — Theocritus.
The first of former poets he:
Of Zeus's son, in lion strife
The quick of hand, he sung the life
In many toils and dangers past.
To him this public bronze at last
The people, after many years,
In monumental honour, rears.

481

599 Gaze on this statue, Stranger! then away — Do.
Home, and, amid thine envying household, say
Anacreon of Teos I beheld,
Who all the bards of former times excell'd:
More would'st thou add, say this, he most lov'd youth,
And thou 'lt have shewn the very man in sooth.

482

600 Doric alike our epitaph and man! — Do.
With Epicharmus comedy began.
Bacchus! to thee Pelorum's sons, well met
In Syracuse fair city, mindful yet
To pay a fellow-citizen his due,
Plac'd him in brass, tho' gold his nature true.
Great store of wealth was his: he taught our seed
Many wise lessons, our best thanks his meed.

483

602 I once, with virgin hands, at Cypria's shrine, Evenus.
Who pray'd that marriage-torches might be mine,
My zone since loosen'd in the nuptial room,
From woman's state the signs of man assume,
The bride a bridegroom now, of Hercules
And Ares votary, who could Paphia please.
Me Thebæ call'd Tiresias. I appear,
In chlamys not in snood, at Chalcis here.

484

603 To Saviour Dionysus handmaids five Antipater.
The movements of a rapid dance contrive;
One a grim lion-skin suspends behind,
From Lycäonia one a stag well-tined;
A heavy brazen cymbal brings a third,
The fourth a drum, the fifth a fine-plum'd bird.
All, by the frenzy of the Euian God
Distraught and restless, stamp the echoing sod.

485

604 Fair tablet! treasure rare—'t is She! Nossis.
The form of my Thymareté;
Well are in it her stately mien,
And beauty of her mild eye seen.
Even the little lapdog, who
Guards her, would wag his tail to view,
Knowing that in these pictur'd lines
The mistress of the mansion shines.

*486

606 See, Ares! bathing in the bright waves here,
Cythera, who erewhile to thee was dear;
Look how she swims, nor fear. Not so the maid
Athene to Tiresias was display'd!

487

607 Here bath'd the Graces, and henceforth the bath
Of their resplendent limbs the beauty hath.

488

608 Either this crystal depth Cythera gave,
Or, bathing here, she crystalis'd its wave.

*489

609 The Graces gambol in this bath, where they,
Welcom'd alone within its crystal, play.

*490

609 a This truly is the Graces' bath; for we
No room in it can make for more than three.

491

610 Truly the work is little, but a sweet scent it betrays,
As in a garden is a rose, as violets in a vase.

492

611 Great beauties in this small bath teem;
Who bathe in it possess
From the least sprinkle of its stream
A pleasant loveliness.

493

612 As is a short-leaf'd shrub of pleasant smell,
Small tho' it be this bath is valued well.

*494

613 Momus was sad Maria's bath to see,
Saying "I find no fault in her or thee."

495

614 Care not, Zeuxippus! tho' a bath rise nigh, Leontius.
Child Eros sweetest shines on chariot high.

496

615 *A* What man was he, O Spot! once dark as night,
Who plac'd thee thus for bathers, rich in light?
Who made this house—destroying what was here,
With filth and cinders foul—so bright appear?
B To Theodorias, wise of mind, 't is due,
Here, as in all, his pure heart proving too,
The steward of our wealth, our city's sire,
His clean hands could no profit hence acquire.
Christ! mighty and Immortal God! keep still
His country's lover, by thy hand from ill.

497

616 Here as the Graces bath'd one day
Little Love stole their clothes away;

Naked as left—from shame and fear
To stir abroad—they linger here.

498

617 *A* Say who, O Bathman! has the river wall'd,
And as a bath this fountain falsely call'd?
B Æolus, to the Gods Immortal dear,
He brought the winds and made them settlers here.
A But wherefore these two boarded floors below?
B Not for the sake of warmth but rather snow.
A Shiver and Torpor! Write above the door
"Bathe in July." Inside the north winds roar.

499

618 This bath confirms the legend; here we view
The old tale of the tasted lotus true;
Once plunge in its bright waters, and, to leave
Country and kindred, you 'll no longer grieve.

500

619 What won the choice of Alexander, how Agathias.
Stood Cytherea victress, I know now:
Here did she bathe her limbs, and find, within
This crystal, charms from Hera's self to win;
Pallas her conq'ror deem'd the bath to be
"Water" she said "not Paphia conquer'd me."

501

621 Who love, or would be lov'd, to females all,
That they may win a brighter charm, I call,
The wife to please her lord, the maid that she
May from her suitors gifts of marriage see,
And who her living by her body hath,
To lure of lovers bevies by the bath.

502

622 If sweet desire of a young wife excite,
Here bathe thee, and return to her more bright;
To venal loves if passion urge, bathe yet,
More than thou givest thou art safe to get.

503

623 Here with the Graces and her son, Cyrus.
Whose golden darts pierce all mankind,

Did Cypris, when her bath was done,
Her beauty leave, as fee, behind.

504

624 Leontius.
Beside the public bath's approach a citizen built me—
The free act of a gen'rous heart and not for rivalry.
The multitude may care for that; I for the friendly few
Prepare the water-course and myrrh, and toilet-treasures strew.

505

625 Let my door-keeper, truest he of men, Macedonius.
For entrance to the bath decide the when,
Lest any see a naked Naiad there,
Or Cypris, and the Graces bright of hair.
"The Gods are difficult of vision plain,"
For who the words of Homer can arraign?

506

626 Love in this bath once lav'd the Cyprian Queen, Marianus.
When warm'd its crystal by his torch had been:
As her ambrosial skin his fond hands wrung,
From the bright wave how rare a steam upsprung!
Sithence the spot such rosy vapours fill,
Seems as here bath'd the golden Paphian still.

507

627 His torch first handed to the Nymphs to keep, Do.
Under these planes sank tir'd Love in soft sleep.
"Why pause we?" said the Nymphs "Would but the fire
From mortal hearts at once with his expire!"
But when the torch had e'en the water burn'd,
Its warmth into a bath the Love-Nymphs turn'd.

508

628 The prosp'rous King with golden rein renew'd Johannes.
This gallant horse by Time's long tooth subdued.

509

629 Had Pindar for his bath my stream but known, Johannes B.
"Water is best" had been my praise alone.

510

630 Baths truly regal! such the name which erst Leontius.
They gave, who, wond'ring, gaz'd upon them first:

For not by mortal but from natural fires
Its genial warmth this crystal wave acquires:
Nor need there cold streams any for these baths,
For, at a wish, they well from secret paths.

511

631 I to the Greeks was ever a dear spot, Agathias.
Where all who came Machäon's art forgot:
After a fight their wounds my waters clear
Cur'd from the poison of barbarian spear:
Wherefore they roof'd me, and, by way of fame,
Of Agamemnon's bath I bear the name.

512

632 In hollow caves perpetual fire possest,
Boils up the earth with hidden flames opprest,
And scalding waters—belching steam, below
Compress'd—hot vapours to the sky upthrow.

513

633 This bath, as formerly the golden ball Damocharis.
To win, pleas'd Hera, Paphia, Pallas, all:
Paris perchance may not their beauty test,
Yet in bright streams each form will shine confest.

514

634 The Graces swore by the bright orb of day
By Paphia's side, or here within to stay.

515

635 Of this bright bath the name
From bright-leaf'd Daphne came.

516

636 When seen this bath, the thought on Homer rose
"No grief, nor gall, a lethe of all woes."

637 517

Here having bath'd her, instantly Cypris, her form divine
To Paris showing, conscious spake "The fruit of fight is mine."

518

638 The Graces three of Orchomene this bath
Hollow'd, for, see! no room for four it hath.

519

639 Love, Cypris, Graces, Nymphs, Bacchus, Apollo
Swore all to dwell within this crystal hollow.

520

640 What time this bath was open'd erst
Th' Immortal Deities bath'd first,
The Demi-Gods came after these,
And last our mortal miseries.

521

641 Thou too—with haught Hesperia, and the hosts Agathias.
Of Media and of all barbarian coasts—
Art, Sangar! shackled, for strong arches clasp
Thy stream subjected to a sov'reign grasp:
Thou, once so strong, where boat was never known,
Liest fetter'd in indissoluble stone.

645 522 Macedonius.
Of Lydia the chief city, built the flow'ry Tmolus by
Near to Mæonian Hermus' stream, the far-fam'd Sardis I:
Of Zeus the earliest witness, I, amid her mother throes,
Disdain'd the secret offspring of my Rhea to expose;
I was the nurse of Bacchus too, and saw him, that sad night,
In the far-darted lightning glare made manifest to sight;
And in my primal sacred groves his autumn-vine first shed
A honied liquor from the teats of its grape-clusters red.
All things have been my ornament: me age on age has found
A theme of envy and amaze to cities most renown'd.

*523

647 Rome! Queen of all, thy glory ne'er shall die;
Heav'n leaves not Victory her wings to fly.

524

649 From first foundation-stone to highest roof Macedonius.
This building is of piety the proof,
By Macedonius rear'd, from wealth not stor'd
From others' goods, nor got by robber sword:
Desolate and depriv'd of honest gain,
He wept not o'er his fruitless toil and vain,
The just was spar'd to rest from labours past—
So may all works of pious mortals last!

525

646 Know'st thou the cities which delight in name of Heracles?
No whit am I, on Pontus' shore, inferior to these.

526

650 A pleasant bath, Zeuxippus! near me lies, Leontius.
Near to the spot where horses win the prize,
Whom having seen, and washing well thy flesh,
Come here, and at my board thy heart refresh;
So, near and nearer, in good time, ere gloom,
Thou 'lt reach the stadium from this neighb'ring room.

527

651 Lo! in a semi-circle, fronting me Paulus S.
The bosom of the dear delightful sea
Struck by the light of day on ev'ry side;
And when the morning in her saffron vest
Is scatter'd round, like a delighted bride,
She loathes to travel to the sev'ring West.

528

652 I cool at midsummer, in winter burn, Julian E.
From me all other seasons spring in turn.

529

653 "The Gods to toil have destin'd virtue" So Agathias.
Sang Ascra's bard this dwelling to foreshow:
Mounting with weak foot its long ladder yet,
My very hair drips with laborious sweat;
At last a prospect we of ocean spy—
The home of virtue, sure! is very high.

530

655 By Heracles and Constantine his son,
Who 'neath the Cross, the bliss-fraught sceptre won,
This royal work, in a short time was done.

531

656
The house of Anastasius I—before him tyrants fell—
In all earths' cities who alone other like works excel,
To ev'ry one a marvel. When the architects beheld
How high I soar'd, how far I spread, my depth unparallel'd,

To match the mighty mass they deem'd no roof could span so far:
But he, of Art laborious whose the highest honours are,
Ætherius, much experienc'd—this fair idea plann'd—
To the good King as first-fruits brought of his consummate hand.
Hence all surpassing ev'rywhere in greatness of my girth,
I beat the marvels bruited most of our Ausonian earth.
Yield now, ye Capitolian Courts! to higher excellence,
Bright-burnish'd tho' your ceilings be, with sunlight sparkling thence;
Thy royal chambers, countless, vast, in space exceeded now,
And Ruphine grove, thy dear delight, O Pergamus! hide thou:
Cease, Cyzicus! the praises of thy perfect fane to sing,
Riveted closely with huge stones by Adrian the great King:
Equal with me nor Pyramid, nor the Colossus call,
Nor Pharos—I alone surpass the glories of them all.
The Emp'ror, in the life-blood of Isaurian foemen stain'd,
To Eastern Rome returning from that signal vict'ry gain'd,
Made me, a golden welcome-place for early Morn to be,
And op'ning on four sides where all Heav'ns winds may circle free.

657 532 Marianus.

Where the strait, trav'lling with the sea-chaf'd strand,
Opes ocean, and cuts earth on either hand,
A God-like King these golden shrines did found
To his Queen-wife Sophia much-renown'd.
'Tis thine from Europe, mighty Rome! to see
On adverse Asia beauty worthy thee.

533

658 Justin the King, a filthy world cleans'd thro', Paulus S.
Adorn'd the greatest groves of Justice too;
And, by thy toils, Domninus! put to flight
From Themis' halls and mortal lives dim night.

659 *534 Thecetetus.

How good in old age is a son! For so Domninus' aid
More splendid has the mansion of his mother Justice made,
I, thro' my son, am brighter, and my son, thro' me, more bright,
Lending and giving lustre we each other's love requite.

535

660 I am to Law devoted. Here the fount
Flows of Ausonian statutes, without count,

Perennial, universal, and, here brought,
All streams of learning to the young are taught.

*536

661 I was a tree most blest, erewhile which stood, Julian E.
Nourish'd by shrill winds, in a lofty wood,
Seat of sweet birds. But, better fate to know,
Me by the roots a woodman's axe laid low,
And now I flourish, drinking in strong words
Of eloquent Craterus, not song of birds.

*537

663 The bright sea laves the land: and pleasant woods Paul. Sil.
Crowning the shore, with verdure fringe the floods:
Ocean and Earth, seaweed, and summer flow'r,
The Nereids' salt spray and the Naiads' show'r!

538

664 Here Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, all contend Do.
To the sweet spot most beauty which may lend;
A Grace their judge, who cant determine right,
Since common to them all its dear delight.

539

665 Blest hill of Daphne! kiss'd by no bright sea, Agathias.
Yield in lone beauty and wild grace to me;
For here their mutual meeting-place have made
Nymphs of the glassy deep and forest glade,
Not without strife: the God with tresses green
Their umpire was and plac'd me both between.

540

666 Little as Eros, lovely too as he,
I, a small garden, full of Graces be.

*541

667 With water bright, with gardens, groves, and wine, Arabius.
The pleasures of near Ocean too are mine.
The fisher and the ploughman, from each hand,
Stretch forth to me best gifts of sea and land,
Friends place beside me some sweet-singing bird,
Or mellow voice of ferryman is heard.

*542

668 Beautiful is Love-Grove! the gentle breeze Marianus.
Breathes on and wantons with its beauteous trees;
There too the dewy mead, sparkling with flow'rs,
From clust'ring violet-buds rare beauty show'rs:
There the pent stream of the sweet Naiad flows
Thro' pipes, plac'd parallel, in triple rows;
And, amongst Hamadryads with soft hair,
Floats, by the woody clump, old Iris there;
And prospers the fat olive-fruit around,
And sunny vines with clust'ring grapes abound,
And sing the nightingales, to whom again
Chirrups the tettix in harmonious strain.
Friend! pass not thou the ne'er-clos'd dwelling by,
But share its humble hospitality.

*543

669 Turn, Trav'ller! 'neath the shade of these tall trees, Do.
And rest awhile thy way-worn limbs at ease;
Here, 'mid the planes, from many a limpid source,
Leaps the live stream upon its vagrant course.
When purple fields the garb of Spring resume,
Soft violets here with blushing rose-buds bloom,
And here luxuriant thro' dew-sprinkled vales
Her wanton locks the serpent ivy trails:
Thro' banks well-fring'd, as bright the waters gush,
The light earth lapses from the self-sown bush.
The spot is Love. What other name befits
Where on all Nature ev'ry beauty sits!

670 544

A Who made the deep a continent? Surrounded by the waves,
Who built, with marble blocks, a shore, where vain the sea-surge raves?
Who taught the sailor, still afloat, to get his daily drink,
Hoisting it with his own hands to his very vessel's brink?
B 'T was this Venetian—shrewd his plans, and free in all from blame—
Whose handiwork has Theseus put and Pelops both to shame.

545

671 Who, of what country and what rank, built this?
Pro-Consul Ambrose, hight of Mylasis.

*546

672 If thou should'st travel all the round
Of dry land which the blue seas bound,
Thou wilt not find or fancy aught
With charms, conveniences fraught,
Superior to this spot of mine,
Made by illustrious John divine:
Glorified by his guardian hands,
The Queen of the whole earth it stands:
For Homer's city, after strife,
Is now with endless comforts rife.

547

674 Kindling by night for Neptune my glad brand,
A friendly tow'r for wand'ring ships I stand:
Me, like to fall beneath the storm's rude roar,
Did Ammon, our King's Sire, with care restore:
Sailors their hands to him, and the renown'd
Earth-Shaker, lift when wild waves threaten round.

548

675 No longer dread, Ye travellers by sea!
The dark night fog—sail fearlessly tow'rds me:
I light a far-seen flame for wand'rers all,
Which Æsculapian labours should recal.

678 *549

What labour, and how great is this, which, Agacleides! thou
Hast, by thy daring mind, endur'd, chief glory gaining now:
Thou hast the very arid soil of Bassa richer made,
Bringing the baths and fountains of an ancient Nymph in aid.

*550

676 We yield to Pryse's Nymphs. All hail too, Ye!
The Pythian, than ourselves who better be;
But vainly Nymph or Naiad may, save those
Of Pythia or of Pryse, ours oppose.

551

677 Musonius made me with much toil, a home Agathias.
Admir'd of all, where cooling breezes come.
To Fate's dark dwellings call'd, he said not "No,"
But, leaving me, now dwells in earth below,

Scatter'd into a little dust, while I
Full joy and fresh to strangers still supply.

552

679
To Heav'n each city offers for Axiochus its pray'r:
He, God-like, as he passes on, cures evil ev'rywhere.
Chiefly has he an aqueduct to ancient Assus given,
The faces hard of many rocks, which block'd the waters, riven;
No longer shun me, Trav'llers all! far journeying around,
I now in the cold waters of Axiochus abound.

553

680 Thus, Stranger! am I blest with Graces three:
One is supplied me from the neighb'ring sea,
A second this fruit-garden has conferr'd,
And in the crystal bath behold my third.

554

682 King Theodosius this column square—
Whose dead weight sinks in earth—alone, did dare
Uprear, consigning it to Proclus' charge:
Days thirty-two perfected its shaft large.

555

684 Of Ocean and of Tethys child,
By Teleboans I am styl'd
Nychæa's fount. A bath I flow
For Nymphs, and health to men bestow,
By Pterelas, of Ares son
Thus train'd, in Taphos-isle, to run.

556

681 Leontius.
Hail, Dionysus! hail, best thanks be ever thine—in me
Bathes Cypris, and from her I bring these drinking-cups for thee.

557

685 Stir not Camarina thou;
Better 'tis, unstirr'd, as now,
Else, in lieu of evil small,
Greater ill on thee may fall.

558

686 Stranger! high thoughts will swell thy mind
Above our city-gates to find
His proud and martial statues, who
Babylon to its base o'erthrew—
Basil our chief—on all sheds he
The light of Justice, pure and free:
For this the home of equal laws
Where good foundations are the cause;
We neither the barbarian dread,
Nor men who love of men the bed:
As armed breasts were Sparta's tow'rs
So be our Basil's image ours!

559

690 The Emp'ror Theodosius and Constantine did raise—
Of Eastern Rome the Viceroy he—this wall in sixty days.

560

687 I, who here give my face to view,
Had chang'd the city's manners too:
But, from the purpose of my heart,
I was withheld by rules of Art.
O Friend! who passest, known in me
Eloquent Alexander be.

*561

688 Cleës—the spouse of Cleadé,
Gentle and nobly-born was she—
Long-time the orgiophant supreme
Where Lerna's sacred waters stream,
Delighted with the presents made
By puissant Kings, the rites to aid,
This gate, with smooth stones fitted, did provide,
A sight for travellers, his country's pride.

691 562

New walls for old, at the command of his well-sceptred King,
Did Constantine, Pro-Consul, cause in sixty days to spring.

*563

692 This is great Viviānus' work, the wisdom of whose laws,
From East and West alike the love and admiration draws.

564

689 Julian, who ramparts built the crowd to save,
Proof of his watchfulness, this trophy gave :
Prouder to slay the hated foes afar
Than in the city's front draw dang'rous war.

565

693 Demetrius the commander, of Hierius the son,
To Fortune rear'd this temple, when the town his pity won :
He built it of his own accord and at his single cost :
Neither the citizens thereby, nor city, money lost.

*566

695 In this small stone how great a beauty reigns,
What art meanders in its natural veins !

567

696 Thro' spacious arches Theodore
Built for our city issues four ;
Well of the city's fourth is he
Worthy our governor to be.

697 568

It well became thee to adorn the beauteous-column'd shrine
Of Fortune, Theodorus ! with this wondrous work of thine,
And unto golden-shielded Rome these glorious gifts to give
Who made thee Consul, and beheld thee thrice her Prefect live.

*569

698 Lo ! Mopsus' famous town, which erst the seer
Built, to the river giving beauty here.

570

699 Macedon's Alexander here
Drank of this spring the crystal clear,
Deeming its draught in all as sweet
As e'er he drew from mother-teat;
Wherefore on it the name, from her,
He of Olympias did confer.

571

700 The painter Polygnotus, son Simonides.
In Thasos born, of Aglaophon,

Fall'n from its mightiness, drew this
Of Troy the sack'd Acropolis.

*572

701 The fane is worthy Zeus himself, nor should Olympus blame,
If He, descending here from Heav'n, its denizen became.

573

702 The race of Cecrops plac'd this home
For mighty Jupiter, that he,
When from Olympus he should come,
Might here a new Olympus see.

*574

703 The head-stream of the river Tearus
Best water and most beautiful to us
Gives of all rivers. Whence its sources spring,
When against Scythia he his army led,
Hystaspes' son, Darius, Persia's King,
And of all Asia beside the head,
Most beautiful of all mankind and best,
Came, and his Gods, its crystal lifting, blest.

575

704 Much time wastes even rocks: but deathless fame
The good Asclepiodotus may claim.
Great boons and oft he on his country brought,
Which to record this hollow dome was wrought.

*576

706
Stranger! I am a sacred tree; when passing by, take care
To harm me never. I feel pain at branches lopt and bare.
My bark, remember! virgin-like is still. Not such the case
With raw wild pears. Of poplars dark who knoweth not the race?
While by the public path I stand, if e'er you injure me,
You 'll rue it yet. Apollo's care I am, altho' a tree.

577

708 His road of boats did a barbarian King Philip.
O'er Hellespont with foolish boldness fling;
Of all that mighty labour in one day
The indignant main swept ev'ry sign away:

Dichearcheia's art has bridg'd the sea,
And made the deep in form of land to be;
Fasten'd by giant hands beneath the wave,
A strong support vast stones, deep-rooted, gave:
The sea by mariners was sail'd below,
While men, on land above, went to and fro.

578

709 Eurotas from his floods as lately wet — Philip.
In molten metal here has Sculpture set.
Well around ev'ry limb, from top to toe,
Pliant by nature, the fast waters flow.
Art with the river strove, whereby man's hand
Has limbs from brass, as light as water, plann'd.

579

707 — Geminus.
I among rivers rank, altho' an ocean stream I pour,
Nam'd Strymon, the fresh-water sea of fair Emathia's shore;
Far as the fields my floods extend: and then, I thistles raise
Sweeter than Ceres' favours are in Autumn's plenteous days.
Emathia's depths are fertile too—do thou, O Nile! admit,
That which produces grain is best and not which fosters it.

*580

710 The tale of lying History has shewn
Pelion and Ossa on Olympus thrown:
But even now the Pyramids of Nile
Their tall tops to the golden Pleiads pile.

581

711 When Learning to pourtray he sought — Zenobius.
What image fill'd the painter's thought?
Victor! he painted thee, and said
"Sure to its mark my shaft is sped."

582

712 Old Law, beholding John, in fresh youth cried, — Metrodorus.
"Again I have my Solon at my side."

*583

713 I, Myron's heifer, linger on this block—
Goad me, O Herdsman! forward with thy flock.

584

714 Why me, a heifer, fix as at a shrine?
Myron! home drive me with my fellow kine.

585 Anacreon.

715 Pasture, O Herdsman! your flock further off, lest you drive
Myron's fair heifer along with your own as alive.

586

716 Fus'd in no mould, this time-bronz'd heifer cries Do.
"As Myron's handiwork who claims me lies."

587

717 Or the cow wears outside a brazen skin, Evenus.
Or else this brass a live soul has within!

588

718 Myron himself spake thus, "I carv'd it not, Do.
Tho' mine from this its likeness somehow got."

589 Leonidas.

719 Me Myro moulded not—he lies—but, feeding, from the flock
Drove me away and fasten'd me upon this marble block.

590

720 If Myro had not to this rock Antipater S.
erst by my feet fix'd me,
A heifer now with yonder flock
I too should feeding be.

591

721 Why come, O Calf! so near with plaintive low? Do.
Art from mine udder gives not milk to flow.

592

722 Pass the dun heifer, Cowherd! by, Do.
Nor on thy pipe at distance play:
Full-udder'd, by that anxious cry,
Her truant calf she seems to stay.

593

723 Lead and stone here fasten me: Do.
Moulder Myro! but for thee

I should now have cropping been
Lotus and the rushes green.

724 *594 Antipater S.

Methinks! the heifer soon will low. Verily Myro's art
Breath even to the breathless can, Prometheus-like, impart!

725 595

Myro, his heifer 'mid the herd long vainly searching seen,
Found it—but only when the rest had all driv'n homeward been.

596

726 The cow's womb moulds her calf, but gets it not,
Me Myro's hand both moulded and begot.

597

727 This horned heifer, tho' but brass, had low'd,
If Myro had within but lungs bestow'd.

598

728 Soon will the heifer low—if yet she pause, Antipater.
The senseless bronze, not Myro, is the cause.

599

729 To my yok'd neck a plough at heels add now,
For Myro! by thine art I e'en can plough.

600

730 A calf would low at me, a bull would mount, Demetrius.
And of his cattle one the herdsman count.

601

731 Here Myro fix'd me: but, as lagging last
Of the long flock, their stones the herdsmen cast.

602

732 Stranger! if seen my master, to him show Argentarius.
How sculptor Myro here has bound me so.

603

733 This cow is Myro's, Friend! licking whose sides,
As its own dam's, the cheated calf abides.

604

734 Vainly thou mount'st her, Bull! for lifeless she— Dioscorides.
Good! Myro, the cow-carver, cheats e'en thee.

605

735 Vain struggle! from her bronze teats milk to drain—
Myro! thy cow the errant calf has slain.

606

736 The moulder was too slow, alas!
Or else to cool too quick the brass:
Ere Myro's hand could give life too,
Stiffen'd the molten ore anew.

607

737 Thou goadest a bronze cow, for Myro's art
Which cheats thee, Neatherd! could not life impart.

608

738 Queen Art and Nature in this cow have fought: Julian E.
To both has Myron equal glory brought.
To those who look, Art Nature has excell'd,
Nature, to those who touch, is Nature held.

609

739 Myro has trick'd thee, Gadfly! in that thou Do.
Stingest the bronze side of a mimic cow:
Thee we reproach not, for the very e'en
Of herdsmen have deceiv'd by Myro been.

610

740 Well holdest thou the fetter'd calf, O Ground! Geminus.
Let loose from thee it to the herd will bound.
Hark! the brass lows. Art bids it breathe. If now
We yoke another, it will also plough.

611

741 Copper thou art, yet so the calf deceives,
For thee a plough and yoke the ploughman leaves.
Myro's transcendant genius makes thee seem
A breathing cow and of a working team.

612

742 Take, Rustic! from my neck the yoke away Philip.
And iron, which in furrows turns the clay:
Tho' Myron's art a breathing image gives,
Life-like in bronze, mine is not flesh that lives:

Oft signs of lowing tho' in me you trace,
Work he forbade and bound me to this base.

*613

745 Lo! the horn'd goat of Bacchus, proud and high, Anyté.
Adown his rough sides travels his glad eye,
For Näis in the mountains often streaks
With rosy hands the ringlets o'er his cheeks.

614

746 Sev'n cows upon one seal of jasper small, Polemo.
Looking as if they yet were breathing all:
Ere now indeed the cattle would have stirr'd,
But a gold fence confin'd the little herd.

615

747 The likeness of five cows—as they were all Plato.
Alive and feeding—in one jasper small,
Haply the heifers had escap'd, but gold
Fastens their little herd within its fold.

*616

748 Thus to mine amethyst lush Bacchus I: Do.
"Learn to get drunk or teach me to be dry."

617

749 Love on a goblet! Wherefore? Wine, to glad Œnomaus.
Man's heart, is good—but fire to fire is bad.

618

750 Cattle on jasper carv'd! One almost sees, Archias.
As graze they its green plain, the breath of these.

619

751 A jacinth seal! Apollo is carv'd there, Plato.
And Daphne too—he truest of the pair.

*620

752 Asclepiades.
The sculpture of a cunning hand—but, on an amethyst,
The stone and image alien are—Ebriety, I wist!
Now Cleopatra's treasur'd gem: on finger of a Queen,
When tipsy, sober to become, behoves a Goddess e'en!

*621

753 Air-wrought in clearest crystal, lo! unfurl'd Claudian.
A living image of the primal world—
In Heav'n's white arms hoarse-murm'ring Ocean curl'd.

*622

754 Crystal! why thus with central liquid found? Do.
Has Notus melted thee or Boreas bound?

623

755 But that the bright brass show'd the work to be
Of Vulcan—King of art dædalean he!
Would not one fancy Scylla's self to stand
Before one, as she pass'd from sea to land?
So rages, rushes she in hostile hate,
When on her rocks sea-found'ring vessels grate.

624

756 Æmilianus.
Even the stone, Praxiteles! grows frolicsome thro' thee:
Release me from Art's spell, and I'll again a rev'ller be;
A dull old age not even yet holds me, but, ah! the stone
Is envious of the revels of foot-bound Silenus grown.

625

757 Corinth's Iphion painted this—no blame Simonides.
Against his hands—the work transcends its fame.

*626

758 Do.
Cimon, for those who enter in, the door on the right hand
Painted, but Dionysius the exit-portal plann'd.

627

759 A single stone the harness, lash, and reins,
The car, the charioteer, and steeds contains.

628

760 The steeds, the seat, the charioteer, the car,
The yoke, the reins and prize one marble are.

629

761 Utterly cheated by their hues and shapes
Scarce can I keep my fingers from these grapes.

762 *630 Ablabius.
Hephaistus wrought me with due toil: Cythera on a day
From chamber of her husband took clandestinely away,
And, their stol'n loves rememb'ring, to Anchises gave my round,
So Asclepiades amongst Æneas' children found.

*631

764 No strong wild beast, nor any fish of the sea, Paul. Sil.
Nor, in my folds imprison'd, wing'd fowls be,
But willing mortals: my protecting art,
Not weaker than the wall which guards a town,
Guards man—of gnats avoiding the keen smart—
Unbitten, from his noontide meal laid down.
Glad sleep and calm I bring—nay more, the slave,
From toil of driving gnats away, I save.

632

765 I hang around blest marriage-beds, a net Do.
Not by sage Phœbe but soft Paphia set:
I hide the sleeping spouse with gauzy thread,
But keep not grateful breezes from his head.

633

766 The use of nets is flocks of birds to hold, Agathias.
And their fast-flying young within enfold;
Mine is not to keep in but on the wing,
Rather I ward off those who here would cling,
Nor would a gnat, e'en tho' a small one, lie
Hid, who has enter'd once my gauzy ply:
But birds I keep not, I guard beds for men—
Who is than me more serviceable then?

770 634 Paul. Sil.
Anichetia moistens oft her precious lips in me—
To hold the wine which hails her bride, ere long it mine shall be!

*635

771 So Thetis Bacchus held, as Homer tells Julian E.
Too late, tho' credit in the fable dwells.

636

772 I am of all the butler's fav'rite cup, Phocas.
And save for him the supper remnants up.

637

774 The Bacchant is from Parian marble cut, Glaucus.
But Sculpture in the block a soul has put;
Upleaps she, as in Bacchic dance, her part
To take. O Scopas! thy Promethean art,
The wonder which it plann'd has well fulfill'd—
Lo! frenzied Thuias o'er the kid he kill'd.

638

775 A Bacchant has made Zeus a Satyr. See! Do.
The dance, wild-leaping, full of wine joins he.

776 *639 Diodorus.
The grace of Zeuxis and the glow! But Satyrius me
In small clear crystal painted well, gift for Arsinoë,
His beautiful and wondrous work. The likeness of that Queen
Am I, and of her mightiness I little lack, I ween!

640

777 Look on it well! yon glorious horse, Philip.
His proud crest rear'd and kindling eye,
His mane toss'd to the breeze on high,
As if he scour'd yet scorn'd the course.
If in his mouth a bridle were,
If driven in his side a spur,
Lysippus! like the winds would start
This living triumph of thine art.

641

779 This gift of Justin—King who tyrants slew,
Spouse of Sophia, light of freedom—view,
A clever copper dial where we trace
From one to twelve of Time the circling race:
Once stol'n, which Julian (with pure hand the rein
Of Justice holding) found and fix'd again.

642

780 This wise stone measures heav'n: its gnomon small
Points of the Sun the path and progress all.

*643

783 To men I am a Hermes, but appear
To women Aphrodite, bearing here

The symbols of both parents clearly trac'd.
Wherefore, and not unwisely, me they plac'd,
A birth of doubtful sex, Hermaphrodite,
In baths which men and women both delight.

644

785 By Menas was this exc'llent work for all who travel plac'd,
The city of our op'lent Kings which has with honour grac'd.

*645

786 Th' inhabitants of Pteleum and Leuché, when they met
In demarcation of their lands, as middle bound'ry set
This handsome altar for a God. But Chronides alone,
King of the Blest, of their frontiers as arbiter they own.

*646

787 Journeying by land, or voyaging by sea, Sophron.
Stranger! long wandering with hearthless foot,
Here let thine onward footstep ended be,
If, in this ready home, to dwell it suit.
Ask'st thou me, Citizen! who built this pile?
Eulogius, good high-priest of Pharos-isle.

647

790 Who from Olympus brought the virgin's room, Antipater.
Erewhile which sparkling stood 'neath Heav'ns own dome,
To Ephesus, Androclus' town, which crown'd
Ionia, for song and spear renown'd?
Thou, Tityus-slayer! ceas'd for Heav'n thy care,
Didst love thy nurse, and place thy chamber there.

648

792 Of Nicias the deathless labour, I Do.
Casts of Death's dance to ev'ry age supply,
And while in Hades' dwelling Homer sought,
I earliest from his archetype was wrought.

649

793 Seen Myro's heifer, with a start we own, Julian E.
Or Nature dead, or Art is living grown!

650

794 Why Neatherd! urge me thus? Refrain thy goad, Do.
Art has not also pow'r to run bestow'd.

651

795 Lo! cunning Myro has conferr'd Julian E.
Life unto brass—or is the cow
To brass transmuted, from the herd
Which living he led forth but now ?

652

796 Myro ! a trav'ller in his neaf Do.
Would fain thy cow have led,
But, felt its brass, the fear-struck thief
Home empty-handed fled.

653

797 Me when the tawny lion saw
Wide open'd he his hungry jaw ;
The ploughman, plac'd on me his yoke,
Scarr'd my poor flanks with cruel stroke.

654

798 Bear, Myro ! tho' it breathe not. Nature bore
Art, not Art Nature. Mortal can no more!

799 *655

That friendly was Muselius towards our royal chief,
His public works establish well. Deeds stamp a strong belief.
He a museum left to Rome in present, painting there
An exc'llent likeness of the King within that building fair.
To minstrels it an honour was, a beauty to the town,
Youth's hope, and Valour's armoury, and aged Virtue's crown.

656

800 As if he thought the Deity
Present upon his lips to be,
Muselius, with such words divine,
Has consecrated this fair shrine.

*657

803 Here Juliannus, of our town the friend and custos, plac'd
Sophia, of great Cæsar wife and with all wisdom grac'd.

*658

804 Julian, our city-prefect here, has plac'd—a goodly sight !—
Justinian, our lord alike, by merit as by right.

659

805 Until on earth this fierce Mars lie o'erthrown,
Thrace beneath Gothic hordes shall never groan.

*660

806 This, a fair garden, was sun-shrouded, where
The shadowing branches gave of night the air,
By Sergius, sacred witness of the Three,
Now made all-radiant and clear to be,
Where this fixt stone, for times twice sev'n, reveals
The force eternal of Heav'n's chariot-wheels.

661

807 Here Mechanism compels the sun to trace
By the apt gnomon his quotidian race;
And a small stone waits on the wheels of day,
Shadowing, with wisdom true to time, his way.
At Sergius the high priest's divine commands,
This work terrestrial completed stands.

662

808 At our new Eastern Rome did Maximin Cyrus.
Sink my firm base the sea's own surges in.
Around me spread I boundless splendours trace:
Right, left, behind, the City lies: before,
The glorious works of the Bithynian shore.
To mighty Ocean, at my strongest base,
All Pontus rolls, just wetting me so much
As of my strand the points extreme to touch.
One ever—in his heart a great delight—
Leaning a little o'er me, has in sight
Beauties, some here, some there, on ev'ry hand,
Trees, houses, ships, sea, city, air and land.

663

809 "Water is best." Since such his lyre's oft theme, Do.
Here Cyrus plac'd lov'd Pindar by the stream.

664

810
'Tis Justin by Sophia's side—to them this group of gold
Was rear'd, when home his war-car from Assyrian triumph roll'd.

665

811 The King Justinian me a clear spot made,
A wonder to the west'ring sun display'd:
For ne'er on earth such beauty meets his eye,
While travelling his heavenly path on high.

666

812 In Justice's pure porch, law's best guard yet,
Domninus here has godlike Justin set.

*667

813 Sophia's form stands well at Themis' door
For without justice wisdom's self is poor.

668

814 Away, Ye Naiad Nymphs! In filling me
I thought not all at once would present be:
Envy, if such my charm, will naught avail,
Unless indeed the Nymphs all water fail.

669

815 Speed, Stranger! the pain-soothing waters these,
The pleasure-bath (by Michael made) which frees
From care, and lightens labour. Him alone
Head of the high imperial court we own.

670

820 Beautiful, overhanging earth and sea,
A famous spot Justinian has made me.

671

821 Your virtue, pow'r and prowess, O ye Kings!
While roll the starry spheres, Time ever sings.

672

822 The moon upon this sphere of silver bright,
Looks sunward, full of a reflected light,
Fix'd stars on each hand, and, in rapid ring,
Planets, which on man's race all fortunes bring.

673

823 Oaks of the grove, and rills from rocks which fall, Plato.
Ewes with your bleating young, be silent all!

Pan's self on well-ton'd pipe makes music sweet,
As o'er the linked reeds his lithe lips meet,
While Nymphs of wood and fountain, clust'ring round,
With tender feet, in lively measure, bound.

674

824 Ye Hunters! with sure aim the wild beasts kill, Erycius.
These are Pan's forests, that his out-look hill,
Whether ye go, trusting to gin or net,
Or birds to lime, with twigs in cover set,
Call for my aid, I come. I know to fix,
The prey assuring, jav'lin, nets and sticks.

675

825 From me, lovelorn and luckless Pan,
E'en neath the waters Echo ran.

*676

826 Me, son of Bromius, a Satyr rude, Plato.
Dædalean hands from stone with life endued;
Now, to the Nymphs allied, where erst I gave
The purple wine, I pour the crystal wave.
Tread lightly, passing Stranger! lest perchance
My boy awake from slumber's rosy trance.

677

827 Ammonius.
Of Bacchus with the beauteous horns the friend and follower, I
Here of the Naiads gushing forth the silver stream supply,
And with my soft spells charm to rest the boy who slumbers nigh.

NOTES.—4 Line 1. Planudes for *'υπ' ὄρπακα* has *ὑπὸ πλάκα* · Burges would read *ὑπὲρ πλάκα* remarking that the tettix did not sit under but upon the bough : also, in line 4, he prefers *'υπὸ* to *ἐπὶ*.

6 Dicæarchia is the Greek name for Puteoli, now Pozzuoli in Campania : the harbour was spacious and of peculiar construction, being formed of vast piles of mortar and sand, which, owing to the strongly cementing properties of the latter materials, became solid and compact masses, and being sunk in the sea afforded secure anchorage for any number of vessels.

10 Libya cleared of the wild beasts that infested it by the Emperor.

11 Doubts may be entertained whether these lines are correctly applicable to the city of Heraclea. Buttmann was led to believe that they related to the temple and tower of Belus. The last distich is wanting in Planudes, whom Grotius, giving only the first six lines, has followed in his Latin version.

13 This Tiberius was also named T. Illustrius. He is the author of another epigram, 310 of this part : but nothing else was known of him.

21 In Planudes this is divided into two parts, the first distich being attributed to Plato the younger, the rest to Antiphilus.

26 Jacobs says that the horse addresses the miller, his master. I should say, he addresses the spectator generally : the last distich could scarce be addressed to a master. The Alpheus was near Pisa, where were celebrated the Olympic games and the fountain of Castalia was near where the Pythian games were held.

30 Last line. For [462] read [461].

32 Of Telesilla, Corinna and Myrtis nothing has survived : the latter is said to have been the instructress of Pindar. Although its lighter movement is not perhaps quite suited to the original, there is great merit in the version of this piece given in the Quarterly Review of April 1832, pp. 186-7.

34 The Marcus, to whom, alternatively, the authorship is assigned, is described in the lemma as "the younger."

43 This has also been edited as an epigram of Statyllius Flaccus, to whom indeed it is assigned in Planudes : after whom Grotius gives the two distichs as separate pieces. *Ἡσυχίη* was alike the name of the Fount and of its presiding Nymph.

44 The fountain was probably that of Salmacis in Caria, which, according to Strabo, was in bad repute for rendering effeminate those who drank of it.

47 The author is styled Julius Leonidas in the lemma. Line 3. The Greek name is Myrtilus.

49 Ausonius has latinized this in his 22nd Epigram, but (as our own English version) takes four lines to express the two of the Greek.

51 This Antipater is distinguished in the lemma as of Macedon ; but the Index gives it to Antipater of Sidon. Last line, read "day's."

53 The author is called Carpyllides by F. Jacobs. B. vii., 260.

55 Jacobs, correcting the lemma, which states that this is twice given, among the Sepulchralia and as Descriptive, says that it is not to be found among the former : however it seems more of an elegiac nature than anything else, and an epigram, on the same subject, by Flaccus, will be found under No. 522, Part 6.

60 At end for [329] read [628].

64 I have amplified this, with reference to Philo ii., 467, "*οπερ εν ὀφθαλμω κόρη, τοῦτ ἐν Ἑλλὰδι, Ἀθῆναι*" ("what the pupil is to the eye, that is Athens to Hellas") so as to bring out the proper force.

66 This is also attributed, erroneously, to Callimachus. We see from it and the two following, that the vulgar but unjust prejudice of our own times was in full force of old.

69 The name of the author is wanting in Planudes. As it seems difficult otherwise to make any connected sense out of the Greek, I have supposed this epigram to be a dialogue between a Swallow and a Nightingale into which two birds, the sisters Progne and Philomela were respectively transformed. At end for [370, 371] read [369, 370].

70 Line 4. The Greek word τέττιξ is commonly Englished *grass*-hopper, but the animal here alluded to is a *tree*-hopper, to which our cricket nearly answers. The Latin word is "cicada" whence the Italian "cigala":

"The shrill cigalas, people of the pine."

72 Line 3. "*thrice*" is so in the Greek.

73 "Rode, caper, vitem: tamen hinc, cum stabis ad aram,
In tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit."—Ovid Fast, L. 1, v. 358.

Domitian was persuaded, so Suetonius tells us, to revoke his edict for rooting up vineyards by a parody of this epigram, in which for σοί, πράγε, in the second line was substituted Καισάρι as applicable to himself. Following up this alteration, for the "O He-Goat" of our second line, we may read "O Cæsar!" See No. 93.

74 Dele the asterisk to this number. At end, for [290] read [289].

75 The allusion in the sixth line is to the eagle sent by Jupiter to carry away Ganymede. In Planudes the piece is ascribed to Aristo or Hermodorus.

82 Line 3. δέμας signifies the living body.

85 There is a lightness and prettiness, an imitative harmony, about the version of this epigram by G. C. S., at pp. 46-7 of the Authologia Polyglotta of Dr. Wellesley, which is very pleasing.

87 Reiske objected to this mention (2nd line) of Eubœa, as lying out of the course from Syria to Rome.

88 At end, for [194] read [195].

92 Line 2 alludes to the Atreus, a play of Sophocles which has not survived. The other pieces here signalised are the Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus at Colonos, and the Electra. Line 5. "Tragic" would be more literally correct than "Dramas."

94 Line 4. Of Delos, which is here addressed, the twin Deities were Apollo and Diana.

96 Mycenæ is meant. The author is known as A. Argivus.

102 There are two epigrammatists of this name, one known as Diocles of Carystus, the other Julius Diocles.

104 At end, for [298] read [297].

107 Pyrrhus equalled his father Achilles in cruelty: he slew Priam without mercy at the altar, or, according to another account, dragged him by the hair to the tomb of his father and there sacrificed him. Astyanax also fell a victim to his fury, and he immolated Polyxena on the grave of Achilles: but others contend that her sacrifice was quite voluntary.

108 This is elegiac rather than descriptive. The following may be preferred as shorter and simpler:

"In Sparta sprung or Salamis—dispute has long been rife—
I weep her best and boldest youth slain in War's forward strife."

110 Following Burges, I have translated as if the two first words of the Greek were Ἐξ ἀνίης.

111 On a laurel cut down by a hatchet.

113 Clytemnestra addressing Orestes when about to murder her.

114 Carcari joins this and the next: they certainly relate to one subject.

115 This is a description of the serpent Pytho, who, after being wounded by Apollo, crawled to its cave, and, burning with thirst, contrived to drag part of its body thence and found relief by drinking up the river Cephisus.

116 An olive tree around which a vine has grown speaks.

118 There is some similarity between the commencing distich of this epigram and that of Crinagoras No. 614, Part vi.

119. The first distich is an appeal from a poor cripple to the Emperor Adrian, whose reply is given in the second.

120 The original is confessedly fragmentary: besides the lacuna after the second, Reiske conjectured that before the fifth verse of the Greek, as it has been left, something else should be introduced. I have endeavoured to give a complete picture.

121 On a slave whom he had beaten for not giving up to him a chair in a lecture room.

125 This is closely followed by Ausonius Ep. 54. The river alluded to in the third line was the Pactolus.

126 Planudes attributes this to Simonides.

128 I have not translated *ὁ βοκέρριος* the son of Bocerris in the first line of the Greek: the word seems compounded of *βοῦς* and *κέρας*.

134 These lines are to be supposed as spoken by Troy. Line 6. For "*rais'd*" read "*raz'd*."

135 Lines 5-6. It was useless for Mars to have destroyed such vast armies, since victory, in the end, was to be with Greek craft.

136 This relates to the murder of a woman and child by the jealousy of her lover or husband, who was afterwards stoned to death for the act.

139 The nine books of Herodotus are called after the nine Muses.

143 On his wife Andromache. Epigrammatists were wont to designate the profession of Grammarians by the first words of the Iliad, between which and the name of the lady ("husband-fighting") a pun seems intended.

147 This is a play on the commencing lines of the Iliad, and scarcely admits, in an epigram, of closer translation in English.

148 The first three distichs only of the Greek are in Planudes. Line 8. "So secures her due," something probably was given to the person who brought the money.

149 Line 5. In the words, *θεῷ φίλε*, some one named Theophilus may be meant.

151 Lines 3-4. The words alluded to are in Il. 15, v. 717.

160 This is on the (Distaff) *Ἠλακάτη* of Erinna.

161 This is on the poem *Ἀλεξάνδρα* or Cassandra of Lycophron.

162 On the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer.

163 On the History of Philostorgius to which also the next epigram relates.

164 I have here been obliged to alter the name to Philostorgus—Filostorgius would equally suit—or else we would have had thirteen letters, as, to express the Greek Φ, the two English letters p and h are required.

170 By Leo the Philosopher.

173 Also attributed to Photius the Patriarch.

175 On a collection of Pastoral poems.

176 Eupithius an Athenian grammarian had spent much labour on the punctuation and accentuation of the *ἡ καθόλου* of Herodian. The epigram turns upon a Greek pun untranslateable in English although attempted in Latin by Grotius who thus renders the second distich:

> "Dorsum, oculos, humeros, nervos, cerebrumque fatisco,
> At tota totum corpus sub arte dolet."

177 This and the next are on the Enchiridion of Epictetus.

180 On the book of military tactics of Orbicius, as arranged by King Adrian, or, according to others, by the Emperor Trajan.

186 These lines refer to the various instances of good and ill fortune, of vice and of virtue, which marked the history of Thebes. (See 215.)

189 In the name Neoptolemus "young in war" I have followed Planudes: it is however an epithet equally applicable to Grecian and Roman youths.

191 At end, for [228] read [227].

193 The second line of the Greek is scarce intelligible: the gifts were not of a horse and river, but of a river by a horse.

195 Line 6. Schneider, denying that hares hide in bulrushes, did not approve of the Greek word so translated—but F. Jacobs asks what should hinder the weary hare driven out of its usual seats, from taking refuge and falling asleep in any place, however unusual?

196 Line 2. The name in the Greek is Meliteia.

200 I read, with Schneider, *ἐχιδναίη* for *ἀραχναίη*, line 2.

217 The Greek is of six lines. I have given merely the two first, as the remaining four, with the exception of the single word πεδήσας (line 5) for λυγώσας, corresponds precisely with the four last of 150, B. vi., above translated in 129 of this part.

222 Line 3. "For wild" read "vile."

227 In Planudes is ascribed to Philip.

240 Line 1. The allusion in the word "again" is to the battle of Thyrea, where, as at Thermopylæ, there fell 300. The term "sailors," is merely figurative in conformity with "bark."

241 Brunck was the first to remark that this contains parts of two epigrams which have somehow coalesced without there seeming to be any such correspondence between them as to make up a complete and congruous whole. I have marked where the lacuna occurs.

246 Line 6. The necessities of rhyme will excuse the employment of the word Czar for Cæsar, from which clearly the word is derived.

249 Line 5. There seems to be an allusion (line 5) to the oath of Demosthenes in his Oration "For the Crown."

254 Lines 5-9. Honours to the dead were thought most acceptable when offered by their nearest friends: when by their enemies they were rejected with indignation.

255 The Greek ἀσπὶς ἔχοι με καὶ νέκυν will recal the Lacedæmonian custom of carrying home the slain in battle upon their shields, whence arose the saying ἢ τὰν, ἢ ἐπὶ τᾶς.

257 Last line. To explain this allusion, Jacobs supposes that Themistocles suggested the plan to Scyllus.

259 Upon a blind man who went up to the temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis and there recovered his sight.

263 Line 5. Read "dysidiche."

265 Xerxes is meant, who pierced Mount Athos to make a passage for his fleet, and bridged the Hellespont for his army to cross over.

267 Brunck truly observes that the sense of the sixth line, which he calls "corruptus pentameter," is that the structure was equally applicable to ships on sea and to carriages for land use. We have here probably the earliest notice of a pontoon-train convertible into a waggon train, and *vice versâ*.

273 The modern song "Spare, Woodman! spare that oak" will probably occur.

276 Supposed to be uttered to the passing traveller by the Nymph of the Fountain.

279 On a seashell within which was a figure of Love.

280 I have changed the sense of the third distich and omitted, as indelicate, the two last of the original.

281 At the birth of Bacchus Semelé his mother was burnt by fire from heaven. Lines 3-4. In other words, unless you mix water with your wine you will burn your throat.

288 Line 5. Malea was a town and Psophidion a village near Psophis in Arcadia.

292 Is also attributed to, and appears among the Epigrams of Archias.

293 Similar in its turn to this, as regards the application of animals to a new or unusual purpose (see also 260-2), is the following by Janus Lascaris:

"*A* What see I? Horses at a plough!
B Ay! Friend, and more than these
Draw the dull yoke. Why should the sight surprise Anchiales?
E'en thus man's gratitude repays the tumult of the strife,
The rolling car, the combat-clash, hot battle's crimson knife.
Why tarry ye, bold Cavaliers! their steaming nostrils thro',
Rein the horn'd ox, and to the fight your forward path pursue;
While, in its stead, I don the girths and at the coulter toil,
Whose iron tooth in furrows long upturns the glist'ning soil,
So be it! let the bull become man's war-steed, and his horse
Pant at the plough—so best may he change labour's natural course."

297 Astyanax, son of Hector, whom the Greeks precipitated from one of the towers of Troy. This is given in Planudes to Archias.

305 With the opening lines may be compared Solomon's Song, chap. ii., verses 11 to 13. Line 14. For the story of bees being produced from the putrid carcases of oxen see Virgil Ecl. iv.

307 This description of a wind instrument scarcely differs from that of our modern organ.

309 In the last line of the Greek a pun seems intended in πυρογενῆ tacitly opposed to πῦρογενῆς implied in the well known fate of Semele.

315 Line 1. Read "carelessly." Line 4. Reed "trav'ller."

317 Line 7. The Greek specifies besides, as parts of the meal, chennia, and cheeses, the pickled feet of a goose, birds and veal.

319 Is a Homeric cento, relating to Leander and Hero, of which the several lines are derived from different Books of the Iliad and Odyssey as particularised at the end of each.

320 Another feat of the same kind on the person who first heard an echo.

322 Under the foregoing epigram (321), one Demaratus, a Spartan soldier, is said to have privately written the Greek line numbered as No. 388 of B. ix.: and, upon the Emperor inquiring as to its authorship, to have added the three lines constituting No. 389; but it is also said that they are due to Trajan.

324 Some refer this epigram to Callimachus.

325 The "sacred city" is Hierapolis, situate between Phrygia and Lydia.

326 The allusion in the first line is to Odyssey ix., 37, and in the third to Odyssey Σ 58.

330 In Planudes this is anonymous.

331 On the tomb of Pompey in Egypt, which Adrian is said to have renewed and ornamented.

346 Last lines. As the Emperor was cured at the baths their fame would follow his great fortunes.

348 Line 11. The Demon, as it were, of wrath is here personified. De Bosch following the interpretation of Grotius, considers that the last distich refers merely to some sore quarrel of the newly married couple, and not to the destruction (by earthquake, conflagration, or the more ordinary accident of overweighted walls or weak foundations) of the nuptial chamber. However we have in No. 13, Part 7, proof of just such a result, and in Nos. 5 and 221 of this part, we have instances of escape from such a fate.

352 Planudes, whom Grotius usually follows in his Latin version, divides this into two epigrams, of which the second comprises the four last lines. In the Codex Palatinus too there is a lacuna between the first and second distich. There is however no want of coherence between the parts which all seem to appertain to the same subject, the destruction of the city of Berytus.

356 On a thief finding a gold sword blade.

367 Homer's question and the Fisherman's answer.

369 To this, in Brodæus, and in the first edition of Jacobs, is united the next epigram. I have however kept them separate as, although the subject is the same, the form of expression is different.

372 Apparently written on Gëorgius Pisidas, an excellent poet of his time.

374 Pasiphaë in love with the bull.

375 Achilles on Agamemnon being wounded.

376 Ulysses on his return to Ithaca. The last line of the Greek is from Odyssey ix., 34.

377 Achilles on seeing the pieces of armour offered for sale by Ulysses.

378 Pyrrhus on arriving at Troy.

379 Achilles on seeing Ulysses in Hades.

380 Deidameia on Pyrrhus at the sack of Troy.

381 Helenus on beholding Achilles in the armour brought by Thetis.

382 Paris on Menelaus being wounded. Such is the lemma, where, perhaps, for Paris should be read Pindarus.

383 Althea reproaching her son Meleager for the death of her brothers.

384 Alceste on Admetus yoking a lion and wild boar to his chariot.

385 Peleus on hearing that Achilles declined to fight.

386 Juno on Hercules being deified. Also 387.

388 Achilles on Ulysses being preferred to Ajax.

389-90 Nestor on hearing of the return of Ulysses.

391 Agamemnon on Achilles arming himself for battle.

392 Eidothea on seeing Helen in Pharos.

393 Helen on Menelaus and Paris in single fight.

394 Hector on Patroclus failing to wield the spear of Achilles. The answer of Patroclus was Ὤνησα. Ἀᾶττόν σ' ἔιλε Πήλειον δόρυ. Another answer is as follows:

ἀλλ' εἰ τὸ δοῦρας κεῖνο πάλλειν ἔσθενον,
οὐδ' ἂν τάδ Ἕκτωρ ἔσχεν· ἀλλ' ἡμῖν δαμεὶς
πάντ' ἂν τάγ' ἀυτοῦ σκῦλ' ἀφῆκ' ἀνελλιπῆ.

A third is:

ἀλλ' ἦν γ' ἐν παλάμησιν' εμαῖς δόρυ χάνδαν' ἐκεῖνο
Ἕκτορ, ἂν ἀντ' ἐμέθεν ἤλυθες εἰσ 'Αίδην.

I have translated the whole, and think it right here to add the Greek which does not appear in the text of Jacobs.

395 Thetis on Telephus entangled in the vine.

396 Priam on Helenus counselling the Greeks how they might take Troy.

397 Perseus on Andromeda being reluctant to take him after his rescuing her from the sea monster.

398 Hippodamia, after the death of Ænomaus, on Pelops not wishing to take her to wife.

399 This, according to Jacobs, was written by the author on his slave neglecting to call him when sleeping soundly in the morning, and thus preventing him from attending a lecture he was glad to miss. There seems to be in the Greek a punning antithesis between the name of the slave εσπέριός, which, in another sense, means "evening" and ὕπνος πρωιος, "morning" slumber.

400 On one who died from a surfeit of Persian apples.

402 "Pantarbe's spell." A certain magical stone which saved the bearer from the effects of fire. In connection with the same circumstance Heliodorus has the further couplet:

Αιθιοπον εις γαιαν α φιξεαι αμμιγα κουρη
Δεσμών 'Αρτακέων ὄυριον 'εκπροφυγών.

From Arsace, the morrow sees thee free—
To Æthiopia with the virgin flee.

Ad terram Æthiopum venies, comitante puella,
Vinclis Arsaces crastinus effugiens.

407 On Agamemnon murdered by Clytemnestra.

408 Evidently on a matricide.

409 Carcari, in his Italian version, joins 499-500 (for which see 53-54, part 7) and 501 of B. ix., into a single poem. The subject is the same in all three, the fall of Berytus.

410 The eighth line of the Greek within brackets [ ] is considered spurious by Jacobs, and is omitted by me, for it not only repeats the name of Polymnia, but attributes to her an attribute which varies with that assigned in the seventh line, and because the repetition might seem to confer some superiority on her over her sister Muses.

412 Aratus of Soli, the astronomical poet, a cotemporary of Callimachus and of Theocritus, imitated Hesiod.

413 On the wrecks of a naval fight thrown ashore on Colias, a promontory of Attica.

417 Line 2. "The Phrygian," namely Marsyas.

425 On the bed of a courtesan made of laurel wood. The allusion is to the story of Daphne.

429 On Alpheus and Arethusa.

433 This will be best appreciated by those who are familiar with the accounts of bull-fights in Spain and with the manner of catching buffaloes in South America by means of the lasso.

436 I trust that I have made, by a slight departure from the meaning of the Greek, a less disagreeable picture than the original presents.

437 There seems some difficulty in supposing that a child lately weaned—the Greek is even stronger—could thus wander away. But it is not with other nations, in the East for instance, as with us in Europe, that a child is weaned at eight, nine or ten months—they are to be seen at the breast even in the third year. Line 5. We may fancy the child offering crumbs of his cakes to the bees.

442 Pan himself speaks. Line 2. For Νηρῆιδες we should read Νηιάδες.

455 Lines 1-2. Empedocles asserted that the soul inhabits every kind of animals and plants. Line 3. Agrigentum was a very large city. Jacobs, after the lacuna, gives only five verses of the Greek, but from Diog. Laert. B. viii., on the life of Empedocles, c. vi., I have been enabled to add the others and so to translate the whole passage.

458 This is also given as by Leonidas of Alexandria.

459 Conjectured to be of Ammian: also has been assigned to Lucillius. The epigram is evidently on a suicide. Among the Greeks, such as were guilty of self-murder forfeited their right to decent burial: for which reason Ajax was not reduced to ashes, but privately interred, Calchas having declared it to be a profanation of the holy element to consume in it the bodies of such as had occasioned their own death. Yet, to put a period to their lives on just occasions seems rather to have been reputed the effect of a necessary and laudable courage than as anywise criminal or blameworthy.

463 Reference should be made to No. 60, Part iv., on the same subject.

464 On the Conics of Apollonius.

466 Lines 3 to 6. On the grand day of sport when men fought with wild beasts.

467 On the Iberians and Armenians subjected to the Kings of Rome.

468 The last distich seems to belong to some other epigram.

471 Juno suckling Hercules.

472 On a group of Vulcan, Athena, and Erectheus.

474 On a shield on which a pedigree of Our Saviour was inscribed.

475 On Medea.

486 An inscription on a bath, as are the following (except, perhaps, No. 509) down to No. 521.

489-90 Following Grotius, I have divided epigram 609 into two.

494 Maria, the daughter of Stilicho and wife of Honorius.

505 The passage alluded to is in Iliad γ, 131.

523 On a statue of Victory at Rome, whose wings were burnt off by lightning. This is ascribed to Pompey.

534 The new court of Justice was more beautiful than its predecessor, which had been burnt down.

536 Line 6. The same Craterus on whom we have two epigrams, 541, 542 of Part vi.

537 On the gardens of the palace of Justinian, which are also the subject of 527.

541 Line 6. There seems some similarity between this and Byron:

> "The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
> By distance mellow'd o'er the water sweep."

542 What a pity that these sweet lines—on a suburb (of Amasia, a city of Pontus) called Love—so full of *natural* beauties, should be almost spoiled by introduction of the *artificial* ideas connected with the fifth and sixth lines! Scaliger for $\gamma\acute{\epsilon}\rho\omega\nu$ in the seventh line wished to read $\rho\acute{\epsilon}\omega\nu$ to show, I suppose, that Iris was a river and not the rainbow. I have preferred to translate as if the waterplant Iris was intended. Lines 13-14. It would hence appear that in or near Love-grove there was a place of refreshment.

543 Is on the same scene and subject as the last.

544 On the sea-mole at Smyrna. We are to understand from the expression $\grave{o}\upsilon\tau o\varsigma$ (line 5) that a statue of the Venetian was erected on the mole, a cistern on which was so contrived that the sailors drew water thence with their own hands.

546 On the city of Smyrna, one of the places which claimed the honour of being the birthplace of Homer. It is called (line 9) his city.

549 Probably the name of the place, Bassa, was derived from that of some Nymph worshipped there. When water began to fail, Agacleides recovered the spring and built fountains and baths there.

550 On a spring in Mount Olympus.

561 On a gate at Argos. This and 136 in Part ix. relates to the same parties, but the names are here altered. Cleadas, as his name seems to suggest, was probably born of an Argive mother, but his father was Athenian.

563 The Greek is Viviānus.

566 Grotius's translation is headed "In lapidem Aquitanum."

569 Apparently Mopsuestia, in Cilicia, on the river Pyramus.

572 On the temple of Zeus at Athens.

574 This is an instance of a prose inscription admitted into the Anthology.

576 This is attributed to Antipater of Sidon.

580 On the Pyramids of Memphis.

583 Myron, or Myro, a statuary of Greece, who was peculiarly happy in imitating nature —he made a cow so like life that even bulls, calves, and herdsmen, were deceived and approached her as if alive. Many epigrams in the Anthology relate to his skill as a sculptor. See those which follow as far as 613 and again 650 to 655.

594 Or as follows:

"Pause, and hear the heifer low—
Not Prometheus alone
Things of breath has moulded so,
Myro makes them too his own."

608 The Greek word ποτνια seems strangely applied to Art.

613 See No. 310 Part iv.

616 Bacchus engraved on an amethyst. As the name imports, the amethyst "not to get drunk" was supposed to be a charm against inebriety. The distich is by Plato the younger, as is 650.

620 Also attributed to Antipater Th. The property of the amethyst was purity or temperance. The Cleopatra who is here complimented was sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

621-2 Are on a crystal having water within.

626 On the panels, or rather side-leaves of a door.

627-8 On a war-chariot.

630 On a disc of Asclepiades at Rome.

631 This and the two following are on a bed with musquito curtains.

635 On a phial containing swimming fish.

639 On a portrait painted on crystal.

643 On a statue of Hemaphroditus placed over a public bath for both sexes.

645 This was the inscription of an altar of Terminal Zeus between Pteleum and Leuc-Acte. As an alternative version:

"This excellent altar, rear'd by native hands,
Midway 'tween Pteleum and Leucæ stands,
And Zeus himself, King of the Gods, for each
Limits the line to which their countries reach."

646 On a house of entertainment. The author is Sophron Patricius.

655 Line 2. "Deeds stamp a strong belief." This is not very different from our own every-day phrase, "Facts are stubborn things." This Museum was evidently a place for several public purposes, and not a mere temple of the Muses. In Planudes the last distich is separate from the two preceding: and united with 800.

657 The original has Juliănus.

658 Line 2. The name in the Greek is Justin.

660 Line 2. "Of the Three," *i.e.*, of the Trinity. In lieu of ἑπτάκις read ἑπτὰ δὶς, for the sundial told the hours from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M.

662 On the residence of Maximin at Constantinople.

667 On Sophia the wife of Justinian.

676 On a Satyr standing over a fountain, where was laid a sleeping Cupid. The next is on the same subject, and, by Planudes, is also attributed to Plato.

EPITAPHS.

*1

Jac. B. VII. 1 Fair Ios' sons—the Muses' riddle weav'd— Alcæus Me.
Over the bard of Heroes Homer griev'd;
And, placing 'neath a sea-rock his last bed,
On his pale corpse sad Nereids nectar shed;
For he had Thetis and her son extoll'd,
Ulysses' deeds, the strife of Heroes old:
Ios! most blessed island of the sea,
Well sleeps the Muses', Graces' star in thee.

2

2 The mighty man-persuading mouth, the head, Antipater S.
Which like the Muses spake, of Homer dead
Ios' rock-islet holds. His sacred breath
Would not, O Stranger! elsewhere out in death.
Of Jove's Almighty nod, Olympus' height,
And, battling for the ships, of Ajax' might,
Of Hector on the Dardan plain dragg'd round,
To steeds Pharsalian of Achilles bound—
These were his lyre's high themes. But marvel not
At one so lofty laid in lowly spot;
Even to Icus with its little mould
'Tis giv'n by Thetis Peleus' dust to hold.

3

2 Small tho' my tomb, O Trav'ller! pass not by; Do.
But pay due homage to the Gods on high.
I hold, most lov'd of the Pierian Nine,
The epic poet, Homer the divine.

4

3 Earth covers here the sacred head of Homer the divine
Who sang the deeds of hero-men in his immortal line.

5

4 Homer divine, the Muses' mouth-piece wise, Paul. Sil.
On seaside rock in honour'd tomb here lies;
If for so great a man an isle so small
Have op'd its mouth, Friend! marvel not at all.
Delos, a sister isle, sea-wand'ring, erst
The new-born offspring of Latona nurst.

*6

5 Tho' 'neath the hammer's heavy crash, Alcæus Mi.
Or in Jove's fiery lightning flash,
You me the golden Homer place,
Mine was no Salaminian race;
Nor will I, son of Meles known,
Demagoras as father own.
Then let not Hellas this regard;
Put to the rack some other bard,
Let Chios and the Muses sing
My lays to sons from Greece who spring.

6 7 Antipater S.
Herald of Hero-valour old, the prophet of the Blest,
From whom our heav'n of living Greece a second sun possest,
Homer, the Muses' light, the tongue which never old age knows
Thro' all the world, O Stranger! him these sea-lasht sands inclose.

*8

7 Here lieth Homer the divine, who sung Do.
All Greece, from hundred-gated Thebæ sprung.

9

8 No longer, Orpheus! shalt thou charm'd oaks lead, Do.
No longer rocks, wild beasts, nor herds which feed,
No longer lull'd the roaring winds shall be,
Hailstorm, and snowdrift, and the surging sea;
For thou art dead! and much the Muses griev'd,
Calliopé, thy mother, most bereav'd.
Why mourn we *our* dead sons? since e'en their own
To save from death no pow'r to Gods is known.

10

9 Where high Olympus frowns o'er Thracia's plains, Damagetas.
Orpheus, the Muses' son, a tomb contains;
Him rooted oaks, him lifeless stones obey'd,
And savage beasts that prowl the forest glade;
The mystic rites of Bacchus he design'd;
And with apt notes heroic lays combin'd;
His lyre of Pluto scarce-to-be-appeas'd
The heavy thoughts and stubborn feelings eas'd.

*11

10 The red Bistonians Orpheus dead to see,
Son of Œagrus and Calliope,
Sore griev'd, with bloody arms and bosom bare,
Strewing black ashes on their frantic hair:
Wail'd with heart-grief Lycœus' loving shell,
Fast tears from the Pierian Muses fell,
As mourn'd they o'er the minstrel; issued moans
From rocks and trees erst sooth'd by his lov'd tones.

*12

11 Thus ends Erinna's labour-sweet—not much, Asclepiades.
A virgin's of nineteen, but, e'en as such,
Surpassing many; and tho' Hades came
Quickly to me, who else has won such fame?

13

12 Thee, who with mouth of swan didst lately sing,
Breathing of hymns from honey made the spring,
Fate, mistress of the wheel where rolls life's thread,
To Ach'ron drove, thro' broad waves of the dead:
Yet not, Erinna! dead: thy lays sublime,
Crown'd with the Muses' blessing, baffle Time.

13 *14 Leonidas: Meleager.
Virgin Erinna, songstress young, the minstrel choir who led,
And, like the bee, on sweetest flow'rs of all the Muses fed,
Has Hades snatch'd his bride to be; the living words how true
The bright girl spake, "O Hades! all is to thine envy due."

15

14 Thou hid'st, Æolian earth! bright Sappho young, Antipater S.
A mortal Muse amid the Immortal sung;

Foster'd by Love and Beauty both, for whom
Persuasion twin'd her wreath of fadeless bloom,
To Greece a blessing, to thyself a pride—
Why then, O Fates! the triple thread who guide,
Did ye not weave for her an endless day
Who of the Muses wove the deathless lay?

16

15 Sappho my name: as Homer men excell'd, Antipater.
So I of female minstrels first am held.

17

16 This tomb has Sappho's bones and idle name, Pinytus.
But her wise words have won immortal fame.

18

17 T. Laurea.
O Stranger! this Æolian tomb of mine if passing nigh,
Say not in death that I the bard of Mitylene lie;
This mortal hands with labour built, and ev'ry work of man
Against oblivion—silent, swift—has but a little span:
But, if thou valuest of the Muse the pleasure and the pow'r,
For thee, beside the blessed Nine, if bloom the fadeless flow'r,
Then wilt thou know of Hades how the darkness I o'ercame,
That never rises any sun which lights not Sappho's name.

*19

18 Man by his tomb to measure is unjust, Antipater T.
Tho' slight to view, I hold a great one's dust.
Alcman lies here who struck Laconia's lyre,
Whom the Nine number of their tuneful quire;
From Lydia or Laconia, whence his life—
Minstrels have many mothers—there is strife.

20

19 Delightful Alcman, the sweet swan Leonidas.
who hymeneals hymn'd,
Whose fame melodious, of the Muse
well-worthy, lives undimm'd,
Sparta's chief grace, this tomb now holds:
away the hatred thrown
Long felt against the Lydians,
since he's to Hades gone.

*21

20 Sophocles sleeps, the flow'r of song in death, Simonides.
The purple grape extinguish'd his old breath.

*22

21 Simmias.
Thee, Sophocles! Sophylus' son, who lov'd'st the choir to join,
Cecropian star of tragedy! Belov'd of all the Nine!
Whose head has crown'd so often with Acharnœ's ivy been,
Which twines its verdant tendrils on the theatre's throng'd scene,
This tomb and a few feet of earth emprison now. But Time
To latest ages sees thee live in thine immortal rhyme.

*23

22 Gently, where lies our Sophocles in sleep, Do.
Gently, green ivy! with light tendrils creep;
There may the rose-leaf too and cluster'd vine
Climb round his honour'd tomb in graceful twine:
Sweet were his lays, with sense and feeling fraught,
Alike by Muses and by Graces taught. [37.]

*24

23 May flow'ring ivy round Anacreon's tomb Antipater S.
And delicate buds from purple meadows bloom;
There may white milk flow ever, and give birth
To pleasant wine the sweetly smelling earth,
Till e'en thine ashes feel a kindly glow,
If aught indeed of bliss the dead e'er know.
Friend of the darling lyre! whose envied life
Held its bright course with love and music rife.

25

24 All-cheering Vine! mother of wine and fruit, Simonides.
With tendril delicate and wavy shoot,
May'st thou in freshness o'er this gravestone bloom,
And the slight mound which marks Anacreon's tomb,
So he, wine-rev'ller, fond of jovial cheer,
All night may strike the lyre to youth so dear,
And drink e'en in his grave, and, from thy bough,
The bright grape gather, rip'ning o'er his brow.
Whose dew may moisten the old minstrel well,
Sweet as the lays which from his soft lips fell.

25 *26 Simonides.

This tomb in Teos, his own land, holds now Anacreon,
The Minstrel, by the Muses blest, immortal fame who won;
Breathing of Graces and of Loves were still the lays he sung,
His numbers with a soft desire inspir'd for bright and young.
Not that the warm sun he has lost, that Lethe in the grave
He meets, has sorrow weigh'd him down by Acheron's cold wave.
But that behind amid the young is fair Megisteus left,
And from his love the tender boy the Thracian Smerdis reft;
His own old strains, as honey sweet, he does not here forget,
Tho' dead, his living lyre is heard from Hades tuneful yet.

27

26 Friends! who Anacreon's simple tomb pass by, Antipater S.
If e'er my lays your profit did supply,
Pour wine upon my bones; bedew'd with wine
Old joys once more shall thrill this dust of mine;
So I, on earth, in Bacchus' revels vers'd,
Whom bright wine and glad music, mingling, nurs'd,
May, with its flow, endure, e'en dead, the place,
Last home appointed for the human race.

27 28 Do.

Be thou, Anacreon! with the Blest, pride of Ionia's heart,
Nor from beloved revelry, nor from thy lyre apart:
There may'st thou ever clearly sing, with eyes which softly shine,
Best flow'rs of summer garlanding that glossy hair of thine;
Whether towards Eurypylé or young Megista turning,
Or for the braided ringlets bright of Thracian Smerdis yearning;
There may sweet wine still flow for thee, thy robes in Bacchus roll'd,
The nectar-spirit gushing from thy stole's embroidered fold,
For to the Muses, Love, and Wine, thine own Immortal Three,
Has all thy life, Old man! pour'd out its bright drops lavishly.

*29

28 O Strangers! by Anacreon's tomb who pass,
Shed o'er it wine; in life he lov'd his glass.

29 30 Antipater S.

Thou sleep'st, Anacreon! with the dead, in life who lab'redst well,
And sleeps thy sweet harp thro' the night whose music lov'd to swell,

Sleeps too thy Smerdis, of desire the very spring, for whom
O lyre! thy nectar'd harmony well charm'd the glitt'ring room:
Model and mark of youthful Love, alone against thy heart
His bow's far-shooting archery directed its sure dart.

31

30 Anacreon's tomb—here sleeps the Teian swan Antipater S.
Whose love for youth to very madness ran;
Still his fond lyre sings soft Bathyllus' bloom,
Beauty and Wine his marble still perfume:
E'en Hades has not quench'd his love: below,
A warmer Venus wakes his passionate glow.

32

31 Thou, to the bone for Thracian Smerdis worn, Dioscorides.
Thou, lord of revelry from night to morn,
Anacreon! thou, who o'er thy cups would'st oft
Shed for Bathyllus the fresh tear and soft,
May fountains with pure wine spontaneous gush,
And streams with Heav'n's ambrosial nectar blush.
Spring violets spontaneous, flow'rs which eve
Love, and fair myrtles fresh'ning dews receive,
So, of the Muses best-belov'd, that thou,
Gay with good wine and garlands on thy brow,
In Ceres' honour, with thine arms around
Golden Eurypylé, may'st lightly bound.

33

32 What oft I sung, now from my tomb I tell: Julian E.
"Drink, mortals! drink, ere in this dust you dwell."

*34

33 *A* After much drinking, thou art dead, Do.
Anacreon!
B But the life I led
Was bright with joy. Tho' drinking not,
Thou too wilt find the grave thy lot.

*35

34 Antipater S.
This tomb the dust of Pindar holds, Pieria's trumpet free,
Of hymns well-sounding and sublime the deep-ton'd artist he,

Whose music heard, thou 'lt raptur'd say, its sweet notes so are set
As when in Cadmus' marriage feast the swarming Muses met.

36

35 Pindar, to strangers kind, to country dear, Leonidas: Plato.
Priest of the sweet Pierian choir, sleeps here.

*37

36 Still on thy marble, Sophocles divine! Erycius
With tender feet may scenic ivy twine,
And thy dear tomb, with oxborn bees beset,
May honey of Hymettus ever wet:
So may the wax on attic tablet flow
Perpetual, and thy locks with garlands glow.

*38

37 *A* This is, O Man! of Sophocles the tomb, Dioscorides.
Treasure-trust of the holy Muses, whom,
Holy myself, I well to guard may claim:
His were the hands from Phlios when I came,
Hard as an oak, treading on thistles rude,
Which my weak limbs in golden garb endued,
And circled me in purple splendour. When
He died, my stately solemn march ceas'd then.
B O happy in thy honour'd post! But say,
This right-hand mask of sorrow, from *which* play?
A Choose as thou wilt, no error can be thine,
Antigoné, Electra, *both* divine! [ed.]

39

38 Diodorus.
God-like Aristophanes beneath me is laid in his last sleep,
Famous in comedy, and memorial of choruses ancient.

*40

39 The tragic style, the pomp of song sublime, Antipater T.
Who first built up in strong and stately rhyme,
Æschylus of Euphorion, far from home,
Here lies, Trinacria honouring with his tomb.

*41

40 This tombstone tells great Æschylus here lies, Diodorus.
In Sicily, where Gela's white springs rise,

Far from his own Cecropian home. In Greece
Will envy of the virtuous ever cease?

42

41 Thou, by ambrosial Muses blest, associate lov'd of all,
Hail! our own old Callimachus, even in Hades-hall.

*43

42 Of wise Callimachus, from gates of horn,
Not ivory, the far-fam'd dream was born
Which secrets show'd to him, erst hid from men,
Of Demigods and of Immortals then,
And from parch'd Libya brought him to green glades
Of Helicon amid Pierian maids,
Who to his questions about heroes old
And the Blest Deities "The Causes" told.

44

43 In lone Pieria's darksome dell thy bed Ion.
In endless night, Euripides! is spread;
But know! tho' laid in dust, thy deathless praise
Shall equal live with Homer's heav'nly lays.

*45

44 Tho' a sad fate Euripides has ta'en,
And the wolf-worrying dogs, alas! have slain
The stage's sweetest songster, Athens' pride,
In whom with wisdom tragic beauty vied,
A tomb at Pella has he won—'tis well,
The Muses' child should near the Muses dwell!

*46

45, 46 All Greece—tho' Macedon his bones may hold, Thucydides.
Where his life's end, death's secret, was unroll'd—
Is of Euripides indeed the tomb:
But, Greece of Greece, fair Athens is his home:
He by his Muse, who knew so well to please,
This praise from many wins—"Euripides!
Greece is not yours, her monument are you,
From whom this monument its glory drew."

47

47 Achaia all, Euripides! thy monument below,
Not voiceless is but vocal with the universal woe.

*48

48 The delicate flesh seiz'd by the burning blast
O'er the dark earth a clammy vapour cast :
Dead bones alone the much wept tomb contains,
And sorrow for the passers by remains.

49 49

Altho' in the sepulchral dust of Macedon entomb'd, Bianor.
Earth's clog was quickly doff'd, by Zeus, the Thunderer consum'd,
Thrice over Heav'n, Euripides ! the lightning flashes ran,
Pard'ning and purging of thy death the history of man.

50

51 Not by wild dogs for ladye-love, Addæus.
Euripides ! didst thou,
Stranger to Venus who loves night,
but old, to Hades bow :
And now thou liest 'neath Arethuse
in Macedonia here,
Honour'd by friendship of the great,
to Archeläus dear :
Nor deem I this thy tomb, but where
the sorrow-song has been,
The boards where Bacchus aye presides,
the buskins of the scene.

51

52 Crown of wide Hellas, of all song the grace, Demiurgus.
I cover Hesiod of Ascræan race.

52

54 Fair Ascra, mid its cornfields, Hesiod bred, Nuasalcas.
But Minya, the horseracing, holds him dead,
Whose fame on earth 'mongst men spreads far and wide,
Who, wisdom's touchstone using, well decide.

53

55 In Locris' shady grove, of Hesiod dead Alcæus.
The corpse to wash, fond Nymphs their fountains led,
And rais'd a tomb, where shepherds tribute brought,
Fresh milk of goats with yellow honey fraught:
For with *such* voice the old man warbled still,
Since tasted of the Muses the pure rill.

54

56 What laughter for Democritus
These relics! Haply, he 'd speak thus:
"Said I not with a laugh, my friends!
A laugh begins all things and ends:
So, after boundless wisdom, I,
And rows of many books, here lie
Beneath the tomb, a thing to make
The very ribs with laughter ache."

55

57 What man was e'er so wise? who e'er wrought thus Diog. Laert.
A work so mighty as Democritus?
He, for three days, aloof held coming death,
And kept himself alive by bread's hot breath.

56

58 Tho' o'er the joyless dead thou hast control, Julian E.
Welcome, Persephoné! this laughing soul
Of rare Democritus; for mirth reliev'd
Thy mother's anguish when for thee she griev'd.

57

59 O'er souls without a smile below, Do.
Immortal Pluto! tho' you reign,
Receive Democritus, that so
At least one laugh you may obtain.

*58

60 The first in temperance and morals just, Simmias.
Here lies divine Aristocles in dust:
If ever wisdom won from all high praise,
He won the most, and ne'er did envy raise.

*59

61 Earth hides this, Plato's, body in her breast,
His soul immortal ranks among the Blest:
Viewing whose godlike life, to latest times
The good man honours him in distant climes.

60

62 *A* Why hov'ring here, O Eagle! o'er a tomb?
Or art thou gazing on the starry home

Where dwell Immortals in the boundless sky?
B I am the form of Plato's soul: on high
I bear it to Jove's right: his earthly shell
The soil of Attica possesses well.

61

63 Boatman! who ferriest o'er this lake
The spirits of the dead, O take
Across, from all life's trappings free,
Diogenes the Cynic, me.

62

64 *A* Dog! at whose tomb in watch and ward art thou?
B A dog's.
A Whom call'st thou so?
B Diogenes.
A He in a cask who dwelt?
B The same—but now
He, being dead, the stars his mansion sees.

63

65 Diogenes lies here, the wise dog, who Antipater.
Erst with brave spirit struggled bare life thro';
One satchel his, one cloak, one staff to guide,
His self-sufficing temperance supplied.
Fool! from his tomb depart, Sinope's son
Even in Hades hates each silly one.

*64

66 A staff, a scrip, a cloak of double plies, Onestes.
Thy life's light load, Diogenes the wise!
All brought to Charon, nothing left behind—
To fellow-dog, Dog Cerberus! be kind.

*65

67 Grim minister of Hades! who this dark Leonidas.
Water of Ach'ron sail'st in livid bark,
Take the dead dog Diogenes aboard,
Tho' thy cold boat scarce room for more afford;
Jug, scrip, and tatter'd cloak are all my store,
Except this mite to pay my ferry o'er;
All that I had in life I here have brought
And 'neath the sun I leave behind me nought.

66

68 Grim leader of the dead to Hades! thou, Archias.
Aye pleas'd with tears, this dark wave ferrying now,
With ghosts full-freighted tho' thy boat I find,
Leave not Diogenes the dog behind;
A cup, and staff, and doubled cloak I bear,
A wallet, and a farthing for thy fare,
These, all I had in life, in death I bring,
Nor leave I 'neath the sun a single thing. [112.]

*67

69 Julian. E.
O Cerberus! with fearful bark, who howlest on the dead,
Terrible in his grave, e'en thou this new-come corpse should'st dread;
Guard thee—for 't is Archilochus!—against the stinging scorn
Of fierce iambics from his mouth in bitter anger born.
Well didst thou know the mighty pow'r of his rude bawling throat,
When came Lycambes' daughters twain together in one boat.

*68

70 With wakeful eyes, O triple Dog! guard thou Do.
The strong gates of the abyss more closely now:
For, if Lycambes' daughters left our light,
Sore-griev'd in indignation and affright
To be assail'd in savage language thus
By the coarse iambs of Archilochus,
The general dead for fear of like attack
Will they not leave Hell's inner regions black?

*69

71 This is Archilochus's seaside tomb, Gætulicus.
Whose bitter Muse was dipt in serpent spume,
Redd'ning fair Hel'con. This Lycambes knew,
Of daughters three who had the death to rue.
Pass gently by him, lest the wasps you wake,
Their chosen homes upon his tomb who make.

*70

72 Menander.
Hail! sons of either Neocles, of whom, so Fate decreed,
His country this from slav'ry sav'd, and that from folly freed.

71

73 Geminus: Germanicus.

Raise no slight tomb: show Greece, and round her throw
The trophies of our fall'n barbarian foe;
The flying Persian and the wreck-strewn seas
Carv'd on its base—lay there Themistocles:
As column, Salamis my deeds shall tell,
In lesser grave my greatness may not dwell.

*72

74 Diodorus.

The people of Magnesia here
this empty tomb decreed
To great Themistocles, when, sav'd
his country from the Mede,
He sank 'neath foreign shore and stone;
for such, alas! the will
Of envious Fate, that small reward
awaits on Virtue still.

*73

75 Antipater.

This burning soil of Catana interr'd within her views
Stesichorus, the copious mouth of the exhaustless Muse;
Pythagoras' philosophy is right, for in his breast
The former soul of Homer found a second home to rest.

74

76 Dioscorides.

Philocritus—who, commerce ceasing, tried
A country life—a foreign tomb did hide
Near Memphis, when the Nile with violent wave
Rolling along, laid bare the light-soil'd grave.
Who scap'd in life the bitter seas, his doom,
Tho' buried, is alas! a shipwreckt tomb.

*75

77 Simonides.

Simonides of Ceös by a shade
Was sav'd—his debt so Death to life repaid.

76

78 Dionysius.

Gentle old age, and not a long disease
Thy life extinguish'd, Eratosthenes!
Thou sleep'st the last long sleep, best fame achiev'd,
Tho' Aglaus' tomb his son has not receiv'd.

Far from thy nurse Cyrene, thee our friend
These low sands hold where Egypt's limits end.

77

79 *A* I, Heraclitus, say that I alone Meleager.
Of men, O Mortal! have wise things made known;
But what concern'd my country better were
Than wisdom: for, with hard bite as a cur,
I howl'd out, Stranger! mine abuse and scorn
In bitter language, hardly to be borne,
Against the men of Asia.
B In sooth,
A brilliant compliment to those in youth
Who nurs'd thee!
A Leave me.
B No hard words.
A Begone.
B Why so?
A Then stay, and hear e'en worse anon.
B Son of a rock! adieu then.
A And thou too,
Son of a fool! for once and aye adieu.

*78

80 They told me, Heraclitus! thou wert gone Callimachus.
From this our life. I wept to think thereon,
Rememb'ring well how oft we two have met,
And in our converse saw the bright sun set.
Halicarnassian Stranger! now where fled
I know not, this I know, not all is dead;
Thy songs yet live. On these Oblivion's wing,
Which spoils all else, its shadow ne'er shall fling.

79

82 For Bacchus and the Satyrs by
the Doric Muse array'd,
Beneath me Epicharmus, son
of Sicily is laid.

80

83 Miletus of Ionia, the birth of Thales nurst,
Wisest in knowledge, and of all astrologers the first!

81

84 Small truly is his tomb, but the renown
Of thoughtful Thales reaches to Heav'n's crown.

*82

85 Eléan Zeus snatch'd suddenly from life Diog. Laert.
Wise Thales, at Olympia's manly strife;
Best grace! that nearer thus to Heav'n might be,
Age that no more from earth its stars could see.

83

86 In Salamis, which of the Mede
The wicked violence made pause,
Wise Solon's birth-place was decreed,
The holy author of our laws.

84

87 Diog. Laert.
To Cyprian flames in foreign land was Solon's body borne,
But Salamis retain'd his bones which turn her dust to corn;
The tablets of his laws, wherein so light a burthen he
Set Athens, instantly upbore his soul in Heav'n to be.

85

88 I thank thee, brightest Pollux! that the son Do.
Of Chilo victory's green wreath has won;
Grieve not, altho', the glorious sight to see,
His old sire died. May such my last end be!

86

90 Rever'd in death, beneath this stone lies Bias, who was born
In hon'rable Priene's land, Ionia to adorn.

87

91 Here Bias lies whom Hermes led below Diog. Laert.
Unpitying, when his brows were capt with snow;
Who—pleaded his friend's cause—upon the breast
Of his dear son, sank down in lasting rest.

88

92 When Anacharsis home return'd, his aim Do.
Was to mould Scythia to a Grecian frame,
But, by his lips the purpose scarcely said,
Him to the Gods a swift-wing'd arrow sped.

89

93 I of all wisdom am the end : Diog. Laert.
If more remain to say,
To my Pythagoras commend
These words : he bears the sway
O'er all on Grecian soil who tread ;
I tell no lie tho' this be said.

90

94 He who, in the celestial world, had won the utmost pass Do.
In quest of truth—below this earth lies Anaxagoras !

91

95 Wise Anaxagoras did call Do.
The sun of fire a red-hot ball ;
Wherefore to death he was decreed,
But Pericles, his friend, thence freed.
In after years from life pass'd he
Slave of a weak philosophy.

92

96 Do.
O Socrates ! at Jove's right hand, drink now, for truly thee
God, who himself all wisdom is, has wise declar'd to be :
Thou drain'dst the poison-cup, to kill which thine own Athens gave,
She from thy mouth drank wisdom's draught, design'd by thee to save.

*93

97 Not into Persian lands alone Do.
At Cyrus' call went Xenophon:
His is it now the skies to climb
Where sits high Zeus on throne sublime,
Recounting—rich in varied lore—
The mighty deeds of Hellas o'er,
Or loving the wise words to tell
Of Socrates remember'd well.

94

98 Do.
Of Cranäus and Cecrops tho' thy countrymen expell'd
Thee, Xenophon ! in spite that thou as Cyrus' friend wert held,

Yet hospitable Corinth then receiving thee as guest,
Thou found'st within her walls at length a safe and pleasant rest.

*95

99 For Hecuba and Ilium's daughters, when Plato.
They saw the light, Fate tears predicted then :
But Dion ! whom with fame thy bright deeds crown,
The Deities have dash'd thy best hopes down ;
Dear to thy country, in its breast interr'd,
Dion ! whose love my mind to madness stirr'd.

*96

100 Tho' now of our Alexis nothing 's seen, Do.
Say, Stone? how beautiful his life has been,
By ev'ry one around admir'd and known.
Why dost thou point, O Soul! to dogs a bone?
Sorrow for this thou afterwards shalt know—
Did we not lose our Phædrus even so?

97

101 Had I not known that so Speusippus died, Diog. Laert.
None had persuaded me to this belief
That he was e'er to Plato's blood allied,
To die desponding for so slight a grief!

98

102 'Gainst a brass pot he struck, and wounded sore Do.
His head, and, loudly groaning, was no more.
Thus by a casual miserable fall
Perish'd Xenocrates, our all in all!

*99

103 Say, Stranger! as this tomb thou passest by, Antagoras.
Here Polemo and godlike Crates lie,
High-minded men, who felt and thought the same,
From mouths divine whose holy precepts came,
Whose pure wise lives, which practis'd what they taught,
To venerable age a new charm brought.

100

104 'Twere hard, Archesiläus! to divine Diog. Laert.
Why thou didst drain so great a draught of wine,

That utterly all sense and reason fled.
I pity thee, yet not because thou'rt dead,
But for the insult thou hast done the Muse,
Who so inordinate a cup could'st use.

*101

105 Diog. Laert.

They tell, Lacydes! an odd tale, how, from the cask, as you
Drew Bacchus, Bacchus by the feet yourself to Hades drew:
If true, and Dionysus trip his votaries up thus,
I see at once why he the name Lyæus has from us!

*102

106 Do.

"Good night! weigh well my words." Such, ere the dead
He join'd, the last words Epicurus said;
Then, in a warm bath plac'd, some wine he drank,
And in the cold embrace of Pluto sank.

103

107 Eurymedon, the Hierophant of Deo's mysteries, Do.
Once purpos'd Aristotle for impiety to seize,
But he, by drinking aconite, escap'd his hate, and so
The accusations false and foul crush'd out of his base foe.

104

108 To Greece if Phœbus had not Plato brought, Do.
How had his lessons to mankind been taught?
As Æsculapius of the mortal frame,
So Plato of the soul a healer came.

105

109 Do.

Plato and Æsculapius to mortals Phœbus gave,
The suff'ring body *this* to heal, the weak soul *that* to save:
Now from a marriage feast he's gone the happy city to,
There, in Jove's halls, to realise the Heav'n which here he drew.

*106

110 The common proverb then is no vain joke, Do.
That wisdom's bow unbent is quickly broke;
While Theophrastus toil'd, his frame was well,
When he relax'd, a prey to death it fell.

*107

111 In frame the man was thin indeed— Diog. Laert.
I only ask that me you heed
As truthful—Strato was his name,
From Lampsacus, her son, he came;
His life with fell disease was griev'd,
His death unknown, nay unperceiv'd.

*108

112 Nay! let not Lycus be forgotten. He Do.
Died of sore gout. Much marvel 'twas to me,
Who here still limp'd on crutch-borne feet and slow,
Could in one night to distant Hades go!

109

113 An asp, whose fang was with worst venom fill'd, Do.
The good Demetrius kill'd;
From its red eyes no common snakelight gleam'd,
But lurid Hades stream'd.

*110

114 O Heraclides! with mankind Do.
You wish'd to leave the fame behind,
That, in the act of dying, you
Into a living serpent grew:
But you were utterly deceiv'd,
The gazing crowd the cheat perceiv'd:
A beast indeed your snake was seen—
Yourself an ass, who wise had been.

111

115 Do.
Antisthenes! you were in life a very dog, so born,
By bitter words not biting teeth that men's hearts should be torn;
They say that you in deep decline a wretched victim fell,
Let them say on, since each at last some guide must have to Hell.

112

116 *A* Say, and say sooth, Diogenes! Do.
what fate snatcht thee away
To Hades?
B By a wild dog's bite
I fell to death a prey.

113

117 O Ven'rable, with eyebrow gray, Zenodotus.
Thou, Zeno! o'er all else hast priz'd
Content, and wisely cast away
Wealth, vainly boasting and despis'd:
And hast a manly doctrine taught,
Founding, by sage and strong forethought,
A novel sect, which yet shall be
Parent of fearless liberty.
Why grudge we, or why grieve, altho'
In thee her son Phœnicia show?
Thence came to Greece our Cadmus too,
From whom the written page she drew.

*114

118
Zeno of Cittium, some say, in old age met his death, Diog. Laert.
Outworn with many toils, and some that famine stopt his breath,
Some that he fell, and, on the ground striking a violent blow,
Said "Mother! of my own accord, I come—why call me so?"

*115

119 When solv'd Pythagoras his problem grand, Do.
Full many an ox died with his blood the sand.

116

122 Why did Pythagoras beans thus revere? Do.
Why lie, among his proper pupils here
In Agrigentum's public highway dead,
That none a field of his pet beans might tread?

*117

123 Do.
In rapid flames, Empedocles! you too essay'd to purge
Your body, and drank fire on that eternal crater's verge:
I say not that you threw yourself in Ætna's fiery womb,
But, seeking there to hide your death, you met an unsought tomb.

118

124 Do.
How met Empedocles his end this story too they tell,
Flung from a chariot, that he broke his thigh-bone as he fell:
But, if life's last he drank within the crater's fearful flame,
The Megarensians speak not sooth who here his tomb-stone claim.

119

125 As the great sun in light the stars excels, Diog. Laert.
As ocean with more pow'r than rivers swells,
Wise Epicharmus so o'er all 's renown'd,
Whom here his native Syracuse has crown'd.

120

126 I counsel ev'ry one to be Do.
In all things from suspicion free:
Though innocent in deed, word, thought,
Seem but to soar, your ruin 's wrought.
His fatherland Crotona so
Laid the good Philoläus low,
When, in her jealous fear, she deem'd
His house a tyrant's purpose schem'd.

121

127 I've wonder'd oft at Heraclitus, who Do.
Most miserable liv'd, and perish'd too:
Drenching his frame, a worst disease the light
Quench'd of his eyes, and brought on endless night.

*122

128 I'm Heraclitus. To my works fools run. Do.
Toil'd I for such, or those who understand?
One man I many count, many not one—
This say I e'en at Proserpine's right hand.

*123

129 To slay her tyrant and set Elea free, Do.
Such, Zeno! was thy high and noble aim:
It fail'd; worst tortures then were dealt on thee—
Said I on thee? No! rather thy poor frame.

124

130 Of thee, Protagoras! the tale is told, Do.
How, on the road, infirm of health and old,
Afar from Athens trav'lling, thou did'st die.
Thee Cecrop's city thus compell'd to fly:
But tho' 'twas easy to ensure thy flight
From Pallas' town, not so from Pluto's might.

125

131 Thus died Protagoras, they say. Tho' lies Diog. Laert.
His corpse in earth, his soul mounts to the wise.

126

132 Wisdom's sharp dart, Protagoras ! was thine, Do.
None wounding, welcome as is sweet-mixt wine.

*127

133 Beat me, Nicocreon ! you a sack but beat, Do.
Beat—Anaxarchus has with Zeus his seat.
Ere long o'er you Persephoné shall cry,
Racking those evil bones, "Curst tyrant, die !"

128

134 The head of Cynic Gorgias I enclose—
Who never more shall spit, or blow his nose.

129

135 Hippocrates of Thessaly lies here :
His family, in Cos, from Phœbus drew
Immortal root. To young Hygeia dear,
Aided by her best weapons, well he knew
Trophies to win o'er many a human ill,
Great fame obtaining, not by chance, but skill.

130

136 Slight honours grac'd the royal Priam's bier, Antipater S.
Not ours, but hostile hands entomb'd him here.

*131

137 Judge not of Hector by the sod below,
Nor measure by my tomb all Helle's foe ;
The Iliad, Homer, Greece, her scar'd sons round,
These are my tomb, these rais'd for me this mound.
If small you deem my dust, not mine the shame,
From hostile hands of Greeks my burial came.

*132

138 O Hector ! ever fam'd in Homer's lay, Aceratus.
Of God-built walls best guard and surest stay,
With thee for ever ceas'd his song divine,
And silent in thy death clos'd Ilium's line.

133

139 Troy died with Hector. She no more her hands, Archias.
O Greece ! could raise against thy pressing bands.
Pella with Alexander perish'd. Countries then
Make not men glorious, but are made by men !

134

140 *A* The sire, the name, and land of him below, Do.
And by what fate he perish'd, Pillar ! show.
B Priam his sire, Ilium his land, his name
Hector—for these his death in battle came.

*135

141 Protesiläus ! thee far times shall sing, Antiphilus.
Who first, tho' doom'd, on Trojan shore did'st spring :
Shelter'd by elms, thy tomb the Nymphs crown well,
Who opposite to hated Ilion dwell,
Where angry trees, whenever they descry
Of Troy the rampart, shed their foliage dry.
How great the enmity by heroes felt,
Which e'en till now in lifeless boughs has dwelt ! [369.]

136

142 The great Achilles' tomb ! which Greeks once set,
A terror to the Trojans even yet,
Well plac'd, inclining to the lone sea shore,
So Thetis' son should sleep by Ocean's roar.

*137

143 In friendship and in arms, hail ! noblest pair,
Æacides, and thou, Menœtius' heir.

144 138

Nestor of Pylos, Neleus' son, the sweet-tongued and the brave,
In holy father-land here won, when triply old, his grave.

*139

145 I, injur'd Valour, sit by Ajax' tomb, Asclepiades.
Thus with shorn hair, my mind in saddest gloom,
Among the Greeks since wiliness, deceit,
Find pref'rence now, and deeds by words are beat.

140

146 Here on Rhœtéan strand, where Ajax sleeps, Antipater S.
Bent down with grief, her vain seat Virtue keeps,
Squalid, with tresses torn, since Greece confers
On Craft the victory which should be hers:
Achilles' arms themselves adjudge the meed,
Not to the wily tongue, but manly deed.

141

147 Alone, O Ajax! thou did'st shield the slain, Archias.
And, at the ships, Troy's heavy war sustain:
Nor storm of stones, nor cloud of darts, nor fire,
Nor clash of spears and swords made thee retire:
Thou, as some jutting cliff, firm-fix'd and sure,
Stood'st of thy foes the whirlwind to endure.
Tho' not to thee, thy valour's worthy meed,
Achilles' arms and armour Greece decreed,
Fate's will was thus at fault, that thou might'st so
Meet death from thy sole hand, not by a foe.

142

148 Of Telamonian Ajax this the grave,
Whom Fate destroy'd by his own hand and glaive,
Since, tho' desirous, not in all mankind
For him another slayer could she find.

143

149 In Troy lies Telamon, by whose death none Leontius.
Of all his foes has any triumph won,
Whom Time—for she of his high valour knew
No other worthy—by his own hand slew.

144

150 After much boast of battles, Ajax ends Do.
His life in Troy, nor blames his foes but friends.

145

151 Hector a sword to Ajax, Ajax gave
Hector a belt—both gifts presag'd the grave.

152 146

Hector and Ajax of the shield, each to the other, gave
A fatal gift in pledge of love after a combat brave:

Hector receiving a rich belt a beamy sword return'd:
Both the true value of these gifts in their last moments learn'd;
That very sword in Ajax' hand himself in madness slew,
That very belt behind the wheels the son of Priam drew:
Thus gifts, pernicious in themselves, 'tween friend-made foemen, past,
Which, under guise of friendship firm, brought deadly fate at last.

*147

153 Moulded in bronze, a virgin form Homer: Cleobulus.
O'er Midas' tomb I lie:
As long as waters seaward flow,
And green trees seek the sky,
So long shall I my lone watch keep
By this sad tomb and dear,
And tell the trav'ller passing on
Of Midas buried here.

148

154 Avenger of poor Psamathis to be,
The Inachides and Megarens plac'd me,
A Fury, o'er this tomb in threat'ning ward:
My breast Corœbus with its deathwound scarr'd:
He lies behind me, at the hill's first swell,
Where, from his hands, the sacred tripod fell.
So will'd the God, beneath a branching oak,
On Delphi's brow his oracles who spoke,
That I to latest times the luckless doom
Should tell of his young wife and point her tomb.

*149

155 Philistion of Nicæa, I—betwixt
The scenes of man's sad life who laughter mixt—
Lie here, all life's sole lees, in mimic show
Who very often died—yet never so!

150

156 With reeds and lime Eumelus from the air, Isidorus.
Simply but freely drew his daily fare:
Ne'er for his meal a stranger's hand he prest,
These brought him luxury, these made him blest:
Now sleeps he here, his ninety years well run,
And leaves his snares and birdlime to his son.

*151

158 Marcellus the fam'd doctor's tomb we see—
A great man, honour'd by the Gods, was he.
His books to well-built Rome did Adrian bring
(Superior far to any former King)
And Antoninus, his illustrious son,
To men unborn that his renown might run.
Phœbus-Apollo gave him language terse
And clear, where, moulded in heroic verse,
His forty clever manuscripts reveal'd
The cures whereby our illnesses are heal'd.

152

159 His harp for Orpheus won from all the prize, Nicarchus.
His sweet tongue eloquent for Nestor wise,
For Homer the divine his epic glow,
The flute for Telephane—whose tomb 's below!

153

160 Here lies Timocritus, the bold in wars: Anacreon.
Cowards, and not the brave, are spar'd by Mars.

154

161 *A* On the lone tomb of great Aristomene, Antipater S.
Bird of high Jove! why sternly dost thou lean?
B To honour who lies here, that man may see
Of birds the bravest I, of heroes he:
Fitly o'er coward dust perch coward doves,
But fearless man the fearless eagle loves.

155

162 Burn not Euphrates, Master! nor the fire Dioscorides.
Pollute thro' me. Persian from sire to sire,
A genuine Persian I. Fire to pollute
To us than death is torture more acute.
Shroud me, and lay in earth. Nor water pour
Over my corpse. I rivers too adore.

163 156 Leonidas.

A Who, and whose daughter, Thou who sleep'st beneath this Parian tomb,
Thy country, age, thy cause of death, and here interr'd by whom?

B Prexo: Calliteles my sire: of Samos: twenty-two:
A mother's pangs: Theocritus, my parent's choice, my true
And loving lord.
A Alas! in thee of all was he bereft?
B Not so our boy Calliteles of three years old I left.
A Blessings be his! to ripe old age may he be spar'd to live.
B Also, kind Stranger! may to you all good things Fortune give.

*157

165 Antipater S.: Archias.

A Say, Woman! who thou wast, thy sire and land?
B Prexo: Calliteles: from Samos' strand.
A Who rais'd thy tomb?
B Theocritus, who led
Me home his bride.
A How dying?
B In childbed.
A What age?
B But twenty-two.
A A child consol'd?
B Calliteles, an infant three years old.
A Long life may he attain!
B To thee, my Friend!
Grant Fortune, in all life, a happy end.

158

164 Antipater S.

A Woman here laid! your lineage tell, your name and land?
B My name
Prexo: my sire Calliteles: my birth from Samos came.
A Who rear'd this tomb?
B Theocritus, my only and my own,
The chosen of my girlish love, who loos'd my virgin zone.
A How did you die?
B In childbed pangs.
A In early age or old?
B Alas! of my short years and sweet but twice elev'n had roll'd.
A And were you childless?
B Stranger! no; I to my husband kind,
One infant, only three years old, Calliteles consign'd.
A Blessings upon him! may he live to happy holy hair.
B And may your life, kind Trav'ller! too, be ever bright and fair.

159

166 Of Euplis and Nicareté the child, Dioscorides: Nicarchus.
Lamisca died in childbed anguish wild;
Her with her twins, of Samian line, the shore
Of Libyan Nile, at twenty, cover'd o'er.
Girls! for your mate the gifts of childbirth spread,
And your warm tears upon her cold tomb shed.

167 *160 Do.: Hecatæus.
Call me Polyxena by name, of Archeläus bride,
Daughter of Theodectes and Demareté sore-tried;
A mother, far as labour pains could make, but on my child
Fate frown'd, the fair bud wither'd ere a twentieth sun had smil'd.
Myself I perish'd at eighteen, but recently a wife,
More recently a mother too—thus brief in all my life.

168 161 Antipater T.
"Pray to the Gods!" "'T were vain," Polyxo spoke,
Her belly by its triple burthen broke.
Scarce the male children from her anguish'd womb
Fell in the hand—they drest her for the tomb.
Live sons! Dead mother! surely to confer
On them, one Fate took life away from her!

162

169 The form of the Inachian cow I am not, nor from me
The name of Bosporus whereby is call'd this fronting sea;
Her Hera's wrath in olden times did violently force
To Pharos' isle. But I am here an Attic woman's corse.
The wife was I of Chares, and, when hitherward he sail'd,
Of Philip's fleet the enemy until my life-breath fail'd.
They call me now, as I was then, Boidion, but here
As Chares' wife, both continents to me alike are dear.

170 163 Posidippus: Callimachus.
Archianax, of three years old, while playing near a well,
Lur'd by the mute shade of his form, within its waters fell:
Him, from the dark and greedy depths, all pale, and cold, and wet,
His mother snatch'd, and sought a spark of life to save him yet.
The infant stain'd not by his death those waters clear with shame,
But, lying on his mother's knees, its deep sleep o'er him came.

164

171 E'en here shall sacred birds the swift wing fold, Inasalcas.
And fearless on this shady plane-tree hold ;
Mallian Pœmander's dead ! and will no more
On the prey-snaring reeds the birdlime pour.

165

172 Me, erst who scar'd those snatchers of the grain, Antipater S.
The starling and high-flighted Thracian crane,
Outstretching in my hand the leathern sling,
Which kept the cloud of birds afar on wing,
Me, Alchiménes, on mine ancle bare,
A thirsty viper wounded, fixing there
Its sharp fangs' venomous and deadly bite,
And so depriv'd me of the sun's sweet light.
Alas! at things above me looking so,
I knew not of the rolling death below.

173 *166 Diotimus : Leonidas.
Home from the hills the wretched cattle go,
No one to guide them, cover'd with much snow.
Wo's me! Therimachus, hard by an oak,
Sleeps his long slumber, kill'd by lightning stroke.

167

174 No more, Therimachus! 'neath this tall plane Erycius.
On simple reeds thou'lt pipe thy pastoral strain,
Nor the horn'd kine their pleasant music find
From thee, beneath a shady oak reclin'd:
The burning thunderbolt has laid thee low,
And late thy herd drag home thro' pelting snow.

*168

175 Husbandman! has all earth else fail'd thy plough? Antiphilus.
Tread on the tops of tombs yok'd oxen now?
Why bring thy coulter 'mid the dead? What worth
In wheat thus snatcht from ashes, not from earth?
Life's not for aye: o'er thee another will
Plough, who hast here commenc'd such sowing ill.

*169

176 Not that due rev'rence was witheld, do I Do.
A naked corpse amid corn furrows lie:

I too was buried once, unburied now
By the rude passage of the trenchant plough.
Thus death is no deliv'rance from ills past,
Since e'en the tomb for me was not my last.

170

177 This tomb his sorrowing father made Simonides.
For Spinther, when by death low laid.

*171

178 A slave, a very slave—but with the free, Dioscorides.
Master! thy love permits my tomb to be.
Heav'n shield thee long! when old age in the grave
Joins us at last, here too I 'll be thy slave.

172

179 Master! to thee, e'en now beneath this earth,
I'm true as erst, rememb'ring all thy worth:
Me from disease thou thrice in safety's way
Did'st lead, and here in decent tomb dost lay.
The Persian Manes I. Thus good to me,
Readier in need will all thy servants be.

173

180 Thy death has cost me life, and, in thy room, Apollonidas.
Master! thy slave fill'd up a hateful tomb:
As, under earth, I scoop'd thy narrow bed,
That I might bury there my honour'd dead,
An earthslip round me fell. Hades to me
No terror brings: there too I 'll live with thee.

174

181 Andronicus.
Thou hast to Acheron's dark home, Damocrateia dear!
Gone down, lamented sore, and left to moan thy mother here:
She now, with newly-sharpen'd steel, has, from her aged head,
Its hoary locks, unsparingly, above thy young tomb shed.

*175

182 Not in fond Hymen's but grim Hades' arms, Meleager.
Did Clearista yield her virgin charms;
Lutes 'neath the bridal roof were gay by night,
And clos'd the bridal doors to carols light,

At morn with sorrow's wail those chambers sound,
Hymen's glad hymns in notes of woe are drown'd:
The very torch that lit the nuptial room
Points lividly her pathway to the tomb. [179]

*176

183 Parmenio.
I am the virgin Helen's tomb: me yet a girl, thro' grief
For my dead brother, Hades swept like dew from off the leaf:
The bride's hymn for the death-wail chang'd, and, not the marriage bed,
The cold tomb put to rest their hopes who me had wish'd to wed.

184 177 Do.
I am the virgin Helen's tomb; and two-fold tears I wake
From a fond mother, thro' her grief for my late brother's sake;
A common woe to wooers mine I left. Of none as yet
The wife, the hopes of all my loss should equally regret.

*178

185 Ausonian earth holds me of Libyan land: Antipater T.
Virgin I lie, near Rome, by this sea-sand.
The good Pompeia bred me as her child,
Wept me, and o'er my dust a free tomb pil'd:
She other fires prepar'd, but this first came,
Nor, at our pray'r, quench'd Proserpine its flame.

*179

186 Late in the marriage hall the flute and fife Philip.
Were gay, and bridal song and dance were rife:
But grief burst in upon their glee. Young bride,
As yet not all a wife, Nicippis died.
Bridegroom and bride why sever, Hades dread!
Thyself delighting with a ravish'd bed. [181]

180

187 Old Nico wreathes—can such thy justice be, Do.: Simonides.
Hades?—the grave of maiden Melité.

181

188 Thou, hapless Cleonassa! wert a maid Thallus.
For marriage ripe in youth's full bloom array'd,

But, at thy nuptials, neither Hymen, set
Wedlock to bless, nor smiling Hera met:
There mournful Hades triumph'd, and around
Breath'd red Erinnys a portentous sound,
When the vain torches lit thy bridal room,
A funeral pyre, not marriage bed thy doom.

189 *182 Aristodicus.

O Locust! never more beside the wealthy Alcis' home,
Thy shrill voice sounding far and near, the sun shall see thee roam,
For now 't is thine to flaunt at will o'er Clymenus' calm bow'rs,
And of the golden Proserpine to sip the dewy flow'rs.

190 *183 Anyte: Leonidas

The locust, minstrel of plough'd fields, the tree-hopper—of whom
The oak's a home—young Myro made for these a common tomb,
And o'er them dropt a virgin tear, for Hades, pray'd in vain,
Had clos'd its door, and snatcht away her pretty playmates twain.

184

191 To herds, and woodmen, and to fishers, I Archias.
A jay, who ever erst made shrill reply,
And oft, like Echo, who sends back each sound,
With clamorous lips discordant answer found,
Here, cold on earth, without a tongue, am laid,
And, voicelessly, disclaim the mimic trade.

185

192 No more, O Locust of shrill-sounding wing, Nuasalcas.
Settled on fertile furrows shalt thou sing,
Nor cheer me, 'neath the leafy shade, again
Striking from dusky wing thy welcome strain.

186

194 Democritus' blithe cricket here who died, Do.
Argilus holds its weary way beside,
With whose sonorous chirp his whole house rung,
As, thro' the livelong eve, its song it sung.

187

197 A Locust I, the shrill muse of my wing Phaennus.
Us'd o'er Democritus deep sleep to bring,

Wherefore Democritus a fit tomb here
Made for me dead our old Oropus near.

188

198 Tho' level with the ground and small to see, Leonidas T.
Plac'd o'er my dust this tombstone, Trav'ller! be:
Not therefore be Philænis' praise forborn,
Since me, her locust minstrel of the thorn,
For two whole years she lov'd, and here, when dead,
Reft of my soothing prattle, plac'd my head.
My flexile voice rememb'ring well she gave
This little monument to mark my grave.

189

199 Bird! to the Graces and the Halcyons dear, Tymnes.
With form as fair as theirs and song as clear,
Thou hast been snatch'd. The silent ways of Death
Possess, poor pet! the haunts of thy sweet breath.

190

201 Seated amid the petals green, no more Pamphilus.
Securely shall thy song its sweet notes pour,
Glad Grasshopper! for thee, despite thy strain,
A stripling's outstretcht hand has rudely slain.

191

202 Oft striking thy strong wings, ere morning break, Anyte.
Me from my bed as erst no more thou'lt wake:
Stealthily, softly, in thy midnight rest,
His death-grip on thy throat a poacher prest.

192

203 Wild Partridge! thro' the copsewood-close no more Simmias.
From thy clear throat its cheery call shall pour,
Following thy spotted mates. Such Nature's doom!
And thou hast flown thy last flight—to the tomb.

193

204 No more, poor Partridge! left the gray hills cold, Agathias.
Thee shall thy home, of light twigs woven, hold.
Nor shall thy warm wings' flutt'ring edges gleam
Again in bright-eyed morning's saffron beam.

A cat has crunch'd thy head; but, in my clasp,
All else is rescued from her greedy grasp.
In heavy not light earth thy bones I lay,
Lest she should drag what 's left of thee away.

194

205 The house-cat hopes, my pretty partridge slain, Agathias.
To live with me a trusted pet again.
Dear bird! tho' dead I'll not disgrace thee so:
But o'er thy dust I'll sacrifice the foe:
Thy soul will restless be until I pour,
As Pyrrhus at Achilles' tomb, her gore.

206 195 Damocharis.

Most wicked Cat! of savage dogs thou fellow-craftsman found,
Sure! of Actæon's cruel pack thy parent was a hound:
Thou, of thy lord Agathias the partridge having slain,
As if thou hadst devour'd himself, hast caus'd him grievous pain.
Thou hadst thy thoughts on partridges; but now the frisky mice
Pull thee asunder, feasting on thy delicate food and nice.

*196

207 Me, swift of foot, yet young, torn from the teat Meleager.
Of her who gave me life, a long-ear'd hare,
Nurst soft-skinn'd Phanion in her bosom sweet,
On spring-flow'rs feeding me with fingers fair:
For mother's love I pin'd not; but, supplied
Alas! too well, of very dainties died.
My corpse she buried by her gate, that near
Her couch in dreams my tomb might aye appear.

*197

208 This tomb to Menedaius Damis rear'd, Anyte.
His horse, whose stout breast bloody War had spear'd;
Thro' its tough hide the dark blood bubbling roll'd,
And by its death it moisten'd this dry mould.

198

209 O busy and much-suff'ring Ant! Antipater S.
there, by my threshing floor,
A sepulchre to thee I grant,
and strew with dry dust o'er:

So may the furrow bearing corn
of Ceres soothe thee dead,
Where the rude plough its path has torn,
lying in little bed.

210 *199 Antipater S.

Swallow! of young ones newly born just now fond mother, thee,
Warming them 'neath thy loving wing, just now from danger free,
A many-folded serpent, who found entrance in the nest
Where lay thy chicks, has robb'd of all so late thy love which blest:
But, deaf to thy lamentings, when, to end its work of death,
It thee had slain, it fell within the burning hearth's fierce breath:
Then, foil'd its hate, the invader died. Avenging Vulcan thus
Preserv'd the race, his own, who came from Ericthonius!

200

211 The lazy dog of Melité I hold, Tymnes.
Most faithful houseguard of Eumelus old;
Taurus they call'd him, while he saw the light,
But now his voice is silenc'd in Death's night.

*201

212 Stranger! the tomb of Æthüia see, Nuasalcas.
Whose foot was like the wind, as light whose knee,
Oft did she run with ships a course as fleet,
And, like a bird, the lengthen'd road complete.

*202

213 Erst, vocal Tettix! thou, on green twigs laid Archias.
Of a fair fir, or pine-tree's topmost shade,
Didst from thy delicate sides the shrill note sound,
Sweeter than e'en the lyre to shepherds found.
But ah! the vaults of Hades unforeseen,
Thee, by the wayside ants destroy'd, now screen.
Better hadst thou been caught: of song the pride
Since Homer e'en by fisher riddle died.

203

214 No more with thy swift rush the sea-depths stirr'd Do.
Shalt thou, O Dolphin! scare the finny herd,
Nor, dancing to the well-bor'd reeds' blithe strain,
Close to the skiff thy moist leap fling again,

Nor, foamer! on thy back as erst shalt thou
To Tethys' limits bear the Nereids now;
Thee, bruis'd and breathless, to the sandy shore
A billow, high as Malea's headland, bore.

204

215 No more with transport rushing from below, Anyte.
Shall I in flashing seas my free neck show,
No longer, side by side with well-oar'd ships,
Swift as their swift prows, puff with joyous lips;
The blue waves of the sea have driv'n me high,
And helpless by this shelving shore I lie.

205

216 A dolphin I, whom rude waves of the sea Antipater T.
Stranded, sad spectacle of fate to be:
But earth was kinder; they who found me gave
Piously in her breast a decent grave.
Who gave me life took back; those waters wild
Who now will trust, which spar'd not their own child?

206

218 Who liv'd with Love in purple and in gold, Do. S.
Softer than Cypris soft, I Läis hold,
Daughter of sea-girt Corinth, to the sight
More than Pirœne's liquid crystal bright,
The human Goddess, whose rich shrine before
High suitors knelt than e'en to Helen more,
For venal graces and promiscuous love.
Fragrant the crocus still her tomb above;
With balmiest myrrh her cherish'd bones are wet,
And from her glossy hair breathes incense yet.
For her the Foam-born rends her beauteous mien,
And Love wild-sobbing in despair is seen.
Had not her rank bed common gold secur'd,
Greece had for her, as Helen, much endur'd.

207

219 She, who in beauty bloom'd, all hearts who won, Pompey.
For whom alone all flow'rs the Graces cull'd,
Sees not the golden passage of the sun—
In the last destin'd sleep is Läis lull'd;

The rivalries of youth, song, dance and feast,
Love's thrill and mystic light with her have ceas'd.

208

220 Going to Ephyré—its stone so told— Agathias.
I saw the wayside tomb of Läis old.
"Woman! farewell," I sighing said, "for thee,
Whom I ne'er saw, my grief on fame must be;
What pain did'st thou on young hearts wreak! but all
Thy glories now are earth'd in Lethe's thrall."

209

221 When Love and Beauty crown'd thee with delight,
Clos'd thy sweet eyes, Patrophila! in night.
Thy lively spells, thy song and lyre we miss,
The winecup richer from thy rosy kiss.
Why, cruel Hades! hast thou snatcht away
A girl so dear, thy mind did Venus sway?

210

222 The tender cheek of Tryphera, Philodemus.
our darling dove, in me
Is laid; of softest mistresses
the sweetest flow'r was she!
Dear were to her a hut and kiss,
a prattling full of fun,
And of the mother of the Gods
the best love had she won:
Votary of Venus, well she lov'd
her revels and her rites;
In her alone of Läis swarm'd
the philters and delights.
Around the pillar of her sleep
O holy dust! beget
No bramble, but the gentle cups
of whitest violet.

223 211 Thyillus.
Our dancer with the castanets, Aristion, 'neath the pine
Who tost her elfin locks on high to Cybele divine;
Our handmaid of the lotus horn, successively who quaff'd
Thrice of the potent purple wine a cup at ev'ry draught,

Resteth below these elm-trees now. O never more shall she
Delight in love, nor pausing pant from midnight revelry:
Banquet and madd'ning dance, farewell! Low lies who lately breath'd
A witchery, a balm o'er all, with flow'rs her temples wreath'd.

212

224 Callicratia I—whose teeming womb
Bore twenty-nine—of none beheld the tomb,
On earth completed lustres twenty-one
Nor plac'd my trembling hand a staff upon.

213

225 Time eats the rock, and even iron wears,
And, with one scythe, nor man nor matter spares:
And thus Laertes' tomb the cold show'rs waste,
A little distance from the seashore plac'd:
But ever young the hero's name, for Time
Dims not, nor seeks, the pow'r of glorious rhyme.

214

226 When fell strong Agathon, Abdera here — Anacreon.
As with one voice bewail'd his early bier:
Blood-loving War, in whirlwind of the fight,
Never his equal slew in main and might.

215

227 The mountain lion ne'er so fierce was seen — Diotimus.
As Mycon's son amid the crash of shields:
Blame not his lowly sod. Tho' small and mean
The land, yet sons to war inur'd she yields.

216

228 This tomb for self, for children and for wife
Androtion built. They all are yet in life.
May I be empty long, and, when I must,
First may my walls receive the firstborn dust.

*217

229 When Thrasybulus, breathless on his shield, — Dioscorides.
To Pitané was borne, the corpse reveal'd
Sev'n wounds from Argive foes, and all before.
Old Tynnichus, him welt'ring in his gore,

Plac'd on the fun'ral pile and thus bespoke,
While not a sob from his stern nature broke:
"For cowards weep, unwept I bury thee,
True son to Lacedæmon and to me."

218

230 When trembling from the fight his mother saw, Erycius.
Lost all his arms, Demetrius withdraw,
She, on the instant, with her own firm hand,
Home to his heart fierce plung'd the bloody brand:
"Die: let not Sparta suffer shame, for she
Has err'd not, e'en if cowards spring from me."

219

231 Damagetas.
To aid assail'd Ambracia's cause in vain his buckler here
Did Aristagoras the son of Theopompus rear:
That death he rather chose than flight should cause thee no surprise,
The Dorian not to spare his youth but save his country tries.

220

232 Amyntor, Philip's son, this Lydian land Antipater.
Holds, who in iron war oft dy'd his hand:
Him to night's realm no sore disease compell'd:
He fell, whilst o'er a friend his shield he held.

221

233 Chief of Ausonia's host, when Ælius, round Apollonidas.
Whose armour'd neck were golden collars wound,
Saw, in last illness, that life's end was near—
Shone even then his virtue's flame more clear—
Plunging his own good sword his vitals in:
"I die, self-slain, lest sickness honour win."

222

234 Ælius, at Argos chief, the bold of hand, Philip.
Whose neck the warspoils grac'd with golden band,
By slow disease yet sore when broken down,
In manly witness of his old renown,
These sole words said, his lifeblood fearless spills:
"War slays the brave, disease the dastard kills."

223

235 Diodorus.

Mete not by his Magnesian tomb Themistocles' great name,
Nor let his life, and exile death, lie hid from future fame.
Him judge who lov'd his country well by Salamis' stout ships,
And ye shall own how far his deeds all Cecrops' land eclipse.

224

236 Themistocles sleeps not in this Antipater T.
Magnesian tomb: it speaks
The envy and ingratitude
of ill-discerning Greeks.

225

237 Philip: Alphcius.

Carve o'er the tomb tall mountain and wide sea—
Latona's Son between them witness be!
The deep flow of perpetual streams, whose tide
The fleets of Xerxes with his war defied.
Where strangers of Themistocles proclaim
The tomb, write too of Salamis the name!

*226

238 I, Philip, who to war Emathia led, Addæus.
Here take, in earth of Ægis, my last bed:
No King like me before; if greater deeds
Any may boast, his blood from mine proceeds.

227

239 False is the fame of Alexander dead, Parmenio.
Heroes die never, truth if Phœbus said.

228

240 Great Alexander's tomb would any praise Addæus.
Say that two worlds his monument upraise.

*229

241 Thy father and wan mother their thick hair Antipater S.
O Ptolemy! ten thousand times did tear;
And much thy tutor mourn'd, while o'er his head
Dark ashes from those manly hands he spread:
Her mournful tresses mighty Egypt rent,
And wide-built Europe rung with loud lament:

The moon herself, thro' very sorrow blind,
Left the dim stars in desolate heav'n behind.
Slain by a greedy plague which swept the land
Ere thy sire's sceptre fill'd that youthful hand,
Night took thee not from night—child of such Kings,
Not Hades holds, Zeus to Olympus brings.

*230

242 These, while defending their dear country—round Mnasalcas.
Whose neck the sore chain was of slav'ry bound—
On their own honour'd heads the dark dust rais'd;
But for their valour greatly were they prais'd.
Let ev'ry citizen then lift his eye
On these who dar'd for fatherland to die.

231

243 Behold, by Phocis' rock, a tomb— L. Bassus.
I am the monument of those
Three hundred sons of Greece to whom
Was triumph over myriad foes:
From their own land of Sparta far
They fell, while blunting savage war
'Tween Lacedæmon and the Mede.
So patriot death crown'd patriot deed!
And if the image seen on me
Of a wild beast with deep mane be,
Say, "Of Leonidas who led,
That monster is the symbol dread."

244 232 Gætulicus.
These swords three hundred violent Mars drew out on either side,
When Lacedæmon to the war by Argos was defied:
Fatal that field of fight, from whence no messenger came back,
Thyrea their spears' prize, each on each they rush'd in stern attack.

233

245 O Time, dread pow'r! who look'st on all Do.
The turns of life which men befall,
Our herald to the world be thou
Of all our wrongs and suff'rings, how
We met, endeavouring to save
This holy land of Greece, a grave:

In fam'd Bœotia's plains we lie
Happy for Hellas' sake to die!

234

246 Where waves the wild Cilician sea, Antipater S.
On rocky Issus jutting far
Slain in the famous battle, we,
Myriads of fallen Persians are.
The day, by Alexander won,
Gave victory to Macedon,
For we, on his last road, in vain
Follow'd our king Darius' train.

*235

247 Here Trav'ller! on this ridge of Thessaly Alcæus.
Three myriad souls we, tearless, tombless, lie.
With Macedon's sore loss, of Philip vain
Past the bold breath, as fleet stag o'er the plain.

236

248 From Pelops' isle four thousand brought Simonides.
Here with three hundred myriads fought,

*237

249 Stranger! tell Lacedæmon here we lie, Do.
Proud, in obedience to her laws, to die.

*238

250 Proud lie we here, her pressing danger past, Do.
All Greece with life defended to the last.

239

251 On their lov'd land these quenchless glory threw, Do.
While round themselves Death's livid cloud they drew:
Tho' dead they live: Valour from Hades brings
Their dust to Heav'n, which with their glory rings.

240

252 These, as a dream who welcom'd death, by lot Antipater.
No column but for valour glory got.

241

253 If to die gloriously best prove the brave, Simonides.
This grace to us of all kind Fortune gave:

For, hast'ning Helle's freedom to secure,
We lie, fame winning which shall aye endure.

*241a

253a Gortynian Brotachus, of Crete a true son, here I lie: Simonides.
I came for trade, to buy and sell, and never thought to die.

*242

254 Farewell! Ye best in war, great fame who found, Do.
Athenian youth for chivalry renown'd,
Ye, for your lovely country, early died,
When gen'ral Greece espous'd the hostile side.

243

255 These too the spear of livid fate did kill, Æschylus.
Their country rich in sheep defending still:
But of their death the glory lives for aye,
In Ossa's dust their limbs who patient lay.

244

256 We, who had left Ægæa's deep-voic'd wave, Plato.
In Ecbatana's plain, here found our grave:
Farewell to fam'd Eretria, and to thee,
Athens! Eubœa's friend, and thy lov'd sea.

245

257 Here Athens' sons, the hosts of Persia slain, Simonides.
Their country freed from slav'ry's bitter chain.

258 *246 Do.
These, by Eurymedon, of old their brilliant youth laid low,
Rushing as spearmen in the van 'gainst Medes who bore the bow;
And, fighting in swift ships afoot, they nobly dying claim
Memorial of their valour high, most honourable fame.

247

259 Eretrians of Eubœa we, Plato.
by land and lineage, are
In lilied Susa laid—alas!
from fatherland how far.

248

260 Blame not my tomb, O Trav'ller! passing near, Carphyllides.
Tho' dead, in nothing I deserve a tear.

I leave behind grandchildren fair: one wife—
Like years and loving hearts—has blest my life.
The nuptials I of children three have seen,
And in my lap their children nurst have been;
Disease and Death, which others often mourn,
Not one of them from me have ever torn:
All brought me here, 'mid tears and blessings shed,
To sleep a sweet sleep with the pious dead.

261 249 Diotimus.

Why travail we and children bear? Far better would it be
Never to know a mother's name than thus a dead son see.
This monument a mother o'er her young Bianor set:
'Twere fitter sure that she from him this duty should have met.

250

262 Learn of this tomb the tenant from its stone— Theocritus.
I am the grave of her as Glauce known.

251

263 Trusting thy safety to the wintry wind, Anacreon.
Home-love, Cleanor! thee to death consign'd.
Fate snar'd thee in its toils, afar, unwed,
And wild waves overwhelm'd thy dear young head.

252

264 Sailor! to thee good speed; but if the blast Leonidas.
Thy ship, as mine, in Stygian harbour cast,
'Gainst thy rash self and not the false sea rave,
Who didst unmoor thy cable from my grave.

253

265 A sailor here, a peasant there entomb'd, Plato.
So to one Hades sea and land are doom'd.

254

266 I, shipwreckt Diocles, lie here, Leonidas.
yet e'en from my sad tomb,
To loose their cables and set sail,
the fearless crews presume.

267 255 Posidippus.

Why bury me in this shore-sand, Ye Mariners? 'twould be
Better a wretched wreckt one's tomb to heap far from the sea.

The booming surge which caus'd my death thrills yet my dust
with dread,
But even thus farewell! whose love scoop'd here Nicetas' bed.

*256

268 Ay! 'tis a shipwreckt corse—the pitying sea Plato.
Of my last robe, thro' shame, despoil'd not me:
Man's fearless hands thus stript me, spar'd in vain,
Great guilt incurring for so little gain;
And may he wear it, and to Hades bear,
Till Minos see him in my tatters there.

257

269 Sailors! Heav'n prosper you on land and wave, Do.
Yet know, ye pass a shipwreckt brother's grave.

*258

270 From Sparta who to Phœbus war-spoils bore, Simonides.
One sea, one night, one tomb has cover'd o'er.

259

271 Had swift ships never been, lov'd Sopolis, Callimachus.
Diocles' son, we had not mourn'd like this.
His cold pale corpse is tost on seas unknown,
His name and cenotaph are ours alone.

*260

272 Lycus of Naxos perish'd not ashore, Do.
But lost at once his ship and life at sea,
As from Ægina merchandise he bore.
On the cold wave a floating corpse is he!
Thus, tho' of tomb I wrongly bear the name,
One perfect truth at least these lines proclaim:
"Sailor! in harbour rest, the seas forego,
When, as the Kids are setting, wild winds blow."

261

273 Gales from the rough and wicked East, black night, Leonidas.
The pitiless waves, and, set in darkness quite,
Oríon whelm'd me. I, Callæschrus, fail'd
From life, the stormy Libyan as I sail'd:
My corpse a prey to fish its billows bear,
Tho' diff'rent tale my tomb above declare.

262

274 I tell the name of Timocles— Onestes.
Tho' looking on the bitter seas,
Raving all round me, they no corse
Give to my gaping breast. Perforce
I own, by anguish overpow'r'd,
His form the fishes have devour'd.
I a superfluous stone remain,
Carv'd with these characters in vain.

*263

275 The isle of Pelops, Crete, and—hard to shape Gætulicus.
A safe course there—dread Malea's rocky cape
Astydamas the son of Damis kill'd:
Of the sea monsters he the stomachs fill'd.
False is his tomb ashore, but wonder not,
Cretans are liars and Jove's tomb have got!

*264

276 Fishers a corpse half-eaten drew on board, Hegesippus.
The relic of some voyage much deplor'd;
But not for gain unlawful did they haste
To sell their fishes, but together plac'd
Him and their spoil beneath this sandy span.
Earth! thou hast wholly thus the shipwreckt man,
For, the remains of his lost flesh instead,
Thou holdest those upon that flesh who fed.

265

277 Stranger! found here a shipwreckt corse, for whom Callimachus.
Leontichus has heap'd this seaside tomb;
In thine he wept his own hard fate, for he
Roams, like a restless mew, himself the sea.

266

278 Wreck'd by rude waves upon this sleepless shore, Archias.
Tho' dead, I, Theris, lose not Ocean's roar:
'Neath the high cliff where hostile billows boom,
Here have I met from stranger hands my tomb,
Thus I, unhappy, e'en among the dead
Hear the wild surge still thund'ring o'er my head:
Not even in the grave my troubles cease,
Since I alone, tho' dead, enjoy no peace.

267

279 O'er my cold ashes in their seashore tomb,
Tell not, by mast and oars, its tenant's doom.
"Here lies a shipwreckt mariner." Enough—
Nor landsmen fright with thoughts of tempest rough.

268

280 This mound 's a tomb: your oxen stay, Isidorus.
Hark ye! and take that plough away.
Dust you disturb: such ashes o'er
Not seed of corn, but teardrops pour.

269

281 Stay, Rustic! stay, with rev'rent hands, thy plough, Heraclides.
The earth around my tomb disturb not thou.
This very sod is sorrow's; bearded corn
Can never more from this sad soil be born.

270

282 I am a shipwreck'd sailor's tomb: Theodoridas.
Sail on, nor read in mine thy doom,
For other vessels, when the blast
Ours overwhelm'd, in safety pass'd.

271

283 Why, troubled Ocean! far from this bare shore Leonidas.
Didst thou not me upcast so much who bore;
So I, Amphimeneus, might neighbour be,
In Hades' night, of Philleus, not of thee.

272

284 Eight cubits off from me, rude Ocean! keep, Asclepiades.
There rage with all thy might, and swell and sweep.
Should'st thou, this tomb of Eumares invade,
No gold thou'lt find, but bones and ashes laid.

273

285 Nor earth, nor stone's light weight to mark his bed, Glaucus.
All Ocean booms o'er Erasippus' head.
He with his ship went down. His bones now rot,
Where, save the sea-gull, sign of life is not.

274

286 Hapless Nicanor ! found thy fate at last, Antipater T.
By the wild waves on strange shore naked cast,
Or 'neath hard rocks: thy happy homes and fair,
The hopes of general Tyre, now vanish'd—where ?
Alas ! thy wealth and toil avail'd thee not,
Spoils but for Ocean and its fishes got.

275

287 Me, Lysis, hidden 'neath a desert rock, Do.
Tho' dead, the insatiable sea-waves shock,
O'er my deaf tomb, still murm'ring in mine ear :
" Why come ye, Mortals ! me to visit here :
No merchant I on argosy well deck'd,
But a poor sailor, in a small boat wreck'd,
And breathless flung. I, by the sea who sought
My life, have on myself a sea-death brought."

276

288 Not all is left to land, nor all to sea, Do.
Both, now I'm dead, have equal parts in me:
My flesh was food for fish: on this cold beach
My bones, cast up by reckless ocean, bleach.

277

289 Wreck'd Antheus, at the mouth of Peneus' stream— Do.
After night-swimming on a little beam—
Heedless of harm, a lone wolf from a wood
Destroy'd. O Earth! more cruel than the flood.

278

290 A shipwreckt sailor, safe-escap'd, and free S. Flaccus.
From blasts and billows of the fateful sea,
While lying on the Libyan sand—its deep
Not far from him—weigh'd down with heavy sleep,
Naked, and feeble from that fearful wreck,
A deadly viper kill'd, biting his neck.
Why vainly labour'd he those fierce waves thro',
Fate's debt avoiding, which on land was due?

279

291 Upon the wild wave, senseless and supine, Xenocritus.
Thy locks, Lysidicé! still drop with brine.

Ill-fated Girl! swept from thy vessel's side
By the fierce swellings of the stormy tide.
This tomb may serve to tell thy name and land,
But thy poor bones must bleach on some cold sand.
Sad loss to Aristomachus, thy sire:
Alas! he fondly deem'd his chief desire
Crown'd in thy coming nuptials—he nor led
To thy heart's choice a living love nor dead!

280

292 Lenæus! upon ocean tost, Theon.
The halcyons o'er thee sweeping,
By that cold tomb—thus doubly lost!—
Thy mother wanders weeping.

281

293 Nor setting stars, nor wintry winds that rave, Isidorus.
Whelm'd Nicophemus 'neath the Lybian wave,
But, in a breathless calm his bark which curst,
Alas! poor wretch! he died of burning thirst.
This was your work, O Winds! In storm or sleep,
For the doom'd sailor such the ills ye keep.

282

294 Old Gryneus, who, in frail bark, on the brine T. Laurea.
Pursued a life of toil with hook and line,
Whelm'd in fierce ocean by a fearful blast,
Lay at cold morning on the white sand cast,
Wanting both hands. Who would not say fish knew,
In gnawing these, to whom their death was due?

283

295 The thrice-old Theris—oft'ner than the gull Leonidas T.
At sea, who liv'd upon his panniers full,
Whose nets and lines, worst foes to fish, explor'd
Their lurking haunts, in frail boat under-oar'd—
Nor bleak Arcturus whelm'd, nor the fierce blast
His many years and hard to Hades cast.
But, in a rush hut, dying of long toil,
E'en as a lamp dies out, self-spent its oil,
True wife nor tender child to him a grave,
But a mute band of fellow-fishers gave.

*284

296 Since seas 'twixt Europe's shore and Asia burst, Simonides.
And fiery Mars rul'd mortal combats first,
Never has deed been done of fairer worth,
And brighter fame, by men on sea or earth:
To these at sea a hundred ships of Tyre
Fell with their hosts: on land to these expire
Unnumber'd Medes, while Asia with deep groans,
Struck by both arms, in war her master owns.

285

297 Polystratus.
The Achæan Acro-corinth huge, that star of Greece renown'd,
Whose tow'ring strength the double shores of narrow Isthmus crown'd,
The mighty Mummius has destroy'd: a single rock holds here
The heap'd-up relics of the dead, struck by the Roman spear.
Thus has Æneas' race depriv'd, unwept, of fun'ral fires
The Greeks who gave to ruin's flame the temples of his sires.

286

298 Alas! alas! much sorrow to weep o'er
Dead bride, or bridegroom, but for both is more,
Like Eupolis and Lyce sweet, for whom
The marriage bed was but a mutual tomb.
No sorrow can match this, two deaths in one,
Nicis his daughter, Eudicus his son.

287

299 This is Platæa. This! What else expect? Nicomachus.
Whom sudden earthquake utterly erst wreck'd,
One small house only sav'd—but us who fell
The dust of our dear country covers well.

288

300 Earth hides Pythonax and his brother here, Simonides.
Ere of their blooming youth the end was near:
Their father Megaristhus rear'd this stone,
That to far time his dead sons might be known.

289

301 Wide Sparta's King, Leonidas! who died Do.
Bravely with thee these graves of glory hide:

'Gainst countless bows and the wild war-steed's might,
Fearless, they fell, 'neath Media's host, in fight.

*290

302 Simonides: Callimachus.

Each grieves when those he loves are from him torn,
But for Nicodicus kin, country mourn!

*291

303 Antipater S.

The little Cleodemus, who
sought still his mother's breast,
While on the gliding vessel's side
his tiny foot he prest,
A truly Thracian Boreas cast
amid the swelling wave,
Where for an instant struggling vain,
the infant met his grave.
A cruel Goddess, Ino! thou,
who didst not speed to ward
From Melicerta's match in years
such bitter death and hard.

292

304 Pisander.

The man's name is Hippœmon, born in Thrace:
The steed, Podargus, is of Cretan race:
The dog 's Theragrus, whom Magnesia gave:
The servant Babés, son of Hæmon brave.
In Mars' fierce van, his fellows while he led,
He perish'd, fighting, fearless at their head.

*293

305 Addæus.

The fisher Diotimus had his trusty bark at sea,
The very same which was on shore his home of poverty:
Rowing himself in his own skiff—when by the slumber seiz'd
Which knows no waking—he arriv'd at Hades ne'er-appeas'd:
Thus thro' a long life that which earn'd him bread, upon his pyre
Play'd its last part to furnish forth the old man's fun'ral fire.

294

306

I was Abrotonum by name,
my country Thrace—of me,
Nathless, Themistocles was born,
of Greece the greatest he!

*295

307 My name, my country, what are these to you, Paulus Sil.
Whether my birth from king or carl I drew?
My race was mighty, or, perhaps, was mean,
My life in honour or in shame has been,
Which now it matters not: that life is sped,
And here I lie. Why questionest thou the dead?

296

308 Unpitying Hades snatch'd me as his prey, Lucian.
A boy of five, in spirit free and gay;
Lament me not, tho' short my life has been,
Few also of its ills and griefs I've seen!

297

309 Here Dionysius lies, of life
Who sixty years was doom'd to see:
I never took, nor wish'd a wife—
Would that my sire had been as free!

298

310 Who buries me by treach'rous murder slew:
Such tomb as here he gave may his be too!

*299

311 This tomb no body has within,
This body has no tomb without:
Body and tomb in one, sad sin
Brought surely such strange doom about. [370.]

300

312 Who dreadful war against the Romans made Asinius Q.
Lie here, their prowess by best proofs display'd;
None died of dastard wounds, tho' doom'd were all
By treacherous and secret death to fall.

*301

313 Here, ended my sad life, my tomb you see,
Ask not my name—on all my curses be!

302

314 My country and my name inquire not: I Ptolemy.
Wish all who pass my tomb like me to die.

315 303 Zenodotus: Rhianus.

Round me, rude Earth! let sharp thorns wildly spring
And serpent limbs of savage brambles cling,
So not a bird in spring may touch my breast,
And I be left alone in quiet rest.
I, Timon, who loath'd man, who could not dwell
In love at home, myself am loath'd in Hell.

304

316 Pass by my pillar, bid me not adieu, Leonidas: Antipater.
Nor, Stranger! question whence I came, or who,
Else end your journey never: but if mute
You pass, may failure follow your pursuit!

305

317 *A* Timon! who Timon art no more, Callimachus.
Light, darkness, which is worst a bore?
B Darkness, for in the grave I find
Worse swarms of those I'd leave behind.

306

318 Bid me not hail, bad heart! pass on thy way, Do.
Like joy to me thy smiles or frowns convey.

307

319 Savage tho' dead, lest Timon turn and tear,
Porter of Pluto, Cerberus! beware.

*308

320 Sharp thorns and stakes all round my tomb repel, Hegesippus.
Save with sore feet, no nearer. Here I dwell,
Timon the misanthrope. Stranger! pass on,
And, if you will, vent curses, but begone.

309

321 Rememb'ring his long labours for thy sake,
Dear Earth! our old Amyntichus here take:
Firmly the olive-stem he ever plac'd,
And with vine-cuttings oft thy bosom grac'd:
With corn he fill'd thee, and in channell'd shoots
Train'd water, multiplying herbs and fruits:
Wherefore lie gently on his hoary head
And with the flow'rs of Spring deck well his bed.

*310

322 Of Gnossian Idomeneus behold the tomb: and I
Meriones, of Molus son, in death beside him lie.

311

323 Twin brothers in one tomb! the self-same day
Brought both to life, snatcht both in death away.

*312

324 Renown'd in fame, I lie beneath this stone,
Who never loos'd except to one my zone.

313

326 Fruit of world-study and self thought, Crates.
All good in me which Muses wrought
Remains: all else which envy woke—
Wealth, state—I clasp'd, and found them smoke!

314

327 O Mortal! nothing as immortal deem,
Since holds this coffin e'en Casander's dust—
In whom the Immortals' nature most did beam—
Nought now in life is worthy of our trust.

315

328 When thou, Casander! diedst, what stone but wept,
What rock but of thy bright life mem'ry kept?
An envious demon, stranger to all ruth,
Swept thee from earth in April of thine youth,
Left thine old parents and lone wife to mourn
In blank despair, by hated anguish worn.

329 316

Me Myrtas, who, of Bacchus near the holy wine-press long,
Drew in my life the lib'ral cup of purple wine and strong,
A little earth conceals not now, but, o'er mine ashes rear'd,
Of vaselike shape a graceful urn emblems the mirth which cheer'd.

317

330 Here, when alive, did Maximus
the tomb thou look'st on place
His own to be, wherein to sleep
when he had run his race:

For Calepodia too, his wife,
did he its marble rear,
E'en in the grave that something he
might have to memory dear.

318

331 My husband Phroures gave this tomb to me,
An honour worthy of my piety.
In faithful witness of my virtuous life,
I leave his halls with duteous children rife:
Once wed, I die, yet, in ten thriving shoots,
Live, of our nuptial bed the blessed fruits.

*319

332 A Bacchant me, unhappy in my fate,
Me of wild animals a keeper late,
Chance slew in the gymnasia renown'd,
Not adverse judgment in the stadium-round.

333 320

Not e'en amongst the pow'rs below, O Ammias! shalt thou be
Without the portion of our gifts due and deserv'd by thee;
Wherefore Dione, daughter thine, and I, Nicomachus,
A tomb and column for thy sake, in grateful love, rear thus.

321

334 O ruthless Pow'r! why show me the bright sun
For the brief span my doom'd life had to run?
Was it to plunge in groanings and in tears
A wretched mother, for my few fleet years?
She bore me, fondled, and with greater care
Rear'd, than my sire in all his training e'er:
Me, as some orphan, he at home forsook,
On her own head she all my troubles took.
Before pure judges, by persuasive speech,
Sweet had it been for me renown to reach!
But hers 'twas never to receive the flow'r
Of my soft cheek, in youth's delightful hour,
To hail my nuptial torch, or marriage throng,
Or sing for me the hymeneal song,
Glad-echoing round, nor see, alas! the face
Of child of mine, the last of our lov'd race.

Me too, tho' dead, the torrents of deep woe,
Which from my mother wan Politta flow,
Afflict, as o'er her Fronto's ashes now,
She bends her desolate and dust-strewn brow,
Evermore wailing her soon-sever'd boy,
And of our dear home the extinguish'd joy.

322

335 *A* Politta ! bear thy sorrow, cease from tears,
Mothers have long look'd on their children's biers.
B Ah ! but not *such*, to whom, in mind and life,
Their mother's ev'ry look with love was rife.
A Yet grieve not over much, nor vainly mourn,
All mortals to a common death were born.

*323

336 By poverty and old age prest,
Without a friend to save me blest,
This tomb with failing limbs I sought,
That here at last might ended be
My life, with pain and mis'ry fraught.
The custom of the dead with me
Was strangely alter'd : other men
Die, and are only buried then :
But I the common law revers'd,
I died not, but was buried first.

*324

337 Pass not this tomb, O thoughtless Trav'ller ! by,
With hurrying footstep and with careless eye :
Stay, see, and ask who, whence she was ? then know
Harmonia here, of Megara, lies low.
In her all centred which gives fame on earth,
Virtue and prudence, beauty, noble birth ;
Whose tomb you see was such : from Heav'n's high ways,
Loos'd from the flesh, her pure soul earth surveys.

325

338 This shaft of stone, memorial of the chase,
For Archias' son, Pericleés, we place.
Around the monument are sculptur'd set
Dogs, horses, handspears, hunting-stake and net,

Alas ! all stone, and wild beasts o'er thee sweep,
But thou at twenty sleep'st the endless sleep.

326

Nicopolis in this rock tomb has Marathonis set,
But first the alabaster urn his tears in torrents wet:
Nothing his sorrow him avail'd ; what further care is left
To man, who lives, alone on earth, of a lov'd wife bereft.

327

Me, Lycian Proclus, Syriánus brought
Here to succeed him in the school he taught :
Our bodies both one tomb below possess,
May too one Heav'n above our spirits bless !

328

I'm dead, but wait for thee : thou too shalt wait
For others : Hades has for all one gate.

329

This tomb Patricius receiv'd—
The dear son of Miltiades,
And of Atticia sorely griev'd—
Who, pure of soul, knew all to please ;
A scion on Cecropian ground,
From the Æacidæ renown'd,
Fill'd with the laws of Italy,
And with all kinds of wisdom he,
Exhibiting a daily life
With the four virtues brightly rife ;
Graceful and young, from Day's glad sight
Him the Fates snatcht away to Night,
As to the ground by wintry blast
The sapling delicate is cast:
Scarcely his twenty-fourth fair year
Had pass'd, when to his parents dear
He left a moaning and a grief,
Forgotten never, past relief.

*330

Strongest of beasts and men this tomb of stone Simonides.
Stately I pace, its guardian grim and lone ;

In me the lion's name and nature meet,
Else on this tomb I had not plac'd my feet.

*331

345 Philænis I, whose fame 'mong men was spread, Simonides.
Here in extreme old age lay down my head.
Homeward, vain Sailor! as the bluff you clear,
Turn me not into jest with ribald sneer.
Zeus I attest, and ev'ry youth below,
If lewd or common e'er they found me so.
Polycrates, whose birth from Athens sprung,
With subtlety of hate and evil tongue,
Ever my foe, has writ—what he has writ—
Things which I knew not of, to name unfit. [450.]

332

346 Let this small stone of my great love for thee,
O best Sabinus! the memorial be:
Still shall I seek thee lost: if in the grave
Memory survive, forget not me, I crave.

333

347 Of Adimantus wise and bold, by whom Simonides.
Greece won her crown of freedom, this the tomb.

334

348 Much eating, drinking and ill speaking past, Do.
Timocreon of Rhodes lies here at last.

*335

349 Short commons, and small drink, and long disease,
I died—so all of you will die—of these.

336

350 Ask not, O Sailor! whose this tomb may be,
But pray that Ocean kinder prove to thee.

*337

351 Lycambes' daughters, We—who suffer here Dioscorides.
An evil fame—by all the dead revere!
Ne'er on our virgin state, nor parents' name,
Nor Paros, high and holy isle, brought shame.
Archilochus has forg'd against our race
A horrible reproach and slander base;

By Heav'n and Hell we swear! we knew him not
In streets, nor in great Hera's sacred grot.
Had we been criminal or lewd, would he
Have sought from us his lawful seed to see?

338

352 By his right hand we swear who rules the dead! Meleager.
And by mysterious Proserpine's dark bed!
Virgins we fill our graves, tho' much of shame
Is wrongly cast upon our maiden fame.
Archilochus—foul deed fine verse to mar—
Has by false slander stirr'd against us war.
Why, Muses! arm ye thus his hate unjust,
And to low insolence your iambs trust?

339

353 This tomb 's of old Maronis, where is shown Antipater S.
A goblet quaintly sculptur'd out of stone:
Fond of strong wine, an endless talker, she
Mourn'd not her spouse or children poor to see,
But in the grave this troubles her—to think
That on her tomb yon cup should hold no drink! [436.]

340

354 This of Medea's children is the tomb, Gætulicus.
On Glauce's fatal marriage-morn, of whom
Fire-breathing jealousy its victims made:
To them by Corinth ever since are paid
Propitiatory rites, the wrath to melt
Of that fierce mother who no mercy felt.

*341

355 Say, Trav'ller! to Praxiteles farewell, Damagetas.
Whose gay and welcome voice did all excel.
The Muses' Friend, and good at wine was he,
Say then, "Praxiteles! Farewell to thee."

342

356 You robb'd my life: now giving me a tomb,
You hide, not bury me. Be yours such doom!

343

357 Although you hide me as if none were near,
The eye of Justice sees what passes here.

344

358 The self-same hands which slew, my grave dust heap—
Blind Fool! who think'st that Nemesis will sleep.

*345

359 Me had you sadly lain in decent rest,
Surely the Gods such piety had blest!
But now, since you who kill'd me, in the tomb
Huddle and hide my corpse, be yours like doom!

346

360 Who slew would rear my tomb—not to inter
But hide me—Heav'n like fate on him confer!

*347

361 This tomb a sire built for his son:
From him to me the debt were just,
But Envy Justice has out-run,
And dealt too soon the deadly thrust.

*348

362 Philip.

This urn Aëtius' holy head hides in its little span:
A ready orator was he, and eke a virtuous man.
Altho' his body Hades have, the Heav'ns his spirit take—
God makes not, nor can eloquence immortal mortal make!

349

363 Of dead Zenodotus the dust,
Great hero of Tetmenané,
Well to this sculptur'd bronze we trust—
But seeks in heav'n his spirit free,
Where Orpheus and where Plato meet,
A holy and God-destin'd seat.
He was a valiant knight indeed,
Of high renown and royal breed,
Ready in speech, of godlike mind;
And in his fables oft we find,
Amongst Ausonians, images
Of wise and virtuous Socrates.
Their father's wealth in fair stream runs,
Well merited, unto his sons.

He died in green old age, and leaving
An endless, universal grieving:
O'er him, not only kin and friends,
But all the land, one mourner bends

364 350 Argentarius.

A locust and a tettix o'er this tomb has Myro built,
Above them first a little dust with loving hands she spilt,
Fond-weeping at their funeral pyre—away had Hades borne
That minstrel male, and Proserpine her other treasure torn.

351

365 Thou who for Hades, thro' this reedy lake, Diodorus.
Row'st of the dead thy boat with toil and ache,
Dark Charon! stretch thy hand, receive the son
Of Cinyras, who mounts thy gangway on,
Else in his sandals scarce the lad can stand,
Who fears to tread, bare-footed, the shore-sand.

*352

366 The embouchure of Aöus Antistius.
Thee has destroy'd, Menestratus!
And thee, Menander! on the main,
Carpathian whirlwinds have o'erta'en;
And thee Sicilian waters dark
Whelm'd, Dionysius! with thy bark.
Great grief, alas! on Greece must fall
For these her sons who vanquish'd all.

*353

367 Pity Egerius the Ausonian's death, Antipater.
Whose eyes a dark cloud seiz'd and stopt his breath,
While for his bride, then scarcely seen, he went.
O Sun, alas! for his sad fate God-sent:
Perish that envious lightning, whether it
Death willing, or unwilling Hymen lit.

368 *354 Erycius.

Daughter of Athens, city mine, me erst from Athens' shore
A deadly war with Italy a slave in triumph bore,
And of imperial Rome, our foe, a denizen then made;
But now in islelike Cyzicus my bones in death are laid.

Farewell the land which brought me up, and that which since possest,
And thou, the last of all, who hast receiv'd me in thy breast.

355

369 Antipater the orator here lies, Antipater.
How great his works all Greece the proof supplies;
Doubtful if first at Athens breath he drew,
Or by the Nile, well worthy of the two.
True, both are of one blood, their tongue the same:
From Pallas one, from Zeus the other came.

356

371 Earth is our mother call'd: me dead the earth Crinagoras.
Covers, no worse than she who gave me birth.
Here I shall long remain. The sun's fierce ray
Has snatcht me from my mother's side away:
In a strange land, 'neath rude stones pil'd my grave,
Lies Inachus, Crinagoras' good slave.

357

372 Gentle Tarentum! this poor corpse receive L. Bassus'
Of a good man. All mortal hopes deceive.
Atymnius as he went from Thebes, here found
His journey's end, a last home in thy ground,
And, quitting life, left lone and dark behind
An orphan. Be not thou to him unkind!

358

370 Diodorus.
To Bacchus and the Muses dear, beneath my peaceful mould,
Dopythes' son, of Cecrops race, Menander do I hold;
A little dust the fire has spar'd, but, if himself you seek,
You'll find him in the realms of bliss, with Zeus where just men speak.

*359

373 Two lights, Miletus! blossoms from thy shore, Thallus.
Soon quencht, Italian earth has cover'd o'er;
For garlands grief is thine: what's left behind
In a small urn, alas! is poorly shrin'd.
O Country thrice unhappy! whence or when
Shall shine such stars, thy boast, in Greece again?

*360

374 Mine ill-far'd corpse sea-buried, by the waves Argentarius.
Lysidicé my mother often raves
O'er a false cenotaph; since Fate made me,
Breathless, as seabird billow-tost to be.
For I, the stern-sheet tighter as I set,
My death from Boreas in the Ægean met,
And yet e'en so a sailor's course I sped,
From own to other bark amongst the dead.

361

376 Why, late and early, wretched wand'rers yet, Crinagoras.
Trust we vain hopes and cruel death forget?
This *was* Seleucus, true in word and deed,
But short to him of youth the term decreed.
Twice far as Lesbos hence, in utmost Spain,
He lies a stranger by the boundless main.

362

377 Under the earth altho' Parthenius lie, Erycius.
Pour not the less your flaming pitch from high
Upon the fellow with ill tongue and rude,
Who has upon Pieria's virgins spew'd
His bursting bile, and of a dismal lay
Pour'd the full spleen, its filth unwash'd away,
Till, driv'n by envy to so mad a pass,
He called the Odyssey of mud a mass,
The Iliad a mere thorn in a wild waste—
Wherefore, in retribution, is he plac'd
Deep by black Furies in Cocytus' flood,
Neck-strangled by a collar of coarse wood.

*363

378 Diogenía first, then Heliodore Apollonidas.
His lov'd wife follow'd soon to Death's dark shore,
One home the living held, one spot the dead,
Pleas'd with a common tomb, a mutual bed.

*364

380 The tomb altho' of marble white, Crinagoras.
By mason rule well squar'd and bright,
Yet is not Virtue's. Of the dead,

Friend ! guess not from the stone at head.
Whether it noisy be or dumb,
Under the earth the corpse must come:
The vile rag, mould'ring in its dust,
Here of Eunichides is thrust. [385.]

365

381 One ship of life and death brought here the son Etruscus.
Of Hierocles, its double duty done:
When living it maintain'd him, burnt him dead,
With him for fish, with him to Hades sped:
Thus the blithe fisherman in one good bark
Sail'd the light seas and ran to Hades dark.

366

382 Rough Sea! who on the shore my corpse hast thrust, Philip.
Thou spurnest the poor relics of my dust,
Even in Hades shipwreck'd, nor on land
Is peace vouchsaf'd me from the rocky strand:
Or make beneath thy waters my last bed,
Or rob the earth no longer of her dead.

367

383 Look on this corpse ! a mortal surely curst, Do.
Flung piecemeal on the rocks where billows burst:
Here lies his head of teeth depriv'd and hair,
Of his blanch'd hands the blue nails fasten there:
His sides the flesh has left, of both his feet
Nerveless the soles, his limbs a wreck complete.
These, many members, once, alas ! were one—
Most blest are they who, born, ne'er see the sun !

*368

384 When Aristomaché, loud, tipsy, old, Argentarius.
Whom more than mother-milk good wine consol'd,
Came under sacred earth, and all her breath,
Who late so lov'd her glass, was quencht in death:
" O Minos, Judge !" she said, " the light urn bring,
Dark water will I hand from Ach'ron's spring;
I too have slain my lord." This lie she said
That she might hold the flask e'en midst the dead.

*369

385 Protesiläus, Hero! who didst first Philip.
On Ilium with the spear of Hellas burst,
The trees around thy tomb which shoot so tall,
As with thine anger they were pregnant all,
Soon as on Ilium looks each soaring head
It shrivels, and the boughs their foliage shed.
How terrible on Troy thy hostile rage,
Since e'en their stems such deadly anger wage!

370

386 I am a Niobe—in stone L. Bassus.
The same as erst a mother known,
A wretched one, whose milky teats,
O'erflowing once, this rock defeats:
The plenty of my travail-pains
Are now of Hades the great gains:
Children were mine—but wherefore name
Those remnants of the fun'ral flame?

371

387 I wept Theonoé dead, but to my grief Bianor.
The cherub child she left was some relief:
Me of that hope has jealous fate now reft,
Cheating my life of its one solace left.
O Proserpine! in his lov'd mother's breast
Grant—a lone father prays—our child to rest.

388 372 Do.
A hostile band Clitonymus to fishes and the stream
Hurl'd out, when he the tyrant brav'd within his hold supreme;
But heav'nly justice buried him: the light bank giving way
From head to foot engulph'd entire his corpse as there it lay,
Unwetted by the waters near; thus earth in its sure shield,
The refuge of our liberties with rev'rence due conceal'd.

373

389 O'er one son lost we think we feel Fate's worst, Apollonidas.
On Posidippus' house a worse storm burst;
Four fatal days snatcht four fair sons from life,
Marring the great hopes in their future rife;
Their sire's sad eyes were quencht in floods of woe—
Thus in one common night were all laid low!

374

390 Nathless thou hast of Mount Cyllene heard, Antipater.
In Arcas. There Apollodore 's interr'd.
A bolt from heav'n upon him fell, and slew,
While his night-path from Pisa he pursued:
Far from Æganea and Beroia too,
The runner sleeps, by Zeus alone subdued.

375

391 Ye o'er the dead who keep the key, L. Bassus.
Clos'd let all roads to Hades be,
And on your mouth, whoever knocks,
Hold fast, O gates! your fearful locks.
I, Hades, speak. Germanicus
Is for the stars and not for us:
Ach'ron on all its waters dark
Cannot sustain so great a bark.

376

392 Storm, Night, the advent of Arcturus fell, Heraclides.
Wave upon wave, th' Ægean's evil swell,
These strain'd my bark, and, broken thrice its mast,
Whelm'd in the deep my freight, and me at last.
Me, Parents! shipwreck'd on this shore bemoan,
And place for Tlesimene a silent stone.

*377

393 In dust again why hide me? near the shore, Diocles C.
With precious earth why heap my relics o'er?
Seas rage for me: their breakers my poor frame
From Hades, e'en on dry land, will reclaim;
Merciful waves would sink, or land me high,
Not leave, in calm and tempest, tombless aye.

378

394 A miller in his lifetime me possest, Philip.
A stone, with sound as thunder, ne'er at rest,
Of fruitful Ceres the wheat-grinding slave:
Dying, my master set me on his grave,
Where, by my burden, he his bus'ness owns,
Living at work, and dead above his bones.

*379

Callæscrus' cenotaph! A heavy squall, Argentarius.
O'er Libyan waves while passing, wrought his fall:
Oríon, on his path, to heav'n impell'd
The sea-depths by his dismal setting swell'd.
Wild sea-beasts feed on him, tost to and fro—
A pillar this mute writing serves to show.

*380

Œdipus' sons, their graves in Thebes here fill, Bianor.
But e'en the cold tomb feels their warfare still,
Nor Hades ends their hate: in Ach'ron yet
They fight, their burials are as battles set,
Fire against fire fierce-hurl'd. O Race unblest!
Who spears uplift which ne'er from slaughter rest. (388.)

381

Not this of Satyrus the hapless tomb, Erycius.
Nor here, as said, did fun'ral fires consume;
Haply you know that dark and dang'rous sea,
Where the goats browze, which swells near Mycalé;
In that wild water, full of eddies, I,
Accusing still the madden'd Boreas, lie.

382 Antipater.

Where vent, on Bacchus, or Jove's show'r, my spleen?
Both to my poor feet slipp'ry friends have been.
This tomb is Polyxene's, who fell one night,
After a country feast, from giddy height.
Far from Æolian Smyrna lies he here—
Who drinks, a wet road in the dark should fear!

*383

Œdipus' sons should have their tombs afar, Antiphilus.
Since to their hate e'en Hades is no bar:
They pass not in one bark cold Ach'ron's wave,
Unnatural war in them survives the grave:
Lo! as if still at feud, the cloven fire
Mounts in two parts, unmingling from one pyre.

384

Bones of some hardwork'd man that surely be, Serapion.
Merchant or fisher in the pathless sea,

To mortals say, that, ever while we speed
To other hopes to hope like this they lead.

*385

401 This tomb, above a bad man's hated head, Crinagoras.
Pressing his bones its evil soil beneath,
The humpēd breast, the sawlike stinking teeth,
And limbs where slav'ry's vulgar signs are read,
The temples bald, tell of Eunidicus
The half-burnt relics rankly rotting thus.
Earth, badly wedded, of a man unjust,
Nor lightly lie, nor loosely, o'er the dust!

386

402 A house, when thaw'd above the winter snow, Antipater.
Fell and kill'd old Lysidicé below:
Her the near rustics not in scoop'd earth laid,
But of the tow'r itself her tomb they made.

387

403 I Psyllus—sweetest mistresses for pay Argentarius.
Who sent, where young men met in revels gay,
Who track'd the gentle-hearted out—here sleep,
And base reward from man ungrateful reap.
Stones on my tomb—my corpse a tomb has got—
Pelt not, O Trav'ller! and tempt others not.
Tho' gain I lov'd and kept a common stew,
I taught the young adult'ry to eschew.

388

404 I'll heap above thee the lone seashore sands, Diodorus.
And thy cold corpse bestrew with pious hands;
No mother, at thy tomb, lamenting view'd
Thy wretched fate long dash'd by billows rude.
On desert rocks inhospitable thrown,
Rest! by the bleak Ægean shore, alone;
A little sand and many tears, the close
Of thy last venture fearful balance shows.

389

405 Fly, Stranger! from this tomb of Hipponáx— Philip.
Whose iambs coarse in scurrilous attacks,

E'en from the dust, sting Bupalus, his foe—
Else wilt thou wake the wasp who sleeps below,
Whose quenchless anger even in Hell's flame
Spits its foul venom out in satires lame. [392.]

*390

406 Euphorion, who knew with highest grace Theodoridas.
The poet art, lies near Piræus' base:
With myrtle, peach, pomegranate, our last rite
Begin for him—in these was his delight.

391

407 Love's sweetest stay who hast to young hearts been, Dioscorides.
Thee, Sappho! ivied Helicon and green
Pieria, with the Nine, delight to wreathe,
Thee of Æolian Eresus the Muse,
Who songs the equal of their own didst breathe.
With Hymen, who the bridal song renews,
Holding the well-lit pinetorch in his hand,
Dost thou in maiden marriage-chamber stand,
Or, to condole with Aphrodite left
For Cinyrés of his young scion reft,
Beholding of the Blest the holy grove.
Farewell! yet not farewell, of all our love
Worthiest, whose songs, immortal daughters, vie
With those of Heav'n, enriching Memory.

392

408 Quietly pass the tomb, lest, there who takes Leonidas.
His rest in sleep, the sharp-sting'd wasp awakes.
Just now, whose mad bark e'en his parents prest,
The passion of Hippónax is at rest;
But have a care! his fiery words possess
Even in Hell strange power of sore distress. [517.]

393

412 All Hellas mourns, lost Pylades! for thee; Alcæus Me.
Cut to the root her scatter'd hair we see:
Phœbus his minstrel honouring, as right,
Laid down from locks unshorn his laurels bright:
The Muses wept, his stream Asopus stay'd,
Hearing by mournful mouths such murmurs made:

Ceas'd from our halls the Dionysian reel,
Since thou art gone to Hades, strong as steel.

394

413 Spurning all works of woman finely deckt, Antipater T.
'T was mine the Cynic's hard life to select:
No clasped robes had I, nor deep-sol'd shoes,
Nor head-gear which sweet-smelling unguent strews:
A bag and staff my comrades, well-wrapt round,
I found at once my bed upon the ground:
Mænalian Atalanta's state I beat,
For wisdom better is than speed of feet.

*395

414 With hearty laugh and friendly word Nossis.
my modest tomb pass by,
I Rhinthon am of Syracuse,
and would not have thee sigh:
The Muses' humble nightingale,
by pathos and by pun,
Smiles chasing tears, the ivy wreath,
my proper prize, I won.

415 396 Callimachus.
Who near the tomb of Battus' son art passing! well he knew
All minstrel art, and o'er bright wine to laugh in season due.

397

416 I Meleager hold, the son
of Eucrates, O Friend!
Skill'd with the Graces sweet of speech
Love and the Muse to blend.

417 398 Meleager.
Tyre's island was mine early nurse, of Attica my race,
Tho' in Assyrian Gadara was fix'd my dwelling-place:
I Meleáger, with the Muse—of Eucrates the son—
Grew up, and side by side with him, Menippus' graces won.
What wonder if I Syrian be? Stranger! We all on earth
Have but one home, the world, and from one Chaos all had birth.
I, old in years, upon my tomb have tableted these things,
Near neighbourhood to death and sure since old age ever brings:

Who to the garrulous old man farewell have stood to give,
To garrulous old age he prays that you may also live.

399

418 Meleager.

The city fam'd of Gadara my country was at first,
But Tyre the holy me receiv'd and up to manhood nurst,
Grown to old age in Cos divine my stay was welcom'd then,
And Meropé adopted me her son and citizen;
Muses and Graces honey-tongued have equal honour done
To Meleager—few like him—of Eucrates the son.

*400

419 Do.

Fearless, O Stranger! walk, for here, among departed just,
An old man sleeps the last long sleep, as every mortal must:
Meleager, son of Eucrates, who with all Graces clad
The soft-eyed and sweet smiling Love, and eke the Muses glad,
Whom Gadara's blest land and Tyre, God-built, to manhood first,
And Cos, belov'd of Meropé, in old age after nurst:
If a Phœnician, "Naidos" say, if thou a Syrian be,
"Salam," but "Chœre" if a Greek—the three are one to me!

*401

420 Man's hopes are airy angels. Else from us Diotimus.
Fell Hades Lesbus had not hidden thus:
The mate of Kings, in whom all Loves did dwell,
Is gone. Hopes, lightest of the Gods, farewell!
Lie silent and unknown ye vain-mouth'd flutes,
Since neither song nor dance with Ach'ron suits.

*402

421 Meleager.

Why, Winged one! this hunter's dart! to thee is boarskin dear?
Who art thou? of whose pillar-stone the sculptur'd symbol here?
I cannot call thee Eros, ne'er so near the dead was set
Desire—the bold one has not learnt the wail of anguish yet.
Nor can I say that, swift of foot, thou Cronos art—his flesh
Is very old and wrinkled, while thine ev'ry limb is fresh:
But now, methinks! from under earth, one of the Wise thou art—
O Thou! to whom was winged speech, thy name at once impart;
Thine too a horn, at both ends sharp, where ink was wont to stay,
For glee, for gravity, perchance for love-indited lay.

Yes, by high Zeus ! we from these signs our Meleager trace,
Namesake of Œneus' son, but not him of the fam'd boar-chase.
Farewell ! since thou in union rare the Muse to Love hast wed,
And to one Wisdom Graces three—Farewell ! tho' midst the dead.

*403

422 What shall we guess, Pisistratus ! Leonidas T.
on seeing thus the die,
As Chian known, upon thy tomb
in marble sculptur'd lie ?
Mayhap that thou a Chian wert,
or gamester—but if so,
Then surely, my good fellow ! not
the best hand at a throw :
Or else, methinks thy life, unless
the mark I sadly miss,
Was lost in unmixt Chian wine—
I'm near the truth in this.

404

423 This empty cup, that ever chatt'ring jay, Antipater S.
The ceaseless gossip, fond of wine betray :
Daughter of Crete these arrows and the bow,
Those wools of work a lover surely show :
The turban-tie declares a hoary head—
What story, Stranger ! on the tombstone 's read ?
" The last poor relics I of Bittis hide,
Virgin she liv'd, of virgin wine she died.
Farewell, O Man ! for those to Hades gone,
Be still this favour of a short chat done."

*405

424 Asks any good man of this pillar'd stone Do.
What hidden sense Lysidicé has shown ?
A muzzle, reins, the loud ton'd martial bird,
Tanagra's boast, of breed the most preferr'd,
No fav'rite he of women in housewalls,
Whose early voice to loom and distaff calls :
Me, wak'd to woolwork, tells that bird of day,
Those reins the mistress of her house display,
And by this quiet muzzle is exprest
One of small talk, with comely silence blest.

406

425 On Myro's tomb to see a whip, owl, bow, Antipater S.
A bitch, a brighteyed goose, no wonder show!
Me of my house smart head the bow declares,
The bitch as one who for her own brood cares,
The whip no cruel mistress, fierce to slaves,
But a just punisher of faulty knaves,
The goose my house's careful guard, the owl
My spinster skill—'tis Pallas' fav'rite fowl!
Since such the works which pleas'd me, on this stone
My husband Bito has their symbols shown.

407

426 *A* Bull-eating Lion! round whose tomb art thou Do.
Stalking, who's worthy of thy valour now?
B As I the bravest of wild beasts am held,
Theudórus' son, Teleutias men excell'd.
Nor stand I vainly, but strength's symbol show,
For one in war a lion to the foe.

*408

427 Come let me see whose corpse by column shown Antipater.
Is here. What, no inscription on the stone!
These nine dice only, left as fallen there.
An Alexander the first four declare:
The next of youth's fair flow'r Ephebus speak;
And one, the Chian, tells of something weak.
Hence know, on sceptres and bright youth who thought,
And spoke so vainly, in the end is nought;
Or, and, methinks, some Cretan archer like,
Herein the mark with certain shaft I strike,
The dead a Chian was, the name he bore
Was Alexander, snatcht ere youth was o'er.
How well in these dumb dice the sad truth read
That life's a chance, that here a youth lies dead!

*409

428 Pillar! these symbols why? A cock stands there Meleager.
In its stone wing a sceptre, fierce of air,
Its feet clutch Victory's bough, the pedestal
Exhibits at its base a die let fall.

Hides it a sceptred sov'reign, victor high
In battle—then what means this play-thing die?
Why too the tomb a small one, fitting quite
A poor man by the cock-crow rous'd at night?
I err: but why this sceptre? Hides it one
Whose swift foot for the prize successful run?
Again I miss the truth. Wherein are like
Swift foot and die? At last the mark I strike.
The palm leaf tells not triumph, but the proud
Phœnician Tyre which many children crowd,
The bird a clear voice, first in Venus' praise,
Dear to the Muse in all his varied lays,
The sceptre governs speech, the die at side
Speaks one who, flush of wine, so fell and died.
Its symbols such, the tombstone hymns thy name
Antipater! from sires of pow'r and fame.

*410

429 Fain would I know, this stone to passers-by Alcæus Mi.
Why shows it—and nought else—a double *Phi*,
Cut deep with chisel? Does a woman rest
Below, the name of Chilias who possest?
Those signs, repeated, to a chiliad swell.
No! the right sense my poor guess hits not well;
Rather a Phidis the sad stone conceals—
So the Sphinx-riddle Œdipus reveals!
And the twin types a smart enigma show,
Light to the clever, Chaos to the slow.

*411

430 Who has this oak with newspoil'd arms heapt round? Dioscorides.
On whose small Dorian shield this writing found?
Who, of which host, holds Thyrea's bloody plain?
"Of Argos we the only two remain.
Search ev'ry fallen corpse, lest some one live
Who bastard glory may to Sparta give."
Yet stop—on stout Othryades' good shield,
Bloodwrit, Laconia's vict'ry is reveal'd.
Lo! where he gasps. Ancestral Zeus! look down
With hate on battles which no triumphs crown.

*412

431 O native Sparta! when in equal fight — Simonides.
At Thyrea, we three hundred met the might
Of Inachus, our necks ne'er turn'd, but, where
Our footsteps first were fix'd, we perish'd there.
"Thyrea is Sparta's, Zeus!" So, writ in gore,
Of stout Othryades the buckler bore.
Who fled his fate, drew from Adrastus breath,
To flee, not fall, is deem'd in Sparta death.

413

432 O men of Lacedæmon! view — Damagetas.
This tomb of Gyllis, brave for you,
Who in defence of Thyrea died,
First slain three Argives at his side:
"Now let me die, since I have dar'd and done,"
Thus he outspake—"deeds worthy Sparta's son!" [694-5.]

*414

433 A Spartan mother slew her Spartan son, — Tymnes.
Demetrius, honour's part who left undone:
With sharpen'd sword, and teeth as sharp that gnash'd,
On him, as Sparta's daughter should, she dash'd:
"Down, down to Hades, coward whelp and base,
To Sparta false and never of my race!" [512.]

415

434 Demæneta eight sons against the foe — Dioscorides.
Sent, and all buried in one tomb below:
She not a tear—these words alone—let fall:
"Sparta! 't is well, for thee I bore them all."

*416

435 We, Agis, Eraton, Eupulidas, — Nicander.
Lycus, Alexon, and, yet young, Cheras,
Six sons of Iphicratides, beneath
Messene's bloody walls, lie low in death.
Gylippus, our sev'nth brother, from the fight
Preserv'd, for us the fun'ral fire to light,
Took home with him but a great mass of dust.
One honourable sepulchre for all!
Great fame for Sparta, tho' great sorrow must
Upon our mother Alexippa fall.

417

436 Who pass this tomb may say without a smile, Hegemon.
"A thousand men of Sparta here, erewhile,
Did by their courage Persian myriads stay,
And died unquailing." Such our Doric way!

418

437 O bravest best Leonidas! to thee it seem'd not meet, Phaennus.
Tho' prest by difficult warfare, on Eurotas to retreat,
But, warding off the Persian hordes, at great Thermopylæ,
The country of thine ancestors thy glorious death kept free.

*419

438 Thou too, Machátas ! in Patrea's sack Damagetas.
Did'st perish—foremost in the fierce attack,
Which bitter War against Ætolia led—
Ere the first blossom of thine youth was fled.
'Twere hard in all Achaia, one to show
Of her brave sons alive with locks of snow !

420

439 Theodoridas.
Thus hast thou, undiscerning Fate ! cut down in early hour
Pylius—his sire Agénor—of Æolian youth the flow'r :
O Shame on thee ! the ills of life thus hounding on his path,
The great man lies in Hades' grasp, which never mercy hath.

421

440 O Earth thou op'st thy jaws around whose head ? Leonidas T.
O Tomb ! in night whom hidest thou now dead ?
Our Aristocrates, in memory here,
To light-hair'd Graces and brave youths most dear.
Mildly to sway the mob he well knew how,
Not once offending them with austere brow,
Knew too, at Bacchus' board, when cups were rife,
To guide the social converse free from strife,
And knew to strangers as to friends to be
Most pleasant—such, dear Earth ! the dead in thee.

422

441 Archilochus.
Pillars sublime of Naxos-isle, O rich Earth ! in thy breast,
The brothers Megatimon here and Aristophoon rest.

423

442 Remember we, whose tomb is here, the brave, Simonides.
Who Tegea, rich in fleeces, died to save:
Warriors for home and hearth, may Greece her debt
To those who wrought her freedom ne'er forget!

424

443 In red drops gushing from their gallant hearts, Do.
Impetuous War once bath'd his keenest darts.
For great-soul'd men, who, at the spear's point died,
This lifeless dust serves soulless tombs to hide.

425

444 A fire, one wintry night, in secret fed Thecetetus.
On a large household, wine-o'erta'en, abed:
Eighty in number, freemen there and slaves,
In those sad flames together met their graves.
Nor could their kin the sev'ral bones discern:
Common alike their obsequies and urn,
One tomb for all—but Hades instant knew,
E'en in their ashes, which to which was due!

426

445 Sons of Echellus, Stranger! of Dymæ, Perses.
Mantiades and Eustratus are we,
Laid here, as rustic forest-workers should,
'Neath our old hills in their familiar wood:
And the tree-felling hatchets at our head
Proclaim the trade whereby we earn'd our bread.

427

446 Here buried Zoilus we see, Hegesippus.
The stranger from Hermioné,
In stranger land, upon his breast
Of Argive earth endued the vest,
Which his young wife, in tears tho' steep'd,
With dress full-bosom'd o'er him heap'd
With trembling hands, while children fair
Were bow'd with close-shorn tresses there.

428

447 Few words the stranger spoke. His tomb, I shun Callimachus.
Like him long tales to tell;

But Cretan Theron, Aristæus' son
Must long within me dwell.

448 429 Leonidas T.

In mem'ry of Pratalidas, Lycastia's cherish'd son,
In ladye-love, in stricken fight, in sports and dance who won
Ever Earth's chiefest place, Ye Gods beneath our earth! O greet,
At Cretan Minos' mighty side, this peerless man of Crete.

430

449 Love on Pratalidas bestow'd,
The passion he for beauty show'd,
Him Mars incited war to choose,
Artemis hunting, choirs the Muse.
How then unfortunate, and why
Lowly does our Lycastian lie,
Supreme in love and song alike,
To set the snare, with spear to strike?

431

450 Samian Philænis, Trav'ller! fills this tomb; Dioscorides.
Bear with me while I speak and nearer come.
I am not she who dar'd of woman write
Offensive things and of all shame made light,
But virtue's friend. If, scandalous and base,
Any such words devis'd in my disgrace,
May time disclose his name, and then my dust
Rise to repel the calumny unjust.

*432

451 Here Dicon's son, Acanthine Saon lies Callimachus.
In sacred sleep—yet say not Virtue dies!

433

452 Sober Eubúlus, Trav'ller! why forget? Leonidas.
Drink we! by all alike Death's port is met.

434

453 Philip, a father, laid in his twelfth year Callimachus.
Nicoteles, his boy of great hope, here.

435

454 Strong Erasixenus, deep wine who swill'd, Do.
That second cup of unmixt liquor kill'd.

*436

455 Maronis, fond of wine, the dregs of casks, Leonidas.
Here lies in age. Upon her tomb behold
The Attic goblet known to young and old;
She, under earth, nor spouse, nor children, asks,
Whom to worst want she rifled—but alas!
One thing distresses her, that empty glass.

457 437 Aristo.
Propping long since her frail old age upon a guiding staff,
With tott'ring footsteps Ampelis, who lov'd pure wine to quaff,
Came on a wine-press secretly, of liquor newly squeez'd,
Whence, none to see her, eagerly sweet stolen cups she seiz'd:
But the old woman, weak of breath, before she all had drank,
Like an old ship, o'erladen, in that sea of new wine sank.
So, on the tomb of her deceas'd, by sly Euterpe plac'd
Near a grape-drying ground, the sign is of a wine-press trac'd.

438

456 Within the fields has Hiero Dioscorides.
his fostermother plac'd,
Who ne'er could be from flagon kept
when new wine was to taste,
That so Silenis, who was fond
of unmixt wine while here,
Might have, now she is dead and gone,
her tomb a wine-press near.

439

458 Miccus' fond care with all good things the life Callimachus.
Of Phrygian Æschra, his kind nurse, made rife:
Dead, to far time, her statue here he set,
To her old love so paying his long debt.

459 440 Do.
Often the girls of Samos' isle lost Crethis yearn to see;
Tales had she many, mix'd in her best innocence and glee;
Their sweetest fellow-weaver she, of prattle ever gay,
Sleeps, here-within, the wakeless sleep they all must sleep one day.

441

460 I, Micylus, a humble living had Do.
From scanty means, committing nought of bad,

Nor injuring any one. Beloved Earth!
If ever I the wicked held in worth,
Neither may'st thou upon me lightly press,
Nor other Deities who now possess.

442

461 Earth, universal Mother, hail! Meleager.
light may thy pressure be
Upon Æsigenes, who ne'er
in life was hard on thee!

443

462 Dionysius.
When Satyra's full time was come, she, prey to Hades, slept,
The dust of Sidon buried her, and Tyre her country wept.

*444

463 Aristo, Timoclé, Timætho died, Leonidas.
And Philo, all in childbed—over whom,
When Aristodicus had plac'd this tomb,
He, desolate father, slept too by their side.

445

464 Sure, Aretemias ! that grim ferry o'er, Antipater.
When stood thy foot upon Cocytus' shore,
Carrying thy dead child at that girlish breast,
The Dorian daughters at thy death distrest,
Even in Hades wept: whilst, wet and pale
Thy cheeks with tears, thou told'st the doleful tale:
"Friends ! mine were twins: my Euphron's stay to be,
One have I left, and one I bring with me."

*446

465 The earth is lately turn'd, and yet in bloom Heraclitus.
The garlands shake their green leaves o'er a tomb:
To read the scroll, stoop, Traveller ! and see
Whose the white bones beneath which hidden be:
"O Stranger ! Aretemias is my name;
In Cnidus born, to Euphron's bed I came:
I had my share of mother-pains on earth,
And having borne two children at a birth,
One have I left my husband's age to stay,
And one, his image, bear with me away."

447

466 Alas for Anticles ! alas for me ! Leonidas.
My sole son in youth's bloom a corpse to see,
My boy, but eighteen years, is from me torn,
The while in widow'd age I weep and mourn.
Would too for me the spirit-land were near !
Nor morning now, nor rapid sunset cheer ;
Ah ! Anticlés, tho' dead, to heal my woe
Take me from life to join thyself below.

448

467 Artemidorus ! bending o'er thy tomb, Antipater.
Thy mother mourns, scarce twelve years old, thy doom :
My pains for thee were labour lost, in fire
Lost all the troubles of thy desolate sire,
Lost our lov'd joy in thee, to that dark place
Gone down, whose road man never may retrace,
Gone, yet a boy : and now, instead of thee,
A stone and silent dust are all we see.

*449

468 Meleager.
Thy Mother thee, Charixenus !—but eighteen years were thine—
Drest in the chlamys, saddest gift, to Hades did consign :
When thy young mates with sore lament thy corpse bore to the grave,
Sure to their tread the very stones a mournful echo gave :
Thy parents not the marriage song, the mournful wail exprest—
Alas ! alas ! how false the joys which thrill a mother's breast,
How vain the pangs which ope her womb ! Fate, barren and unkind !
Of parent love how many hopes thou throwest to the wind.
Friends may regret and kindred mourn, and those who knew thee not,
Hearing thy ripe worth's early tomb shall pity thy sad lot.

450

469 The son of Athenagoras Chæremon.
Eubulus was—of all
Him may we worst in destiny
and best in merit call.

*451

470 *A* Say ! who, and whose, and whom ? Meleager.
B Philaulus I
Son of Eucratides, from Dresia high.
A Liv'dst thou a life content ?
B As live the wise,
Not such the plough, nor yet the sea supplies.
A Dead of old age or illness ?
B I came here
After the Cean cup, a volunteer.
A Wast old ?
B Yes, very.
A Earth be light on thee,
Whose wise words and contented life agree!

*452

471 In nought deserving death, for future life, Callimachus.
From Plato "On the Soul," with longings rife :
"Farewell, O Sun." Thus, from the dizzy height,
Exclaim'd Cleombrotus, and plung'd in night.

*453

472 There was, O Man ! a long, long time of old, Leonidas.
Ere thou this light of morning did'st behold ;
So long the path which yet to Hades leads ;
And, as Henceforth to Heretofore succeeds,
Little as is a point, so Time to thee,
Nay, less than e'en a point, if such can be.
Brief is thy life and sad, no sweet in store,
But e'en than hateful death detested more.
Wherefore its tempests flee, its haven seek,
Like that whence now, I, Cretan Phido, speak.

473 454 Aristodicus.
When Demo and Methymna heard that Euphron's life had ceas'd
By raging madness overpow'r'd in the triennial feast,
They too refus'd to live, and, from their hair's long-woven bands,
Hung round their necks the fatal noose, with voluntary hands.

455

474 Of all Nicandra's offspring this
the single tomb—one day

Swept thy old venerable line,
Lysidicé! away.

456

475 Diotimus.

Thro' the wide gates lone Scyllis goes, from Polyænus sprung,
Much mourning for Euagoras, to wail that husband young:
He, of Hegemachus the son, was wanting to his home;
Back to her father's house no more did she the widow come.
Distraught and miserable, she, ere four moons wan'd away,
Fell to the fatal pinings of her crazy mind a prey.
This monument, in memory of both, with many a tear,
Where three roads on a level meet, is plac'd by friendship here.

*457

476 Tears, Heliodora! e'en in earth tho' laid, Meleager.
I give—all love has left—to thy dear shade:
Sad tears and many, streams of heart-regret,
O'er thy lone tomb, fond mem'ry's tribute yet:
Bitterly, bitterly, Belov'd and Lost!
I mourn, while triumphs Ach'ron at my cost.
Where's my sweet flow'r? Wo! wo! by Hades ta'en,
Ta'en, and with dust its dear leaves suffer stain.
I kneel, all-nursing Mother, Earth! to thee,
Plac'd gently in thy lap my mourn'd one be.

458

477 Tho' in Nile's sacred earth be thine no part, Tymnes.
Lay it, Philænis! not too much to heart.
This free tomb holds thee well: the road below
Is equal ev'rywhere to all who go.

459

478 Whose bones? and who the wretched relics there Leonidas.
Has, by the roadside, laid in box half bare?
Burial at once and monument, alas!
Where Traffic's grating wheels perpetual pass.
Thy sides, O Wretch! the common carts shall scrape,
And not a tear from any eye escape.

460

479 I, a rough stone, thrown down uncar'd of old, Theodoridas.
Within, the head of Heraclitus hold:

Now worn with age, like sea-shore pebble, I,
Where human traffic daily passes, lie:
But still, tho' columnless, to men I tell,
The God-like dog who bark'd at them sleeps well.

461

480 Already has the constant crush laid bare, Leonidas.
Mortal! my wretched bones to bleach in air,
Already from my coffin worms are seen—
Buried in earth what boots it to have been?
Surely a way ne'er-pass'd-before men tread,
While trav'lling to and fro above my head.
O from this side-path—by the Gods below
Aidoneus, Hermes, Night—in pity go!

462

481 "Hades has snatcht," these sorrowing pillars say, Philetas.
"Little and young, Theodoté away."
The child her father answers, "Cease to mourn,
Theodotus! to mis'ry man was born."

*463

482 Thy locks were, Claudicus! unshorn as yet,
Nor on her monthly round had ris'n and set
The moon, thro' three short years, when, o'er thy tomb,
Bitterly suff'ring, thy lamented doom
Sobs from thy mother, sad Nicasis, drew,
And from thy father Periclítus too—
Nathless, on Acheron unknown and dark,
Nevermore to return, must thou embark.

464

483 Hades! ne'er mov'd by pray'r of mortal tongue,
Why hast thou snatcht from life Callæschrus young?
To Proserpine's dark realms he joy may bring,
But ah! at home what grief our breasts shall wring.

465

484 Bio ten children bore to Didymon, Dioscorides.
Five boys, five girls, yet profited by none.
She, in whose womb oft stirr'd the living load,
To stranger hands, not theirs, her burial ow'd.

466

485 Scatter white lilies for Alexamene Dioscorides.
Over his tombstone, break the tambourine,
And, thro' Amphipolis of Strymon, loose,
Ye Bacchants wild! your whirling locks profuse.
Have ye not danc'd to the sweet measures soft,
For mutual lovers which his lyre breath'd oft?

467

486 Oft at this tomb sad Clino weeps her child, Anyte.
A tender flow'r which Death too soon defil'd,
Calling her lov'd Philænis' spirit, fled
O'er the green wave of Acheron, unwed.

487 468 Perses.
'Twas thine to die, Philænion! ere yet in marriage led:
Thy mother Pythias deck'd thee not for well-tim'd nuptial bed;
Channel'd her cheek with piteous tears—in glad youth's tender bloom,
But fourteen years were thine, poor girl!—she laid thee in this tomb.

*469

488 Alas! alas! to Ach'ron deep Mnasalcas.
Aristocrátia! thou
Art virgin gone, in bloom of youth
before thy nuptial vow:
While tears are to thy mother left,
who, frequent o'er thy tomb,
With tresses torn and bended head
laments thine early doom.

*470

489 This dust was Timas: dying ere she wed, Sappho.
Her Proserpine receiv'd in livid bed:
O'er whom, when dead, her virgin fellows all,
With new sharp steel their cherish'd locks let fall.

471

490 I mourn the maid Antibia! for whom, Anyte.
Virtuous and beautiful, her father's hall
Fond suitors many fill'd; yet in her tomb
Destroying Fate has whelm'd the hopes of all.

472

491 Alas! has Envy's deadly tooth Nnasalcas.
Fix'd on a maid so pure and bright?
How could she snatch thy smiling youth,
Delightful Clio! from our sight?
If still the fairest first must be,
We know why, sculptur'd Sirens, we
Stand on thy tomb in stony woe—
To mourn such loveliness laid low!

473

492 From wicked violence of Gauls unjust, Anyte.
Miletus! our lov'd home, we seek the dust:
We of thy city three pure virgins, whom
Fierce Celtic Mars has driv'n to this sad doom;
Rather than for an impious bridegroom stay,
For Hades' night we barter'd Hymen's day.

474

493 I Rhoda, by Boisca's side, lie here, Antipater T.
Slain nor by slow disease nor hostile spear,
But, when grim War, thro' native Corinth spread,
By a brave death we flames and ruin fled.
First in my bosom sheathing the blest knife,
My desolate mother spar'd not her own life:
Round her dear neck she bound the fatal cord—
Better free death than slavery abhorr'd!

475

494 Cretan Sodámis died at sea, to whom, O Nereus dear!
His nets and thy wide waters were alike familiar here:
A fisherman, superior to all his kind, was he,
But no distinction in a storm 'tween fishers has the sea.

*476

495 Hateful to sailors is the wintry breeze, Alcæus Me.
Sharp death Aspasius met in stormy seas.
This, Trav'ller! is his tomb: the Ægean waves
Hold his crush'd corpse within their secret caves.
Mourn'd ever of the youthful is the death:
Most mourn'd who yields on ocean wild his breath.

496 *477 Simonides.

O misty Geranía! would thine evil rock had been,
Mid Scythian wastes by Tanais wild, or distant Ister seen,
So better far, than, near the swell of this Sceironic sea,
Where bluff Molouris' bleak defile the snow-wreaths choke, to be;
Thro' thee a cold corpse on the wave is tossing to and fro,
Whose grievous voyaging and vain an empty tomb I show.

478

497 Thymódes, for his early loss in tears Damagetas.
This cenotaph to his son Lycas rears:
His was not e'en the dust of a strange land,
But some bare rock, or Pontic isle's lone strand,
Naked, on whose inhospitable beach,
'Neath sun and show'r, his bones unburied bleach.

479

498 Damis of Nysé, while in small skiff he Antipater.
To Pelops' land steer'd o'er Ionia's sea,
Wand'ring mid waves and winds that fiercely rav'd,
A vessel with her crew and cargo sav'd;
But, his own anchor on a rock let go,
The old man sank, and died in that cold snow:
Who others' course to pleasant haven bent,
Thus down himself to Lethe's haven went.

480

499 To all you mariners who hither sail, Theœtetus.
Aristo of Cyrene leaves this pray'r:
By Zeus! who strangers ever has in care,
His father Meno tell, how, cold and pale,
His dear life lost in wild Ægea's sea,
Bleach'd on these rocks of Icarus lies he.

481

500 Tell, Trav'llers! by this empty tomb who pass, Asclepiades.
My sire in Chios Melesagoras,
Freight, ship, and me the evil East o'ercame,
And of Euippus only left the name.

482

501 Thee, Phillas! naked on the fatal shore, Perses.
At Lesbos' vine-clad base, the South-East bore

In wintry hurricane, and left thee bare
On a rock's sea-chaf'd point which goat trod ne'er.

483

502 I am the tomb of Biton. If, Nicœnetus.
O Traveller! the bow'rs
Left of Torone, you approach
Amphipolis' high tow'rs,
Say to Nicagoras that, where
the streams of Strymon run,
Fate, at the setting of the Kids,
destroy'd his only son.

484

503 *A* Pillar! who burdenest this ancient strand, Leonidas.
Say whom thou hold'st, whose son, and of what land?
B Phinton, the grandson of Hermioné—
Bathycles was his father—sleeps in me,
Destroy'd by a great billow, as he met
A hurricane, what time Arcturus set.

*485

504 Do.
Parmis, of Callignotus son—who dwelt on the high main,
And from its waters reap'd his life as landsmen reap the plain,
Whether in sedgy seaweed they or crystal caverns dwell,
The sea-tench, scarus, greedy perch to him as victims fell—
Parmis is dead! One fatal morn a rock-iulis he
Had caught: the ocean-bully safe he landed from the sea,
And freed with quiv'ring hand the hook, when lo! with sudden wrest
And forward leap, as in his teeth he set the slipp'ry pest,
It jerk'd into his open throat, and chok'd the narrow pass,
Chok'd instantly. Amid his nets and baited lines, alas!
Perish'd the fallen fisherman. Poor Parmis! late to save,
Here to his dust a seaside tomb his fellow fishers gave. [677.]

486

505 To Pelagon, his fisher son, Sappho.
has sire Meniscus set,
Memorials of his wretched life,
this oar and wicker net.

487

506 Buried by land and sea—with this their worst Leonidas.
The Fates have Thrasis, son of Charmis, curst.
While round the bluff a swelling surge was sent,
I, in the depths, to free our anchor went.
I sav'd it: but, returning to the land,
E'en to the sailors as I stretch'd my hand,
By a great seafish suddenly o'erpow'r'd,
I to the navel was at once devour'd.
One half of me ashore, a cold dead weight,
My shipmates drew: the shark the other ate.
They my poor relics hid on this bleak shore,
And I to fatherland return'd no more.

*488

507 No monument of Crœsus this you see, Simonides.
A poor man's simple tomb, as best for me;
Gorgippus I, who knew no wife, now wed
To Proserpine's inevitable bed.

508 *489 Do.
Pausanias a physician—well agree his name and trade—
The son of Anchitas, is here in native Gela laid;
Living, the sick he often turn'd, tho' worn by worst disease,
From the dark bed where Proserpine lay open-arm'd to seize.

*490

509 Glaucus, his friend from "auld lang-syne" endear'd, Do.
Me to Theognis of Sinópe rear'd.

491

510 Far earth hides, Clisthenes! thy body; thee Do.
Death seiz'd while sailing that wild Euxine sea;
Home-joys and honied hopes for thee are o'er,
Returning ne'er to Chios' sea-girt shore.

492

511 Whene'er I look on lost Megácles' tomb, Do.
Sire Callias! I pity thy sad doom.

493

512 'Twas by their valour—else had flam'd on high Do.
Wide Tegea—that its smoke ne'er reach'd the sky:

Their city flourishing and free to leave,
Death in war's front these shrank not to receive.

494

513 Timarchus, in the bloom of youth's best charms, Simonides.
Said, while expiring in his father's arms:
"Ne'er, Timenorides! your boy forget,
But still his worth and modesty regret." [496]

*495

514 Shame to a mournful death led Cleodeme, Do.
By Thracian foes, whence gush'd Theœrus' stream;
But the spear-bearing son with deathless fame
Has crown'd his father Diphylus' good name.

*496

515 Why, sore Disease, O why! begrudge to man Do.
His pleasant youth? too short at best its span;
Snatcht from life's sweetest years, ere yet he wed
His virgin bride, Timarchus joins the dead.

516 *497 Do.
Like fate, O Hospitable Zeus! be theirs who murder'd me:
To those who here my dust interr'd may life enjoyment be.

498

517 We buried Melanippus here at morn: Callimachus.
As set the sun, her virgin bosom torn
By her own hand, the young Basilio lay;
For, plac'd upon the pyre her brother's clay,
She brook'd not life: and thus a double blow
Plung'd Aristippus' house in deeper woe,
While all Cyrene with their sorrow griev'd,
So richly blest! so wretchedly bereav'd!

518 499 Do.
Astacides, a Cretan herd, from off the mountain's brow,
A fond Nymph bore. A holy man Astacides is now,
Beneath the broad Dictæan oaks. No more we shepherds sing
Of Daphnis, but Astacides makes all the welkin ring.

*500

519 Who knows to-morrow's fate? So fair in sight Do.
But yesterday, we bury here to-night

Our Charmis. Sharper sorrow ne'er has been
Than this thy father Diophon has seen.

501

520 In Hades for Timarchus who inquire, Callimachus.
To know the present state and future rest
Of that dear soul—Pausanias was his sire—
His lot, be sure! is with the pious Blest.

502

521 Arriv'd at Cyzicus, small toil 't will be Do.
To find out Hippachus and Didymé;
They're folk of note: tho' painful be the word,
Tell them that Critias here, their son, 's interr'd.

522 503 Do.

Timonia! Who art thou? By Heav'n! I should not thee have known,
But for thy sire Timotheus' name carv'd on thy fun'ral stone,
Methymna's too, thy natal town. Well wot I, losing thee,
Great of thy lord Euthymenes the pain and grief must must be!

504

523 Who pass this tomb of Elean Cymon, know Do.
The son of old Hippæus sleeps below.

505

524 *A* Rests Charidas beneath this tomb? Do.
B Here I,
Son of Arimnas of Cyrene, lie.
A Charidas! what's below?
B Eternal night.
A What your returns to earth?
B A falsehood quite.
A And Pluto?
B But a fable: all as one,
Body and soul are ended and undone.
Soft words you'd have of me, I speak the true,
An ox in Hades fares as well as you.

525 *506 Do.

Whoever near this peaceful tomb art passing, Stranger! see
Callimachus's son and sire, Cyrene-born in me.

Both you may know. Her general, one led his country's host,
One sang what even Envy own'd superior. For such boast
There is no Nemesis: whom once the Muses with kind eye
Greet as their friend they ne'er discard when hoary hairs are nigh.

*507

526 O Father Zeus! in all Time's course — Nicander.
has mortal e'er behav'd
Superior to Othryades,
who, sole at Thyrea sav'd,
Rather than seek his Spartan home
his breast with faulchion smote,
But first above, "These spoils are ours
from Argos taken," wrote.

527 508 Theodoridas.
O Theudotus! great grief art thou to friends who o'er thee mourn,
Who to thy hapless fun'ral fire thy relics thus have borne:
Sad life was thine, and early death! for, sighs and tears, instead
Of youth and marriage, hast thou left thy mother dear to shed.

509

528 Of Thessaly the daughters sad, — Do.
around this monument
Wide-mouth'd, for young Phænareté,
their auburn tresses rent,
Lamenting sore the luckless bride,
when a first child was born,
By death away from parents fond
and lov'd Larissa torn.

*510

529 By mortal boldness Heav'n and Hell are won. — Do.
'Twas this kill'd Dorotheus, Sosander's son:
E'en while to Phthia bringing freedom's day,
'Tween Chimara and Secos slain he lay.

530 511 Antipater T.
Me only with mine offspring take, O spectral boatman gruff!
The rash-tongued child of Tantalus is freight for thee enough.
My single womb shall fill thy bark. Fair youths and bright girls see,
Of Phœbus and of Artemis the common victims we!

512

531 The mother, who, Demetrius ! gave thee breath, Antipater T.
Gave thee, from danger basely fleeing, death.
Within thy hollow flank a poniard red
With filial blood, its point prest home, she said—
While foam'd her lips, her teeth with fury gnash'd,
And from her sham'd eyes Sparta's spirit flash'd—
" Eurotas leave, seek Tartarus: in thee,
Coward ! nor mine nor Sparta's son I see."

513

532 From my farm labour sea-hopes tempted me, Isidorus.
Etéocles, a trafficker to be.
As of the Tyrrhene sea I trode the back,
Myself and ship amid its waters black
Headlong were whelm'd by tempests fierce. The gales
Blow not the same on threshing-floors and sails !

514

533 By Jove and Bromius wetted thro' Dionysius.
I slipp'd—'tis no great thing to tell!
Singly, I struggled against two,
and mortal by Immortals fell.

515

534 Be careful of thy days, nor sail, O Man ! Theocritus: Automedon.
Save with fair skies, since short of life the span.
On trade the wretched Cleonícus bent,
From Cœlo Syria to rich Thasus went,
Went, as the Pleiads set, on trade o'er sea,
And with the sinking Pleiads, so sank he.

516

535 I, goat-foot Pan, to dwell with kids no more Meleager.
Desire, nor on the tops of mountains hoar :
Daphnis is dead—what now is dear or sweet ?
Daphnis, who fir'd my bosom to this heat !
This town my home, who will, a-hunting go—
What once was dear to Pan is now not so !

517

536 The old man on his tomb, not e'en tho' dead, Alcæus Mi.
Welcomes the vine's mild grape but thorns instead,

Wild fruits which cause the venturous lips to shrink,
And bitter herbs that parch the throat for drink.
Who, shudd'ring, by thy tomb, Hipponax! goes,
Prays that its dead at last may take repose.

518

537 Not for her sire but for her much-wept child — Phanias.
This useless dust has sorrowing Lysis pil'd,
A mere name burying, for to parent care
The relics of poor Mantitheus came ne'er.

*519

538 Manes, so late a slave when full of breath, — Anyte.
Equals the great Darius now in death.

520

539 The evil setting of the wet Arcturus unforeseen, — Perses.
Thy sailing to a deadly course has, Theotímus! been:
Running the rude Ægean deeps, thy bark of many an oar
Together with thy shipmates thee to dismal Hades bore:
Thy parents Aristodicé and Eupolis lament
Alas! in vain thy cenotaph, which fondly they frequent.

521

541 Thou, in war's van, Chæronidas! — Damagetas.
did'st set thee and say thus:
"Zeus! either victory or death
in battle grant to us,"
When, with a desp'rate effort, on
that old night, black as pitch,
Our enemies made hot attack
upon the Achæan ditch.
E'en yet does Elis loudly sing
thy valour's peerless worth,
Who lavishly thy warm blood shed
in dust of foreign earth.

522

540 — Do.: Diodorus.
Stranger! by Hospitable Zeus, we, kneeling, beg of thee,
Go to Æolian Thebes, and tell our sire Charinus, we,
Menis and Polynicus, both have here been basely slain—
Nor herein mourn we that our lives by treachery were ta'en,

Beneath the savage Thracians' hand altho' we perish'd young,
But for his old and prostrate age by sore bereavement wrung.

523

542 A boy on frozen Ebrus was at play, Flaccus.
When, 'neath his feet, the glassy field gave way;
Rising from those cold depths a sharp floe cleft
His naked neck and on the firm ice left:
His trunk away the wintry whirlpool swept.
That remnant head the wretched mother kept,
Sole dust for a small urn, which sobbing o'er,
"This for the fire, that for the waves I bore."

524

543
All sailing to avoid one sure would pray, since even thou
Hast in the Libyan sea a tomb, Theagenes! found now,
Of cranes innumerable when that dark and deadly cloud,
Tir'd by long flight, thy laden bark 'neath Ocean's billows bow'd.

525

544 O Stranger! if Thaumacia's city old,
Or Phthia rich in vines, you e'er behold,
Say that you saw, in Malea's woody waste,
This tomb o'er Derxias, son of Lampon, plac'd,
Whom, when alone, foul robbers, spoil-intent,
Murder'd as he to noble Sparta went.

*526

545 Hegesippus.
They tell us by the right-hand road the funeral pyre which quits,
That Hermes leads the virtuous dead where Rhadamanthus sits:
Chæristratus' lamented son, lov'd Aristonöus,
To Hades, master of mankind, be sure descended thus!

527

546 Hunger's oft friend, Ariston had a sling,
Wherewith he shot at geese upon the wing,
Or, cheating, as they fed, their oblique glance,
Made by green lane his sly and sure advance.
Now he's in Hades, without hand or sound
His weapon, while the prey his tomb flies round.

528

547 Not for his parents, paid to fate their debt, Leonidas A.
But for his child this stone Bianor set,
A maid whom twelve years old he sorrowing led
A bride to Hades' not to Hymen's bed.

529

548 *A* Merciful Heav'n! what Argive's tomb is this? Do.
B Of Dichæoteles the brother 't is.
A The brother 't is of Dichæoteles!
Has Echo, as her last words, utter'd these?
Yet once more speak it, can the truth so be?
Is he that man?
B That man indeed is he!

530

549 Do.
A gushing rock in Sipylus is Niobé still seen,
The deaths all vainly weeping of her beautiful fourteen,
Nor will her sorrow ever cease. A speech with pride so rife
Why spoke she, which away herself and children snatch'd from life?

531

550 Wreck'd Antheus, 'scaping the blue Tritons' threat, Do.
Escap'd not the fierce wolf on Phthia's shore,
But died by Peneus' stream. Ah! wretch who met
From Nymphs than Nereids tortures worse and more.

532

551 Agathias.
O union blest! Letöius and Paulus, brothers both,
In life by common links were bound of mutual love and troth,
Had common threads of kindred fate, and, near the sounding shore
Of Bosporus, in common dust by nature were cloth'd o'er:
On earth from one another they unable to divide,
To gloomy Proserpine went down together side by side.
Of pair so perfect o'er the tomb an altar sure were meet
To Unanimity. Farewell! congenial souls and sweet.

533

552 Do.
A Passer! why weep'st thou?
B For thy death.

A What then! thou knowest me?
B Nowise, but e'en a stranger's end with pity still I see.
Who art thou?
A Periclé.
B A wife?
A The best of men I claim
As spouse, an Asian orator, Memnonius his name.
B Why in this dust of Bosporus interr'd?
A Of Fate inquire,
Who gave a foreign tomb far from the country of my sire.
B Hast left a child?
A One three years old, who, lone and sad at home,
Is waiting for his mother's breast who nevermore shall come.
B May all his life pass happily!
A Yes, yes, Friend! pray for him,
That when a man a tear for me his tender eyes may dim.

534

553 Zosma, in body only once a slave, Damascius.
Now e'en for it finds freedom in the grave.

535

554 Philip.
The stonecutter Architelés, with woful hands, has pil'd
A tomb to Agathánor here, his lov'd lamented child:
Alas! alas! no iron was requir'd to cut its stone,
Wasted away and ever wet by copious tears alone:
Alas! O Pillar, on thy dead lie light, that he may say,
"Certes! my father's skilful hand on me this stone did lay."

*536

555 As on the husband of my heart Johannes.
in life's last gasp I gaz'd,
The Gods who earthly unions bless,
or rule below, I prais'd:
These that he living still was left,
my children's guide to be,
Those that a lord so kind and good
they had vouchsaf'd to me.
* * * * *
This, Nosto! of thy virtuous life
the merited return:

With stricken breast and streaming eyes
thy husband clasps thine urn.

537

556 Pitiless Pluto smil'd thy corpse to see, Theodorus.
And, Tityrus! of his dead chief-mime made thee.

538

557 Years thirty had pass'd Maia o'er, Cyrus.
And she had reach'd to thirty more,
When Hades, by a sad bolt sent,
The fair one like a rosebud rent.
With fairy fingers well plied she
The labours of Penelope.

539

558 Death robb'd my young life of its mellow bloom:
This stone has shut me in my grandsire's tomb.
Rufinus nam'd, of good maternal strain,
Œtherius' son, but born, alas! in vain.
For, reach'd of music and of youth the height,
Clever I came to Hades, young to Night:
Trav'ller! e'en you must grieve these words to see,
For whoso lives must son or father be,

*540

559 Theosebias.
Three sorrows have the wedded life of Achestoria vext:
First for Hippocrates her hair she cut, for Galen next,
And now about thy mournful tomb, Ablabius! she lies,
And after thee, scarce dares for shame, be seen of mortal eyes.

*541

560 Tho' a strange land thy corpse, Leontius! hide, Paulus Sil.
Tho far from well-wept parents thou hast died,
Yet o'er thy tomb by sorrow tortur'd then,
Have many tears been shed from eyes of men.
For thou wert greatly lov'd: the old and young,
To thee as son, to thee as comrade clung.
Alas! alas! the Fates must cruel be
And cold, O luckless youth! who spar'd not thee.

*542

561 Nature a man, after long travail, bore Julian E.
Worthy for valour of the days of yore,
In name and wisdom Strong, he made foes melt
To groans and tears, who seldom pity felt.
Blame we the Fates above that he died young
Thro' whom has order from disorder sprung.

*543

562 O Voice of Craterus! what profits thee Do.
To foes of speech and silence cause to be?
Living all spoke of thee; after thy death
They, each and all, laid down their proper breath.
Thee dead, to hear their speeches none attend—
To Craterus and speeches was one end!

*544

563 Mute the great bronzer Chrysomallus now! Paulus Sil.
Of men of ancient race no more shalt thou
Hand down to us the living traits, with stroke
So bold and true, their very silence spoke,
For now, most happy one! that silence, erst
Which charm'd us all, is hateful and accurst.

545

564 Here did the op'ning earth receive, without funereal rite
Laodicé, that so escape the insulting foe she might,
But lest the monument away Time unobserv'd should waste,
Asia's Pro-consul Maximus it here conspicuous plac'd;
Much-musing, of the maid when he a brazen image found,
Neglected in another place, he set it on this mound.

546

565 She lives! it is herself—ah! would that Art Julian E.
Had fail'd, or fill'd with Lethe my sad heart.

547

566 Farewell! O Earth—and mother Nature—thou Macedonius.
Who brought'st me into life, who hid'st me now,
For both have I completed my life's round:
I go, and understand not whither bound:
Nor even do I know from whence to you
I, by what changes, came, from whom, or who.

*548

567 This is Candaules' tomb. My sad fate known, Agathias.
Justice of crime my wife has guiltless shown.
She wish'd not to be seen, chaste soul! of two,
Content, or with her old love, or the new;
Needs must Candaules suffered. Why, to bare
His wife to eyes of others, did he dare?

549

568 Death seiz'd me at fourteen, sole daughter whom Do.
Thalia bore to Didymus my sire.
Why, Fates! so ruthless, in the nuptial room
Lighted ye not for me love's lawful fire?
To Hymen's holy shrine fond parents bent
My footsteps, yet to Acheron I went.
Ye Gods! the moans of father, mother, stay,
Lest for my death they waste in grief away.

550

569 If to my native Thessaly, thy way Do.
Lead thee, good Stranger! to my heart's lord say,
Dead is thy wife. Alas! alas! my tomb
Marks the bleak shore where Thracian billows boom:
But be my cenotaph at least near thee,
That thou may'st mindful of thy lost love be.

551

570
To the Pro-Consul's high-renown, to utmost bliss in life,
Princes uprais'd Dulcitius, in virtues rich and rife:
But him from earth when Nature freed, the Gods Immortal gain'd
His spirit, while his mortal frame alone this tomb contain'd.

552

571 Haply, on Orpheus' death, some Muse was left, Leontius.
But, Plato! thine the harp itself has reft,
For some small remnant of the olden song
Was still preserv'd thy thoughts and deeds among.

553

573 This, Trav'ller! of Chiredius—whom Do.
Attica nurtur'd—is the tomb;

Type of the ten fam'd pleaders old,
Who easily a Judge could mould,
But who, when Judge himself, turn'd ne'er
The least from what was right and fair.

554

574 The Law was all Agathonicus' thought, Agathias.
But Fate to fear the Law was never taught;
So, seizing him, of wise laws she depriv'd,
Ere at the legal age his life arriv'd.
Pale o'er his tomb his mourning comrades stand,
Lost, in his death, the flow'r of all their band;
His mother, with rent hair, was struck with woe,
The labour of her womb, alas! laid low:
Yet, above all, happy in youth who die,
And sooner so of life the vices fly.

555

575 This of good Roda is the tomb: Leontius.
A Tyrian she, but, left her home,
She came among us here to live,
O'er her young children care to give.
She of Gemellus grac'd the bed,
Whose memory ne'er with us is dead,
Since for just government had he
Long made our city fam'd to be.
Tho' in old age her grave she met,
She should have liv'd until the sun
His round a thousand times had run—
Too much of good one cannot get!

556

576 *A* Pyrrho! art dead? Julian E.
B I doubt.
A Tho' last breath's out,
A doubter still?
B Ay, still.
A With death ends doubt.

557

577 Who buried me, when dead, in three cross-ways? Do.
For him, sore-tried, not e'en a small tomb raise,

Since ev'ry trav'ller treads on Timon's breast,
And death to me alone has brought no rest.

558

578 Strong Panopeus the lion-hunter—whom Agathias.
The shaggy leopards fled—sleeps in this tomb.
Him from dark earth a terrible scorpion slew,
Wounding the foot o'er hills which lightly flew:
His jav'lin dimm'd, his spear rusts on the ground,
Plaything, alas! of bold gazelles around.

*559

579 Yes! with aye-laughing countenance, Leontius.
Patrick the pleader meets thy glance,
In the grave forum first of rank,
First too in social friendship frank;
Assisting at high festival,
By sad fate, from a roof on high,
'T was his with many more to fall,
But only his of all to die.
Thus even to the last his life,
Short tho' its span, with fun was rife.
Such death I cannot cruel name
And deem it but from Nature came.

*560

580 In Earth's last depths to hide me tho' you try, Julian E.
You cheat not Justice's all-seeing eye.

*561

581 Thou fav'rest me, thy victim, with an urn, Do.
Be thine from Heav'n like favor in return.

562

582 Hail, shipwreckt corpse! to Hades hardly past, Do.
Blame not the ocean wave, but winter blast;
This caus'd thy death: the gracious salt sea wave
Wafting thee home a tomb ancestral gave.

563

583 Agathias.
Would that no marriages had been, no bridal bed e'er rear'd,
And then for parturition-pains had less excuse appear'd.

But now, ah! thrice unhappy, she is sitting as to bear,
And in her ill-form'd womb the child remains a dead weight there.
Three times since first she waited thus has twilight come and past,
Ever with hopes unrealis'd to clasp a son at last.
That first womb not thy latest dust is light, O Child! on thee,
It bore and bears thee still, and thine no need of earth can be.

564

584 Sailor! who gav'st my shipwreck'd corpse a tomb, Julian E.
Sail on, to Malea's headland give good room;
Fair voyages, O Friend! be ever thine,
And, if fate frown, last favors such as mine.

565

585 Mygdon, life's end attain'd, in his own bark, Do.
Not by death's ferry, went to Hades dark:
What living gave him life and knew his toil,
Heavily laden oft with finny spoil,
When near the goal, ran with him side by side
To Night, and for his pyre the wood supplied.
True to its lord the skiff his household fed,
And mate thro' life to death with Mygdon sped. [614.]

566

586 Not Ocean kill'd thee, nor the storm's wild gust, Do.
But restless trade's insatiable lust.
Small means be mine ashore; for greater gain
Let others track the tempest-troubled main.

567

587 Earth bore thee, Ocean whelm'd, Hades receiv'd; Do.
Thence hast thou, Pamphilus! e'en Heav'n achiev'd.
Not as one wreck'd thy death, for thou didst meet
There amid all the Immortals a chief seat.

588 568 Paulus Sil.
Damocharis has darksome Fate's last silence enter'd on.
The Muse's beauteous lyre and sweet, alas! is dead and gone;
Perish'd are Music's softest notes: again has island Cos
Grief such as erst it suffer'd in Hippocrates' sad loss.

569

589 Trav'ller! in Antioch tell it not, lest she Agathias.
Bewail this buried stream of Castaly.

Eustorgius suddenly the Muse has left,
And of Ausonian law the vain hope 's reft.
His years were but sev'nteen: in empty dust,
Sorrowful change! his likely youth is thrust.
Earth holds him in the tomb, and in his stead
His name, style, tablets here alone are read.

570

590 Julian E.

A Illustrious John!
B Say mortal John.
A The stepson of our Queen!
B Mortal.
A Of Anastasius' line in him the flow'r was seen!
B Yet mortal still.
A Of virtuous life.
B Ay! even from the dust
Virtue survives, and blossoms sweet the memory of the just!

571

591 Do.

I am Hypatius' tomb, and say, tho' favor'd thus by fate
I hide not here the body of Ausonia's warrior great:
Earth, under a slight monument asham'd the dust to keep
Of one so great, the ocean depths preferr'd for his last sleep.

572

592 Agathias.

The King himself wroth that the sea encaves
Hypatius' body in its booming waves
Last honours for the dead would fain provide;
The sea to his great mind such grace denied.
Wherefore to one so brilliant and endear'd,
Best proof of feeling heart, this cenotaph he rear'd.

573

593 Do.

In beauty and in song so late who bloom'd,
Who knew and honour'd Justice, here entomb'd
Eugenia lies: and o'er her in despair
Venus, the Muse, and Themis rend their hair.

574

594 Julian E.

Thy truest monument is not a tomb, thine ashes o'er,
But in the myriad pages of thy books, great Theodore!

Whereby were brought to life again, and sav'd from Lethe's night,
The labours sweet of minstrel minds which else had perish'd quite.

575

595 Theodore 's dead! and now, departed long, Julian E.
Are dead in him the sons of ancient song.
They breath'd with him still breathing: in his fall
They are extinct: one tomb now covers all.

*576

596 By life and death I swear! just cause of strife Agathias.
Was none on earth between me and my wife:
Eugenia, Theudotus, unwilling foes:
Error so great from Fate or Fury rose!
Both of us now in Minos' pure court stand,
Forgiveness found, a white stone in our hand.

577

597 Who sweetly play'd with spirit, who alone Julian E.
Knew of the female voice the full deep tone,
Lies silent here. Fate's knittings are so strong
They clos'd Calliope's shrill lips of song.

578

598 Despite thy suff'ring sex and silver head Do.
The sweet pow'rs of thy voice divine ne'er fled:
Its fine notes, yielding to Death's common laws,
Alas, alas, Calliope! now pause.

*579

599 Lovely by name, lovelier in mind than face, Do.
Perish'd in her the Spring of ev'ry grace.
A second Paphia, to her spouse alone,
But to all else a perfect Pallas known.
What stone but griev'd when Hades' boundless sway
Stern snatch'd her from that husband's arms away?

580

600 Thine, Anastasia! in youth's rosy prime Do.
Marriage: thine too a tomb before thy time.
Tears, bitter tears, from sire and spouse lov'd well,
Tears haply too from Hades' boatman fell.
Alas! ere with thy lord one full year fled,
When scarce sixteen the tomb receiv'd thee dead.

581

601 Alas! alas! the sweet Spring of all grace Julian E.
To storms of rav'nous Hell has yielded place:
The tomb has snatch'd thee from the glorious sun,
Ere of thine years a sad sixteenth had run:
To spouse and sire by sorrow blinded quite,
Thou, Anastasia! dearer wert than light.

582

602 'Tis, Eustace! tho' but wax, thy form belov'd: Agathias.
Ah! when before were those sweet lips unmov'd
By gentle words? Thy youth's bright blossom fled,
Alas! alas! earth's empty dust instead
Is all now left us. Scarce the twentieth sun
Had of thy fifteenth year its brief course run:
Paternal wealth, thy grandsire's throne, to thee
Profited nothing. All thy form who see,
Blame for thy sake, as cruel and unjust,
The Fates who such rare grace laid low in dust.

583

603 Julian E.
A Cruel is Charon.
B Rather kind.
A He now has snatch'd away
One young in years.
B But who in mind was equal to the gray.
A For him life's pleasure all is past.
B For him all pain has ceas'd.
A He knew not aught of marriage joys.
B Nor marriage ills the least.

584

604 With sorrowing hands thy parents, O sweet maid! Paulus Sil.
Thee on thy bier, not bridal bed, have laid:
The errors, ills of life, a mother's pains,
All hast thou scap'd, grief's cloud to them remains.
Thee, Macedonia! twelve years old, Fate hides,
In youth's best flow'r ripe fruits of age besides.

585

605 Roda! a grateful husband in return Julian E.
For thy good conduct rears this costly urn,

And feeds the hungry on thy soul's release,
Whose swift death left him liberty and peace.

586

606 Gentle, in freedom garmented, and lovely to behold, Paulus Sil.
Leaving a son alive, the stay of his weak age and old,
This tomb holds Theodore, in hopes a better fate to see—
Happy the labours of his life, in death too happy he!

587

607 Psyllo, grown old, thro' envy of her heirs, Palladas.
As heir of her own wealth herself declares:
Her life adjusting well with what she spent,
With sudden leap to Hades' house she went.
Her all consum'd, of life and means bereft,
To copper when reduc'd, the world she left.

588

608 As wept Menippe o'er her dear son dead, Eutolmius.
With the great grief her own fond spirit fled:
For sorrow's further strife surviv'd no breath,
But life and anguish ceas'd alike in death.

589

609 Atticus, in the common creed Paulus Sil.
of all-o'ertaking Death,
With fearless heart dug me his tomb
while yet he was in breath;
Thus, safe in virtue, playing with
death's universal fear,
Long may beneath the sun survive
our sun of wisdom here.

590

610 Bridegroom and bride some demon snatcht away, Palladas.
Robbing of life them and their fellows gay:
One marriage fill'd tombs twenty-five with dead,
One bridal chamber to one burial led;
Pentheus, Penthesilea, bridegroom, bride,
Well were your nuptials with death-guests supplied.

591

611 O'er virgin Helen—late a son too dead— Eutolmius.
Double lament a hapless mother shed,

And suitors equally for her made moan,
Tho' none could now lament her as his own.

592

612 Agathias.

Alas! alas! this dust conceals the tenth Muse of the quire
She who at Rome and Pharos was our minstrel of the lyre;
Gone are the thrillings of soft harps, the songs so dear before
Have ceas'd to sound, all Genius with Joanna is no more!
Haply the Muses Nine this law, well worthy her, decree,
That, in the place of Helicon, Joanna's tomb shall be!

593

614 Graceful Lamaxis, Hellanis thrice-blest, Do.
Lights of their native Lesbos were confest;
But, in Athenian vessels landing there,
When Paches laid all Mitylene bare,
He saw and lov'd them, and, their husbands slain,
Sought to his lust by violence to constrain.
They, the broad billows of the Ægean past,
Safe, in Mopsopia old, their anchor cast:
The deeds of wicked Paches there reveal'd,
Soon by destroying Fate his doom was seal'd.
So toil'd ye, Matrons! and came back to tread
Your fatherland, wherein ye now lie dead:
Well throve your toil, since, each at her lord's side,
Ye sleep, memorials high of virtue tried,
And all, these heroines, one in mind, hymn still
Who thus aveng'd their homes' and husbands' ill!

594

613 Diogenes E.

A monument Diogenes! thy Phrygian father plac'd
By the wild Euxine shore for thee, so young, so brightly grac'd:
Alas! from fatherland how far, but God's hand led thee there:
Born for thine uncle's past delight, now doom'd as his despair:
With holy hand and humble pray'r thy precious corpse he drest,
And left thee thus—a joint-heir with the Chorus of the Blest.

595

615 Here lies, who from Eumolpus had his birth,
Belov'd Musæus in Phaleric earth.

596

616 Linus of Thebes is buried in this ground,
Whom, as her son, the Muse Urania crown'd.

597

617 The Muses buried Orpheus here, of Thrace the golden lyre,
Slain by a smould'ring thunder-bolt of highest Zeus in ire.

598

618 His native Lindus which the bright seas gird
Laments wise Cleobúlus here interr'd.

599

619
Within her breast, beside the sea, has native Corinth claim'd
Her ruler Periander here, for wealth and wisdom fam'd.

600

620 Grieve not when disappointed of thy will, Diog. Laert.
But with what God vouchsafes be happy still:
Wise Periander melancholy died
Because the thing he sought for was denied.

601

621 Here I, poor Sophocles, the hateful hall
Of Hades—with Sardinia's parsley-wreath,
And sadly smiling—enter'd. Such my death;
Others meet other ends, some Fate finds all.

602

622 Scaling by rope a rock where goats browze not, Antiphilus.
When herdsman Borchus a sweet hive had got,
Following, as if to feed, his dog gnaw'd thro'
The slight rope, smear'd with honey it updrew.
He fell to Hades, and, to others lost,
Dragg'd there the honey even at life's cost.

603

623 Drain, my poor Baby! ere the lifestream stop, Æmilianus.
Drain from my dying bosom its last drop;
Slain by the sword I die, yet e'en in death
I know to love what dearer is than breath.

604

624 Perish thou terrible Ionian main, ... Diodorus.
Pitiless passage to Hell's blackest reign,
So many who hast whelm'd! Thy wicked deeds,
To tell, Ill-Fated one! man's pow'r exceeds,
As of thy victims he regards the grave,
For thou hast swallow'd in thy salt-sea wave,
Ægeus and Labeo and their comrades true,
Doom'd to a quick death, with their vessel too.

605

625 Know, Stranger! that Olynthian Diodore, Antipater S.
Son of Calligenes, who Atlas scal'd,
Who knew Crete's wave and the black Euxine sail'd,
Perish'd in port at night, thrown from the prore
After a banquet vomiting. Who round
Great seas had past, a little water drown'd!

606

627 The marriage room just deck'd, thy nuptial bed Diodorus.
Thou leav'st, young bridegroom! for the joyless dead.
Thee in the very flow'r of manhood torn,
Thanius, thy father, and Astacia mourn,
Mourn with fast tears, Hipparchus! and oft sighs,
As of thy life the loving memories rise:
That life, which, ere of its fifth lustre past
The fourth fair year was into Hades cast.

607

628 As other isles their ancient names forsook, Crinagoras.
And the same names as Kings and Heroes took,
Be yours "EROTIDES." This change of name
Will draw on you from Nemesis no blame.
Eros his name and form, the boy for whom
Beneath this hallow'd turf ye rear'd his tomb.
O Earth! who hast his dust, lie lightly o'er,
And Sea! break softly on the neighb'ring shore.

608

629 Antipater.
So great, yet under this poor dust! thy tomb whoever sees,
Will blame of Greece as weak and wrong the sentence, Socrates!

Yielding to rev'rence naught, their best and wisest they laid low
Ruthlessly. The Cecropidæ, alas! were often so.

609

630 . Already I approach'd my native shore— Antiphilus.
" To-morrow my long course and hard is o'er,"
Scarce had I spoke, the stormy seas upsprung,
And the rash boastful word my conscience stung.
Talk we not of to-morrow: ev'ry word—
The least—by hostile Nemesis is heard!

610

631 If to Miletus, Phœbus' port, you go, Apollonidas.
Friend! to Diogenes the sad news show,
That Diphilus, his son, 'neath Andros steep,
Lies shipwreckt, drinking the Ægean deep.

611

632 A little child in Diodorus' hall, Diodorus.
From a low ladder by a fatal fall
Breaking his spine, head-foremost roll'd, and, when
He saw my look of answ'ring pity, then
Forthwith his tiny hands he suppliant spread:
In vain. Yet weigh not down, O Dust! the head
Of the young child of a poor female slave:
Spare Corax, two years old, in his small grave.

*612

633 Truly the Moon, rising at eve extreme, Crinagoras.
Conceal'd for grief at night her misty beam,
When she beheld Selene, full of grace—
Her namesake—breathless sink in Death's embrace;
With her the beauty shar'd of her own light,
So with her death she mingled her own night.

613

634 Raising a bier to bear away the dead Do.
Old Philon—who so earn'd his daily bread—
Thro' a slight stumble fell, and died: that he
Was ripe for Hades hoar hairs gave to see.
The bier, by others burden'd, which before
He bore himself, himself as burden bore.

614

635 Old Hieroclídes had a boat as old, Do.: Antiphilus.
Thro' life and death his fellow-sailor bold,
In fellow-traffic to the fisher true:
A better boat than her ne'er sail'd the blue:
E'en to old age she serv'd and fed him: dead
She burnt, and so with him to Hades sped.

*615

636 O happy Shepherd! would I too had been Do.
Feeding my sheep on mountains lone and green,
Over the hollow hills my fleecy lambs
Following with plaintive beat the pilot rams,
Ere in the bitter brine my guiding helm
Swam, and its billows did my bark o'erwhelm.
Vain wish! without a port, on this rude shore
Piecemeal I rot, where East winds fiercely roar.

*616

637 Pyrrhus, sole rower in small skiff, who sought Antipater.
Shell-fish, and sprats with dangling horsehair caught,
Fell with great noise, when out at sea, struck dead
By lightning. To the shore his small boat sped,
And telling, by its sulphurous smoke, the news,
Said, "I of Argo's keel the fate refuse."

617

638 Crinagoras.
O'er the chang'd lots which her two boys had found
Sobb'd a fond mother, clinging both around:
"I thought not now, my child! to weep thy bier,
Nor thee to find amongst the living here.
The demons have indeed been chang'd for you,
But on my head fall sorrows deep and true."

*618

639 Antipater.
Ocean is Ocean, aye the same—the howling Cyclades,
Helle's short wave, sharp Oxia's rock, why vainly blame we these?
We name them so in error, else, those dangers safely past,
In lone Scarphœa's harbour why was I engulph'd at last?
Pray, Mariner! thy voyage home may favourable be,
The buried Aristagoras finds still the sea the sea.

*619

640 The setting Kids the fearful sailors curse, Antipater.
But Pyro found the calm than tempest worse.
Him moor'd in his slow boat, by winds forsook,
The double-oar'd quick pirate easy took.
During a calm who 'scap'd the storm they kill'd—
What great ills spring from anchorage unskill'd!

620

642 Midway 'tween Hebrus and the Delian shore, Apollonidas.
A wave, with all his cargo cover'd o'er
Menœtis, son of Samian Diophane.
Holy the purpose was, but, ah! in vain,
Which urg'd his vessel. Sea-waves, e'en to those
Who a sick father long to see, are foes!

621

643 The house-born favorite, ever at her play, Crinagoras.
The winning girl of nine years old, away
Hast thou, O Hades! by no pray'rs appeas'd,
Hymnis, Evander's lovely daughter, seiz'd.
Why hast thou brought on her untimely fate
Who had been wholly thine at riper date?

622

644 Lamenting her last boy's untimely doom, Bianor.
Clarista clos'd her sad life at his tomb:
Long as she could the mourner bore her grief,
Till her snapt heartstrings found in death relief.
Why dole ye out, unhappy Mothers! so
Your moanings that to Hades e'en ye go?

*623

645 Philostratus, most miserable thou! Crinagoras.
Where are thy sceptres, where thy great wealth now,
The boundless fortunes of thy kingly race,
Ever on which thy life its hopes would place?
Or dost thou lie, a common sight, by Nile,
Or on the borders of Judæa vile?
Strangers the fruits of thy long labours share,
Thy corpse forgotten moulders in earth-ware.

624

646 Round her dear father as her arms she clasp'd, Anyte.
Pale Erato in tears these last words gasp'd:
"Father! I am no more, and livid death
Darkens mine eyes and chokes my difficult breath."

625

647 Simmias: Simonides.
These the last words, while sobs their utt'rance broke,
Clasping her mother's neck, that Gorgo spoke:
"Live for my sire: to lighten age's weight,
Another daughter bear for better fate."

626

648 Good Aristocrates his feeble head, Leonidas T.
To Ach'ron on his voyage, shook and said:
"Think we of children, and get wives by law,
E'en tho' hard-living penury may gnaw.
Life should be propt. A propless house is bad
To look on, but a husband's home is glad:
Its pillars firm, it stands in glowing pride,
Its warm hearth ever with love's light supplied."
Well Aristocrates the truth discern'd,
Tho' from the wickedness of wives he turn'd.

627

649 Anyte.
Instead of solemn nuptial rites and blessed marriage bed,
Thy mother in this marble tomb lays, Thersis! thy dear head,
And virginlike in form and face this statue o'er thee rears,
Tho' dead still speaking to our hearts, still sparkling thro' our tears.

628

650 If, peradventure, sweet to thee Flaccus: Phalæcus.
The limit of long life may be,
The seas avoid, thyself confine
To the safe ploughtree drawn by kine:
Land-life may last: at sea 'tis rare
For man a hoary head to bear!

*629

651 Not stony Trachis hides my hapless bones, Euphorion.
Nor the rude isle which azure writing owns:

The Icarian waves, around the pebbly beach
Of long high Drepanus, some haply reach:
There empty earth and thirsty plants, instead
Of hospitable rites, heap up my bed.

630

652 Why, sounding Ocean! on the sorry bark Leonidas T.
Of Teleutagoras, in tempests dark
Angrily raging, him and all his freight
O'erwhelm at one fell swoop in savage hate?
Now lies he lifeless on some lone seabeach
Where rav'ning birds and seamews o'er him screech,
While by his empty tomb, with sorrow wild,
Timáres weeps his dear departed child.

*631

653 Pancrates.
The South-West rising violent, as set the Hyades,
Destroy'd, in Ægea's stormy sea, young Epierides
Together with his ship and crew—for whom with toil and tears,
His sire this empty monument, a poor memorial! rears.

632

654 Cretans are plund'ring pirates and unjust— Leonidas T.
Who would the justice of the Cretans trust?
E'en me, Timolytus, their violence cast
Into the sea, with poor freight as I past.
Woe's me! unburied, tost on this wild surge,
Where the young sea-gulls scream my only dirge.

633

655 This little dust of earth 's enough for me— Do.
O'er wealth and pride let idle columns be,
Oppressive burdens on the breast of death.
To thee if, haply, I was known in breath,
Say, o'er me dead, these sole words, and pass on:
"Alcander, of Calliteles the son."

*634

656 This low mound and slight tomb, O Man! present Do.
Of luckless Alchimene the monument,
Tho' by sharp briars and thorns now hid all o'er
To which he was an enemy of yore.

635

657 List! Shepherds, Ye this mountain ridge who tread Leonidas T.
O'er which your goats and fleecy flocks are spread,
On me, your friend Clitagoras, bestow
A slight sweet grace for Proserpine below:
Let the sheep bleat for me, and, as they feed,
From the rude rock some shepherd wake his reed
Gently, and meadow flow'rs of earliest Spring
To deck my tomb his pitying fellow bring:
Let him its turf with milk of fine-lamb'd ewe,
Holding her udder o'er it, thrice bedew,
Sprinkling my footstone. To the dead are paid
Favours, and e'en by dead returns are made!

636

658 Now, Trav'ller! shall I know if good or bad Theocritus.
By thee in more or less respect are had:
Blest be the tomb, thou'lt say, and light the bed
Where low is laid Eurymedon's dear head.

637

659 Leaving an infant boy, in life's full bloom Do.
Eurymedon, here, dying, found a tomb;
Now dwells he with the Blest, and for his son
The good sire's memory regard has won.

660 638 Leonidas T.
Orthon of Syracuse on thee, O Stranger! this enjoin'd:
"Go not abroad, when full of wine, on wintry nights unkind.
To suffer by such folly was, alas! mine evil lot,
And leaving my broad lands at home I lie in small strange spot."

639

661 This is of Eusthenes the tombstone, who Theocritus.
E'en from the look man's inner nature knew.
Well has our love interr'd the stranger here,
In a strange soil: to minstrels he was dear.
Dead the philosopher had all he would,
E'en friends, around the friendless, sorrowing stood.

640

662 When of her tender youth sev'n years were spent, Leonidas.
This girl to Hades prematurely went

Thro' sorrow for her brother, whose sweet breath
Was stopt, ere twenty moons, by cruel Death.
Alas, alas, Peristeris! of late,
What keenest woes are heap'd on thee by Fate.

*641

663 The boy Medeius to his Thracian maid, Theocritus.
NOBLE, this wayside monument has rais'd:
Who nurs'd his youth may well be thus repaid—
Why not? as USEFUL also was she prais'd.

*642

664 Stand, Stranger! and awhile with awe, regard Do.: Leonidas.
Archilochus the old Iambic bard,
Whose infinite renown reach'd East and West.
Delian Apollo surely him carest,
Him too the Muses; his melodious skill
Sung to his lyre and fram'd high lays at will.

643

665 Neither in long nor deep ship rashly sail: Leonidas.
Barks of all kinds oft founder in one gale.
A wind at once whelm'd Promachus, a wave
Gulph'd all his sailors in its hollow grave.
Yet was his fate not evil all: at hand
Of circling friends, he found in fatherland
A tomb and obsequies, a corpse when cast
On the bare shore by rough sea and rude blast.

644

666 Here swam Leander over: this the strait Antipater T.
Whose seas to him, nor him alone, were Fate:
This Hero's former home, its old tow'r reft,
Where once in vain the treach'rous lamp she left.
Both lovers to one common tomb consign'd,
Are blaming even yet that envious wind.

645

667 Why, ling'ring at my tomb, thus vainly moan?
Among the dead no cause of grief is known:
Sorrow not, Husband! Children mine, Farewell!
Long in your loves may Amazonia dwell.

*646

670 As Phosphor erst thy light on life was shed, Plato.
As Hesper now it shines among the dead.

647

Charon! insatiate still of prey, Bianor.
Why snatch young Attalus away?
Had he not still thy victim been,
If, living, he old age had seen?

648

672 To earth the goodly frame is given,
The noble spirit pass'd to Heaven
Of Andreas, in love and peace
Who rul'd Illyrium and Greece,
His pure and just hands keeping still
From all wealth got by any ill.

673 649

If of the pious live the race after the end of life,
And with their mem'ry if, as meet, the gen'ral tongue be rife,
Thou, Andreas! art not dead but liv'st, for the immortal place
Of Blest Immortals thee has ta'en amid their holy race.

650

674 Here lies Archilochus. Be sure! Adrian.
His Muse was Homer's friend,
Who on craz'd iambs so could lure
His poet fire to spend.

651

975 Fearless, from my lone tomb, thy cable free, Leonidas.
Others, when I was wreckt, safe past the sea.

652 Do.

I, Epictétus, was a slave, who now here buried lie,
Crippled, and craving alms, but of the Gods belov'd on high.

*653

677 Of brave Megisthias this the honour'd tomb— Simonides.
Him the Medes slew as they Sperchéus past—
Who, tho' he knew full well his coming doom,
Fought, fell for Sparta, faithful to the last.

654

678 Leaving my toil-won wealth to children dear,
Soterichus the soldier I lie here:
As did Geranean Nestor, I the horse
Led in my lifetime. Nought to tyrant force
Ever I ow'd. Tho' dead, I therefore, trust
To see Olympus' light which waits the just.

679 655 Sophronius.

A Say, Tomb! whom, whence, whose son thou holdest dead;
His works and wealth conceal'd in thy cold bed?
B John, born in Cyprus, shoot from a good tree,
The son of Stephen, Pharia's pastor he;
With riches more than all in Cyprus rife,
From sires and his self-sacrificing life;
Done in our land, of all his god-like deeds
To tell my mind and ev'ry mouth exceeds;
His splendid virtues into shadow cast
All who in virtue others had surpast;
To him, his rare beneficence to crown,
Due all the beauties which adorn our town.

656

680 Here lies, of holy virtues run his race, Do.
John, Pharia's chief, in his dear native place:
Mortal his frame—had it immortal been,
Countless immortal deeds the land had seen!

*657

681 Gessius for death not honour left his home, Palladas.
And, quicker than the Fates, tho' lame, did come
To Hades running: by the progress fast
Of mind, his sever'd life away he cast.

*658

682 When Gessius died Fate urg'd him not in hate, Do.
Himself to Hades went forestalling Fate.

*659

684 Let not a man at Godship ever aim, Do.
Nor strive for great pow'r and surpassing fame:
This Gessius prov'd, brought down from his ascent,
With man's good fortune when no more content.

*660

685 Thy search has reach'd of life and luck the bound, Palladas.
The end at once in the beginning found;
But, Gessius! thou hast met with honours due,
And e'en in death won pow'r's lost symbols too.

*661

686 When Baucalus saw Gessius lately dead, Do.
But limping worse, such words as these he said:
"How, Gessius! thro' what ills, in Hades here
Alone, and naked, does thy shade appear?"
Gessius, sore griev'd, to him at once replied:
"Baucalus! even death attends on pride."

*662

687 When Gessius perceiv'd the Ammonian cheat, Do.
And felt that his strange end was near complete,
Theories, studies, friends—who fed his trust
In false astrologers—all woke disgust.

*663

688 "The Consul's chair by thee shall be enjoy'd," Do.
Two Augurs Gessius by such oaths destroy'd.
Puff'd up with folly, with self-ruin fraught,
Man nothing learns till he life's end is taught!

664

689 Apellian, the great and good, his body here to dust
Consign'd, but his immortal soul to Christ he gave in trust.

665

690 O Pythias! not e'en tho' dead,
At all from earth, of thee is fled
The fair renown. Yet live behind
The bright creations of thy mind!
Whate'er thou didst from Nature get,
Or learn thyself, is with thee yet:
Therefore, O best in counsel! thou
Art in the Blessed Islands now.

691 *666

I am the new Alcestis: I for my good husband died,
Zeno, whose true love only I receiv'd at my chaste side.

Whom more my heart than day's glad light, or children sweet desir'd,
My name Callicratía is, by all mankind admir'd.

667

692 Glycon, of Asian Pergamus the pride, Antipater: Phillip.
A thunderbolt in war, of giant stride,
Our modern Atlas, of unconquer'd hand,
Is perish'd. Who, in Italy's fair land,
In Greece, in Asia too was foremost known,
All conq'ring Hades has at length o'erthrown.

668

693 Glenis these pebbles of the strand surround, Apollonidas.
By the sad rolling of a seawave drown'd,
While fish on a projecting rock he caught.
Neptune! the kind hearts who together wrought
To bury me, preserve, and ever keep
Tranquil thy shores for those who fish the deep.

694 669 Addæus.

If, in a spot, where three roads meet, by Potidæa's wall,
Thou com'st upon a hero—him they Philoprægmon call—
Tell him why thou hast thither brought thy feet, and forthwith he
Will easy way of action find, or friend or foe, with thee.

670

695 Ay! such the traits of Cassia chaste—
Dead now, but, from the worth which grac'd
Her life, as much as in her mien
The beauty of her soul was seen.

*671

696 Swingeth in mid-air from the pine's rough bough, Archias Mi.
Sad sight! thy scourg'd and shaggy body now,
Swingeth, O Satyr! on Celæne's height,
Who strov'st with Phœbus in unequal fight.
Never again thy pipe's sweet note and clear,
As erst on Phrygian mount, we Nymphs shall hear.

672

697 This tomb hides John, of Epidamnus star, Christodorus.
Built whilom, by the sons, fam'd near and far,

Of Hercules. That toil-tried Hero like,
He tyranny's harsh pow'r would ever strike.
Lightwick, 'neath his good sires of great renown,
His home—Phœnician Cadmus built the town—
And he a light of Helicon, for erst
Cadmus show'd Greece the use of letters first,
Light too of Consuls in Illyria found,
He well the Muses and pure Justice crown'd.

*673

698 Here John, the famous Epidamnite lies, Christodorus.
The far-seen star of Consuls bright and wise,
Who spread the Muses' sweet light, and the road
Of hospitality made clear and broad;
His only the all-feeding hand and free
No stint of bounty which would ever see:
Of our old laws he loftier fix'd the car,
Whence bright deeds of pure justice stream'd afar;
Alas! he liv'd not long—years forty-two
Alone completed, he from earth withdrew,
Bequeathing to all minstrels long regret,
On whom, as parents, equal love he set.

674

699
Icaria!—of Icarus the early tomb is there,
Who flew with bold and bitter course the newly-travers'd air—
Would that he ne'er had thee beheld, nor ever Triton me
Over the bounding billows sent of this Ægean sea;
No shelt'ring harbour on the side where northern tempests rave,
Nor hope of haven 'mid the rocks where breaks thy southern wave.
Perish thou difficult Ocean, and inhospitable shore,
His port is hateful Hades who sails thy black waters o'er.

675

700 These stone walls of long night encircling me, Diodorus.
And sad Cocytus' waters, witness ye!
Rufinius kill'd me not, nor sought to claim
A second wife, as men would falsely blame.
No rapid death Tarentine Paula slew,
Me the Fates snatch'd from life in season due.

*676

701 A friendly town, a brave Achaian o'er, Diodorus.
Wrote these, where rich Ascania's waters pour:
"Him mourn'd Nicæa: Diomed his sire,
Bade o'er his dust this lofty tomb aspire,
While o'er his ruinous loss he sorely griev'd.
Better had he those rites from him receiv'd."

677

702 The prey his rod and line had caught in vain, Apollonidas.
The fisherman Menestratus has slain:
Gulping the bait afloat on fatal hook,
A red hake instantly its sharp snare took:
Laid 'tween the teeth his death its struggles wrought
By a strong leap adown his slipp'ry throat.

678

704 When I am dead, let fire be mix'd with earth,
I care not. I of life have had life's worth.

679

705 Antipater.
By Strymon and broad Hellespont, O City long renown'd,
Amphipolis! her sad tomb where Edonian Phyllis found,
As relic vestiges of thee, Dian's Brauronian fane,
And of thy well-contested stream the waters scant, remain.
City! which once to Athens wast a cause of mighty strife,
Where purple patches of sea-view on either shore are rife.

680

706 Chrysippus who the good wine greedy drank, Diog. Laert.
Giddy with that strong draught, its victim sank;
School, home and life, as nought away he cast,
And to the halls of Hades instant past.

*681

707 And I too, Scirtus the redbeard, respect Dioscorides.
Dead Sositheus, as much as of our sect
Another, in the city, Sophocles;
For he—by ev'ry dance e'er danc'd, I swear!
Was one who bore the ivy with an ease,
Worthy a Satyr of Phliūs in air.

And me, in customs new tho' nurst, he led
In mem'ry to the home where I was bred;
And, much attracted by their mighty speech,
Male rhythm, and Dorian Muse, he brought back each.
The thyrsus-model old, not new, hand-wrought,
Of Sositheus well suited the bold thought.

682

708 Light Earth! with living ivy which loves strife, Dioscorides.
O'er Machon's tomb, the comic bard, be rife.
He was no thieving drone; in him thou hast
Cover'd a relic, worthy of Art past.
City of Cecrops! bitter thyme has e'en,
By Nile, amongst the Muses sometimes been.

*683

709 Home of my sires, in Sardis old Alexander.
if rear'd my youth had been,
Poor were I still, or, beating there
the painted tambourine,
Had a gold-dizen'd eunuch liv'd;
Now Alcman is my name,
And Sparta, where I dwelt, records
in tripods oft its fame.
The Heliconian Muses, who
taught me their dearest lore,
Than Dascyles and Gyges here,
have made my greatness more.

*684

710 Cold pillars! Sirens mute! and thou, sad urn! Erinna.
Who holdest my poor dust for Hades stern,
Bid those all hail about my tomb who stand,
Or countrymen, or from another land;
Say that a virgin I lie here, by name
Baucis—my father call'd me so—who came
Of Tenian race, and let them know, my friend
Erinna for my tomb these verses penn'd.

685

711 In the rich chamber now, the crocus bed Antipater.
For Pitana's Clinareté was spread:

Her cousins Demo and Nicippus came
With outstretcht arms, prepar'd the pine-torch flame
To light, and o'er her hold. But Death, the maid
Snatching away, to Lethe's deep convey'd.
Sore griev'd her fellows: bride-doors clang'd not there,
But breasts were beat for Hades in despair.

686

712 Young Baucis' tomb am I. Who, pale and slow, Erinna.
Pass its sad stone, to Hades say below:
"Thou envious art." On these fair signs who dwell
To them the cruel fate of Baucis tell.
The very torch, to doff her bright attire
Glad Hymen held, now lights her fun'ral fire:
The very strains which hail'd her happy bride,
Have now in notes of hapless sorrow died.

687

713 Few were Erinna's words, and brief her lays, Antipater S.
Yet these obtain'd for her the deathless bays:
Therefore she is not from our memory swept,
Nor under the dark wing of black night kept:
But we, the myriad minstrels of to-day,
Waste in oblivion, insect-like, away.
Thus of one swan more joy the soft notes bring
Than thousand jackdaws clamorous in spring.

714 688

Rhegium! of Italy's shoal seas the last and lowest bound,
Wash'd ever by Trinacrian waves, thy praise be aye renown'd,
Since thou, the lover of the lyre, to maid and matron dear,
Beneath this leafy elm-tree shade, hast Ibycus laid here:
Much of delight in love was his: wherefore above his tomb
Its mantle may much ivy wreathe, and white reeds richly bloom!

689

715 Far from the land of Italy, Leonidas.
and, what is worse than death,
Far from Tarentum too I lie,
where first I drew my breath:
Such is the wand'rer's lifeless life!
yet me the Muses blest,

And, for sad things and sore, what flow'd
with honey I possest:
Nor has obliterated been
Leonidas's name,
Me to all times the very gifts
the Muses gave proclaim.

*690

716 Young, mourn'd by all who in Jalusus-town Dionysius.
Dwell, thou to Lethe's sad sea art gone down,
Just cull'd fair wisdom's fruit. Thy tomb around
The unlamented owl is wailing found:
Minstrels, Phœnocritus! in coming time
Will nothing sing to match thy tender rhyme.

691

717 Ye Naiads, and cool sheds for kine astray,
Ere the bees part upon their vernal way,
Say! old Leucippus perish'd laying snares,
On a bleak wintry night, for nimble hares:
He lov'd no more the swarming hives to tend,
But pastoral meadows mourn their mountain friend.

718 692 Nossis.
Stranger! if yet you turn your sail to Mitylene fair
Bright Sappho to behold, the flow'r of all the Graces there,
Say, by the Muses I was lov'd, and, born on Locrian shore,
Among my fellows that my name is Nossis. Nothing more.

693

719 I am the tomb of Tellen: and I hold Leonidas T.
Under a mound that jolly buck and old,
Who, first of all the merry minstrel crew,
Knew to write spicy songs and sing them too.

694

720 Cleuas of Timocles! thy brand Chæremon.
For Thyrea flourishing,
'T was thine to die, lest that strife-land
The foe from us should wring.

695

721 With equal hands Argos and Sparta fought, Do.
And equal arms we to the combat brought;

Thyrea the prize of war, and, nothing loth,
The hope of home-return resign'd by both.
To her who gave it we give back our breath,
And leave it to the birds to tell our death.

722 696 Theodoridas.

Timosthenes, Molossus' son, I weep in battle slain—
In this strange land of Cecrops must his stranger dust remain.

723 *697

O Lacedæmon! thou, of old untrodden and unbroke,
Now, on Eurotas' treeless banks, behold'st Olenus' smoke:
The birds who thro' thy fair free land their leafy dwellings made,
Lie low and wail, and wolves no more our empty folds invade.

698

724 Thy father's house, the clan thou led'st Anyte.
where shields in conflict rung,
O Phidias! by thine early death
were in dark sorrow flung:
Yet will this stone above thee tell
the proudest praise of all,
Fighting for thy lov'd fatherland
that nobly thou didst fall.

699

725 *A* Is it with young Menecrates then so! Callimachus.
What, best of foreigners, has laid thee low?
Was it what slew the Centaur?
B O'er me came
My fated sleep, but poor wine bears the blame.

700

726 At eve and morn to drive want from her roof Leonidas.
Oft had old Platthis slumber kept aloof,
And at the distaff sung, her woolwork o'er,
Of hoar old age tho' close upon the door:
Still turning at her loom till morning, she
United Pallas with the Graces three,
Still with lithe hand her bent knee roll'd around
What for the web of thread the day had wound.
Platthis at eighty Ach'ron's waters sought,
Things beautiful who beautifully wrought.

701

728 I of Deméter priestess erst, and then Callimachus.
Of the Cabíri and of Dindymen—
Many young maidens there had I in trust—
Grown old in sacred service, now am dust.
Two sons were born to me, upon whose breast
Mine old eyes grateful clos'd. Be thou as blest!

702

729 Tymnes.
Simple Tritonis from its load at last her womb had free,
After dark prophecies of ill, but, nathless, perish'd she.
What needs there more? She took with her that infant newly born
To Hades down, nor child nor she surviving the tenth morn.

703

730 Wretched Mnasilla! wherefore sculptur'd shown Perses.
This form upon thy weeping daughter's stone,
Neotima, who died in childbed pangs?
Pale lies she, on her eyes the death-mist hangs.
Tears flood the bosom of that mother dear:
Lo! too, her father Aristotle near
Tests with his hand her brow—alas! alas!
Not even of the dead the sorrows pass.

704

731 As on its prop a vine is stay'd, e'en so Leonidas.
I on my crutch. Death summons me below.
I hear his call—"What, Gorgus! is more sweet
Than for three years or more the sun's glad heat?"
This cheerly said, the old man from life's shore
Launch'd on the sea which all mankind pass o'er.

705

732 Cinesias, Hermes' servant! thou did'st go Theodoridas.
Without a crutch to pay thy debt below,
Age-bow'd but whole of frame: the grave in thee,
All-pow'rful, its just debtor loves to see.

*706

733 Diotimus.
Two aged matrons of one blood, alike in age who be,
Twin children of Epicrates, Anaxo, Clino, we:

Clino the Graces' priestess was: handmaid at Ceres' shrine
During her life Anaxo serv'd. There wanted days but nine,
And we—Fate call'd us both at once—our fourscore years had seen.
There is no envy for the old whose lives have comely been!
We lov'd our children and our lords, and e'en in this were blest,
Kind Hades first, of all so dear, receiv'd us in its breast.

707

734 *A* Wayfaring Stranger! pass not by.
B And wherefore not?
A A corpse am I
On whom was lavish'd ev'ry love,
From children good and fair above,
Tho' older than the oldest here,
I evermore to them was dear.
B Old man! may those your children too
Reach happy hoary hairs like you.

708

735 Renown'd Phocœa! in thy walls these last Damagetas.
Theano spake, to dark Night ere she past:
"Woe's me, unhappy wife. O'er what seas now
Sails, mine Apellichus! thy venturous prow,
While Death is standing near me? O that I,
At least thy lov'd hand held in mine, might die."

709

737 Thrice miserable, here, by robber sword,
I lie, of life bereft, by none deplor'd!

710

738 Where Salamis' bold cape commands the sea, Theodoridas.
The stormy Libyan whelm'd, Timarchus! thee
With thy poor ship and freight: but kinsmen sad,
Unhappy one! thy blacken'd ashes had.

711

739 Passer! I mourn for Polyanthus, whom Phædimus.
His wife, young Aristagoré,
Plac'd newly married in this tomb,
When his dear bones 't was hers at last to see.
Himself, by Scyathus, an adverse blast
Dead on the bleak Ægean waves had cast,

Whence, in Torone's harbour, at pale dawn,
His luckless corpse by fishers forth was drawn.

712

740 I am a stone, o'er Crethon's tomb, to show Leonidas.
His name: but Crethon lies in dust below.
Who once like Gyges had vast heaps of gold,
Who once was rich in herds and flocks untold,
Who once—why talk I yet—seem'd blest to all,
Of lands so large his portion here how small!

713

741 Crinagoras.
Sparta's great boast Othryades, and Cynegírus fam'd
In naval fight, and all the deeds of battle ever nam'd
The Italian spearman Arrius surpasses. By Nile's stream
Prostrate from many a hostile shaft, half-dead with pain extreme,
Seeing the eagle of his host seiz'd by the savage foe,
Up from among the dead he sprung, and, with one martial blow,
The soldier slew who bore the prize, and then, his camp regain'd,
Knelt to Rome's Gen'ral, and, alone unconquer'd, death obtain'd.

*714

742 Twin boys producing from thy mortal womb, Apollonidas.
Thine eyes, Timoclea! are not now in gloom:
More perfect than before, with orbs more bright,
The Sun's warm chariot now salutes thy sight.

715

743 Happy Hermocratía! I had borne Antipater.
Twenty and nine, nor yet had one to mourn:
For at my sons no shafts Apollo drew,
No tender daughters injur'd Dian slew:
Rather she came and eas'd each painful bed,
The males to healthy youth while Phœbus led.
Justly I scap'd of Niobe the doom,
Temp'rate my tongue, tho' teeming was my womb.

*716

744 They tell in Memphis that, his fate to know, Crinagoras.
Eudoxus to the fine-horn'd bull knelt low:
It nothing said—how could a bull? for speech
E'en to calf Apis Nature does not teach.

But standing by him, on one side his dress
It lick'd, his end thus striving to express
After awhile would be, and hence quick Death
Stopp'd, when he was but fifty-three, his breath.

*717

745 Robbers, once landing on the lonely shore Antipater S.
Of a rude isle, shed, Ibycus! thy gore,
While on a cloud of cranes thou criedst oft—
Of thy sad death sole witnesses aloft—
Nor criedst in vain. Erinnys, heard their cries,
Thy murder did avenge and them chastise.
O tribe of robbers! guilty gain who love,
Why fear'd ye not the wrath of Gods above?
Ægysthus, who of yore the minstrel slew,
Scap'd not the blackrob'd Furies' fatal view.

718

746 Lies in this tomb Pythagoras.
The Great One, whom
On earth men use
To call God-Zeus.

719

747 Julian lies here, by Tigris' rapid wave Libanius.
A good king, and in fight a warrior brave.

NOTES.—1 This riddle will be found under "Homerus" in Lempriere. See 367, Part v.

6 The Chians claimed Homer as the son of Meles: the Egyptians as born of Dmasagoras: the Salaminians, as is here shown, of Demagoras.

8 This also is by some attributed to Antipater S.

11 The women of Thrace were called Bistonians, from a lake, Bistonis, near Abdera. Lycæus was a title of Apollo. Line 3. Read "bosoms."

12 This scarce seems an Epitaph. I have endeavoured to make it so, in some further degree, by modifying the commencing words.

14 Line 4. The phrase occurs in Erinna's epitaph on Baucis, No. 712, B. vii.

19 Line 4. Not the nine Muses, but the nine lyrical poets—Pindar, Simonides, Stesichorus, Ibycus, Alcman, Bacchylides, Anacreon, Alcæus, and Sappho—mentioned in the anonymous Epigram, B. ix., 571, of which No. 457, P. v., is a translation. See also B. ix., 184, translated at 154 of the same part.

21 Tradition states that he was choked by a grape; so Anacreon by a grapestone. It may perhaps be concluded that the expressions are figurative, really meaning that these fine old gentlemen loved their glass—if not more.

22 Sophocles is said himself to have played and danced in some of his earlier pieces. After the battle of Salamis, he was, at the age of sixteen, selected to lead the chorus of youths, who with song, dance, and lyre, performed the pœan of their country's triumph.

23 It is impossible to supersede old favourites. The anonymous version of the *Spectator*, "Wind, gentle evergreen," &c. &c., although far from perfect as a translation, will always retain its place in public estimation.

24 Its treatment by several distinguished hands will excuse the repetition of the same subject in this and the immediately following pieces. Moore has well caught the spirit, if he have not adopted the ideas—in some cases, perhaps, the expressions—of one or more of these fine things.

26 I cannot agree with Merivale that there is a want of variety in the handling of this favourite subject. See Note to No. 18, P. iv.

29 Or it may be rendered thus:

"Libation make, O Stranger! passing by
Anacreon's tomb. A winedrinker am I."

34 The dialogistic form of epigram is not unfrequent, and, occasionally, very spirited.

35 Line 4. Pindar represents the Muses as singing at the marriage of Cadmus with Harmonoë.

37 Line 3. "Oxborn," Virgil Georg. iv., 281.

38 The Genius of the Drama, standing over the tomb of Sophocles, is the first speaker.

40 Line 3. "Far from home." His birthplace was at Eleusis in Attica.

41 Æschylus had laid himself open to a charge of profanation by too boldly introducing the Eumenides, or Furies, upon the stage, or by irreverently speaking in some of his plays of the mysteries of Ceres. In consequence of the unpopularity which he had thus incurred, he retired to the Court of Hiero of Syracuse, and died at Gela, in Sicily, in his 69th year.

43 Allusion is here made to the gates through which, by Homer and Virgil, dreams are fabled to issue. Dryden, Æn. vi., lines 1235 to 1238 thus translates the passage here alluded to:

"Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn:
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies."

Line 8. "The Causes" was a poem of Callimachus in four books on the origin and causes of traditions, fables, customs, ceremonies, of which only fragments remain.

45 By chance, or, it is said, by malice of two rival poets, he was exposed to the attack of some hounds, and so mangled by them as soon afterwards to expire. But there was also a scandal that he met his death at the hands of women, while going one night to keep a criminal assignation. See No. 50.

46 See preceding note. Two epigrams are here thrown together. The last is by Jacobs separately attributed to Ion: so also in Eton Delectus, No. 145. Grotius, too, keeps them separate.

48 Jacobs observes that this is like the epigrams which *invita Minerva* were hammered out by Diogenes Laertius. It refers, as does also No. 49, to a superstition that the pyre, or tomb, of Euripides was struck by lightning—but no account remains of any such occurrence.

58 Aristoclées was the original name of Plato.

59 In 3, Plan 31, the first distich is, with some slight variations, attributed to Speusippus.

64 The Eton Extracts assign the first, and the Westminster Delectus the second distich to Antipater.

65 Line 6. Some time before interment a piece of money was put into the corpse's mouth as Charon's fee for wafting it over the infernal river.

67-8-9 Lycambes promised his daughter Neobulé to Archilochus, but afterwards refused to fulfil the engagement; this irritated the poet, who attacked the whole family in an iambic poem, accusing the father of perjury and the daughters of most abandoned lives. These latter were rendered so desperate that they hanged themselves. Their number is differently stated. Julian says two, Gætulicus three. The account given in these three epigrams, and in Nos. 337-8, is not favourable to Archilochus as a man, and confines his merits as a poet to his satires written in iambs. But we have several fragments of his which speak better things of him in both characters, as the following specimens may serve to show:

"Grief for the dead, my Pericles! is full of groans, and none
Who on their memory dwells will be to feasts or drinking won.
For such has Ocean's sullen roar o'erwhelm'd in its fierce wave,
And vainly we, by sorrow chok'd, stand speechless by their grave.
But for the ills of life, my Friend! the Gods vouchsafe a cure—
Sov'reign its remedy in all,—the spirit to endure.
Affliction now the Fates on one, now on another pour,
They now are turn'd against us, and we mourn our own sharp sore,
But ever and anon they pass on other hearts to prey:
Then bear them bravely, as men should, and drive weak grief away."

* * * * * *

"While of his sister's luckless lord lamenting the sad doom,
Who, lost at sea, had ne'er obtain'd the customary tomb,
E'en for such loss Archilochus had more his grief controll'd,
Around his head and graceful limbs had fire its pure vest roll'd."

* * * * * *

"For neither oft lamentings aught embitter my great grief,
Nor grows it less tho' I resort to pleasure for relief."

verses probably alluding to a tempest in which the brother-in-law of the poet, among other citizens, suffered shipwreck and death. Another specimen is as follows:

"Leave all things with the Gods. They oft cause men to stand erect
After worst ills, who long on earth lay low in cold neglect:
Often they overturn e'en those who firmest walkers were,
And throw them on their backs in dust, thence ne'er to rise nor stir.
Thus many ills on man arise: it needs in life that we
Ne'er wander from the proper path, nor puff'd in spirit be."

And see also No. 642 and the Note.

70 On Themistocles and Epicurus; of both of whom the father was named Neocles.

72 It was not a cenotaph but the actual place of interment: κενος is in the sense of vain, empty, idle.

73 Alexander classed Stesichorus with Homer, as the two poets worthy to be read by Kings and conquerors.

75 Simonides, finding a corpse on the seashore, buried it; afterwards, when about to embark on a voyage he was warned, by the spirit of him whom he had so buried, not to go; whereon he returned, while the others who sailed were all lost.

78 Line 3. See Virgil Ecl. ix., 51. Originally my fifth line stood thus:

"To what fair star thy spirit now is fled."

Whereupon Burges was led to suggest, in lieu of the present reading, Ἀλικαρνάσσεΐ, ἄστρα πατεῖς, σποδὸς οὐ. Be this as it may, though, I have seen reason to modify my first version of this passage, all will admit the unintelligibility of τετράπαλαι, and, perhaps, the probability and prettiness of the turn I gave to the phrase. Line 7. H. N. Coleridge translated this "nightingales of song." The derivative being ἀείδω, the "nightingale" is so called, I presume, from the song, and not the song from the nightingale.

82 The Olympic games, sacred to Jove, were held at Elis. Thales is said to have died, while present as a spectator at a gymnastic contest, worn out with heat and thirst, and weakness, at a great age.

93 This is rather a paraphrase than a translation.

95 Inscribed, according to Diogenes Laertius, on the monument of Dion, the patriot and deliverer of Syracuse.

96 The original is obscure, and the translation, I fear, not otherwise.

99 Or thus:

"Here Polemo and godlike Crates lie,
Read and reflect, O Stranger! passing by:
Men of like lofty minds, best wisdom hung
On ev'ry word of either holy tongue:
Pure lives on heav'nly knowledge pattern'd well,
Sage truths and principles inflexible."

101 Last line. The name Lyæus is from λυω, *solvo*, to loosen, weaken, the limbs.

102 Having been ill for some time of the stone, he went into a warm bath, asked for a cup of pure wine, drank it, and, recommending his friends to remember his doctrines, expired.

106 The proverb is just the other way: it is not the unbent bow which is easily broken, but the one always bent.

107 According to Diogenes, Strato had attenuated his body by excessive use of unguents.

108 As another version take the following:

"Nay! let not Lyco thus be pass'd,
Whom his old gout has kill'd at last:
And yet, needs must, I marvel much
That who, a cripple on his crutch
So lately limp'd, to Hades quite
Should travel in a single night."

110 When at the point of death he desired a friend to hide his body, and to place a pet serpent in his bed, that he might appear to have migrated to the Gods. All this was done. At his funeral, the citizens being very loud in his praise, the serpent, alarmed at the noise, crept out of the clothes and threw the multitude into confusion. Afterwards the whole plot transpired, and Heraclitus was found, not as he hoped to have been, but as he really was.

114 The second distich, here translated, is found in Diog. Laert., where it is said that Zeno one day, when quitting his school, tripped and fell, breaking one of his toes: striking the ground with his hand, he repeated the words from Niobe, "I come, why call me so!" And immediately after he strangled himself.

115 This fragmentary epigram is joined by Grotius to the next (see No. 9, P. vii.), with which it scarce seems to have any connection, and *both* are said to be of some unknown author, whereas Diog. Laert. distinctly attributes 120 to Xenophanes. In regard to 119, when Pythagoras had proved that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, it is recorded of him by Apollodorus that he sacrificed a hecatomb of oxen.

117 There is another story—alluded to in the next epigram—that, on the occasion of some festival, he was going in a chariot to Messene and was upset, breaking his thigh; he was taken ill and died in consequence.

122 According to Seneca, it was Democritus who used the expression embodied in the third line, "Unus mihi pro populo est, et populus pro uno."

123 He wished to put an end to the power of the tyrant Nicarchus, but, being discovered, was arrested, and, according to Hermippus, put into a mortar and pounded to death.

127 Anaxarchus had sorely offended Nicocreon, the tyrant of Cyprus, by some great freedom. Subsequently when he had him in his power, he put him into a mortar, and commanded him to be pounded to death with iron pestles. Disregarding this punishment, Anaxarchus then uttered that celebrated saying, "Beat the bag of Anaxarchus, but you will not beat Anaxarchus." The same, it will be observed from the preceding note, is stated to have been the end of Zeno the Eleatic.

131 Lines 5-6. The expression is nearly similar to that in the preceding epitaph on Priam.

132 The walls of Troy are said to have been built by Neptune. The Iliad closes with the death of Hector.

135 He was the first of the Greeks who set foot on the Trojan shore, and, as such, doomed by the oracle to perish; he was slain accordingly, as soon as he leaped from his ship, by Æneas or Hector. According to Pliny, there were near his tomb certain trees which grew to an extraordinary height, but which, as soon as they could be seen from Troy, immediately withered and decayed, growing up again to their former height only to suffer the same vicissitude.

137 On Achilles and Patroclus.

139 The arms of Achilles were given to Ulysses, who won them by some trickery, in preference to Ajax, who slew himself in mortification.

147 Merivale, in rendering this, has introduced, apparently from the parallel of Simonides —translated below—four pretty lines which, however, form no part of them:

> "In man of flesh who trusting dares uphold
> What Cleobulus, son of Lindus, told,
> That vernal flow'rs, streams which perpetual run,
> The golden moonlight, and the gorgeous sun,
> That ocean's billows and the mountains vast
> But equally with man's creations last—
> Fool! on all sides God's works superior are,
> The hand which made the sculptur'd tomb can mar."

149 On a comic actor or jester.

151 Line 9. The Epigrammatist prefers the round number 40, but we learn from Suidas, that the physician Marcellus wrote forty-two.

157 I am inclined to think that this is by Archias, not Antipater of Sidon. To me it is pleasing to see so simple a subject from three such hands, and an excuse is perhaps scarce necessary for the repetition.

160 In the original the pronunciation is Polyxeina. The name, however, is spelt elsewhere without the iota, and the pronunciation would then be as I have accented it, which is also that adopted by Lempriere and Smith. See also the Epigram B. ix., 117 of Statyllius, translated under No. 107, P. v.

166 Persons killed by lightning, as possibly hateful to the Gods, were buried apart by themselves, lest the ashes of others should be contaminated by mingling with theirs. For the same reason the ground was hedged in.

168-9 The disturbance of the ashes of the dead was looked upon as the highest affront and greatest misfortune, to avoid which, and to secure peace for their dead, every possible means were resorted to. See also Nos. 268-9.

171 The Greek gives the name of the slave, Lydus, and from the emphatic repetition of the word, it seems probable that he was a Lydian. Such practice was common. Hence slaves were named Syrus, Geta, Davus. Their names seldom exceeded two syllables, that they might be more easily remembered and more quickly summoned. See 519.

175 Merivale aptly quotes Shakspeare:

> "Our instruments to melancholy bells,
> Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
> Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
> And bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse."

176 For the simile "like dew from off the leaf," I am indebted to a new reading of the original, ingeniously suggested by Mr. Burges: γῆ προκάδ' ὥς.

178 Line 5. "She other fires, &c." The nuptial torch is meant.

179 Line 5. The Greek terms Hades "tearful." It is usually represented as "tearless:" I have therefore altered the epithet to "dread."

181 Lines 7-8. See the last distich of 175, also the epigram of Erinna No. 686.

182 Clymĕnus is a name of Pluto.

183 The tettix, though generally rendered a grasshopper, is a winged insect, found in Greece and Italy on trees, where it is known as the cicala, corresponding with the Latin Cicada. See Anacreon Ode 43.

196 Line 7. Of πρὸς κλισίαις, the favourite rendering by previous translators is "by" or "beside" her bower; more than one, however, has shirked the phrase altogether.

197 Menedaius "the foe-awaiting" was the name of the horse.

199 This picture is from Iliad B. 315, which it closely follows; See Pope's Il. B. ii., 371 to 384, Cowper 373 to 384, Wright 340 to 350. Lines 7-8. Progne was daughter of Pandion, whose father Ericthonius was son of Vulcan. The author was Antipater: not A. Sidonius.

201 Line 1. Æthüia. On a fleet mare so called.

202 Last line. See note to Epitaph 1. The specimen deserves another trial:

"Erewhile upon the branches green of some luxuriant fir
Seated, or on a shady pine whose high top light winds stir,
Thou utter'd'st from thy wellwing'd waist, O Grasshopper! a strain
Merry and musical as lyre to simple shepherd swain.
Thee, victim to the myriad ants who haunt the wayside grass,
The unforeseen recesses now of Pluto hide, alas!
Yet may thy loss be pardon'd still, since e'en, the minstrel's pride,
Mæonides, by riddle quaint of common fishers died."

217 The slain in battle were carried home upon their bucklers, whence is explained the famous command of the mother to her son, "either bring this," pointing to the shield, "home with you, or be brought upon it."

226 Line 2. Ægis was the burial place of the Kings of Macedon. Line 4 alludes to his son Alexander the Great.

229 In their funeral ceremonies the Greeks tore, cut off, and sometimes shaved their hair: nor was it sufficient to deprive themselves of a small part only, without being found fault with for sparing their locks, and thereby defrauding the dead. The hair was sometimes thrown on the dead body: it was likewise frequently cast upon the funeral pile to be consumed with the departed friend: sometimes it was laid upon the grave. Some limit the practice to sons and very near relatives, but it was common to all who felt obliged to express respect or love for the dead, insomuch that on the death of great men whole cities and countries commonly shaved. The sacrifice was the greater, for long hair was looked upon as very becoming, and the Greeks prided themselves upon it. It was likewise the custom to perfume the gravestones with sweet ointments, for which practice see the Epigram of Leonidas, No. 54 of Part ii.

230 The last couplet has a smack of Tyrtæus.

235 Philip, himself an epigrammatist, has left a parody of this (F. Jacobs, Appendix 95), which spoke but little mercy for Alcæus had the poet fallen into his hands.

237 It is recorded that Æschylus failed in competition with Simonides for the prize inscription at Thermopylæ. This single couplet was preferred.

238 Brunck has joined (from Aristid. Panath T. ii. p. 580) to this two other distichs. Translating these, the whole epigram would stand thus:

"Proud lie we here, her pressing danger past,
From slav'ry's yoke defending to life's last
All Hellas: mem'ries of that sea-fight sore,
We with worst tortures Persia's spirit tore.
Salamis has our bones. As Valour's meed,
Corinth our country has this tomb decreed."

241A The Greek will be found at page 279, vol. iii., of Jacobs notes to B. vii.

242 If, as supposed, this be written upon the Athenian Youth who perished at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, it must be by the younger Simonides.

246 The monument of those who perished on this occasion was still to be seen, outside the walls of Athens, in the time of Pausanias.

256 Of all forms of death the most terrible was that by shipwreck, wherein the body was swallowed up in the deep. Wherefore, when in danger of being cast away, it was customary to fasten to some part of the body an entreaty, to the first who found the corpse, if the waves chanced to roll it to the shore, for the favour of human burial. It was not lawful to pass by such a corpse with neglect, not doing for it what was looked upon as a debt to all mankind.

258 This is to the memory of some young Messenians, who, being sent to Rhegium with warspoils, in offering to Apollo, were wrecked on the voyage. The readings vary—what is, in that which I have followed, "*from Sparta*," is, in another, "*from the Tyrrhenians*," and there too we have "*one ship*" for "*one night*," which is preferred here.

260 Line 8. That constellation would be visible in the Northern Hemisphere about the autumnal equinox.

263 Line 2. The danger in doubling Cape Malea gave rise to a proverb—"On doubling Malea forget all at home." Goods were usually trans-shipped across the Isthmus which separated the Laconic from the Argolic Gulf.

264 The Epigrammatist conceives that the fish which had been caught had in their bellies the remains of the half-drowned man, who was thus buried whole.

284 This records the victory obtained by Cymon the Athenian on the coast of Cyprus over the entire naval force of the Persians, which enabled him to penetrate into Pamphylia, and effect a second conquest over their land forces on the banks of the Eurymedon. (See 246.) As those events were subsequent to the elder Simonides these verses seem to belong to his nephew of the same name.

290 This recals Byron's lines on the death of Sir Peter Parker:

"There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,
But nations swell the funeral cry,
When triumph weeps above the brave."

291 Line 5. The blasts from Thrace, as being from the North, were said to be stronger and rougher.

292 The steed Podargus is mentioned by Homer. See Pope Il. B. xix., line 440, and B. xxiii., line 363.

293 Or the following may perhaps suit some readers better:

"The fisher Diotimus who at sea his true bark row'd,
Had on the land the selfsame boat his poverty's abode.
Sleeping at last the wakeless sleep, sole rower, his own boat
To Hades the relentless him on his last voyage brought.
Thus that which through his life's long course the old man's solace made
Gave also to his fun'ral fire in death its last sad aid."

In line 3, "his own skiff" or "boat" is said as opposed to the boat of Charon.

294 An asterisk (*) should be prefixed. It was a reproach against Themistocles that he was the son of Abrotonum, a native of Thrace.

295 This might be more spirited were the translation, as the original, in the form of a dialogue.

299 On Niobe.

301 This and the following to 304, 306 and 308 are all on Timon the misanthrope, who is supposed to speak. Nos. 305 and 307 are also on the same subject.

308 The Eton Delectus assigns the last distich to Callimachus.

310 Only those that were joined by near relationship or known strength of affection were usually buried together, it being thought inhuman in such cases to part those in death whom no accident of life could separate.

312 This distich has been commonly coupled with epigram 212, with which, however, it has nothing in common.

319 This has rather the appearance of an enigma: as an epigram it is without force, and seems scarce intelligible.

323 This, assigned by Ernesti to Callimachus, or by some to Simonides, seems to be composed on a poor old man, who, perishing with cold and hunger, laid himself down in a cave or tomb and died there.

324 Line 5. Originally the words were "loveliness, high," instead of "beauty, noble." W. S. Landor objected to the word "high," inasmuch as it was found in the next line also. I have altered the line in conformity with his just and obliging remark.

330 On the tomb of one Leon or Leonidas. Pocock, in his Ancient inscriptions, p. 46, No. viii., gives the fragments of an epitaph found in the island of Lesbos, which exhibit the same figure—a lion placed on the tomb of a brave man, whose name was Leo. (See also No. 407.) The first and second distichs are in the Vatican M.S., separated by intervening matter.

331 Attributed by Athenaus to Æschrion.

335 Evidently modelled upon the preceding one.

337-8 See Note to Nos. 67-8-9.

341 There is nothing but the identity of name which should lead one to suppose that this relates, as the author of the lemma supposes, to the famous statuary.

345 The last distich is given by Planudes as a separate epigram. This and the three previous are on a murderer burying his victim; as is 346 also.

347 There is an old Latin epigram to the same effect:

> "Quod decuit natam patri præstare sepulto,
> Hoc contra natæ præstitit ipse pater."

348 Grotius supplies the want of the fourth verse by the following: ἀθάνατον ποιεῖ δ ὀὺ λόγος, οὔτε θεός. I have so translated, but I would myself prefer ουτ' ἀρετή. Jacobs, however, proposed ἀθάνατον δὲ ποιεῖν οὐδὲ θεὸς δύναται.

352 The Aöus was a river near Apollonia.

353 On a bridegroom, who, when bringing home his bride, was killed by lightning. See Note to 166.

354 Line 4. Cyzicus, naturally an island, having afterwards been united to the mainland, became a peninsula.

359 Such as died in foreign countries usually had their ashes brought home and interred in the sepulchres of their ancestors, or at least in some part of their native land; it being thought that the same mother who gave them birth and life was alone fit to receive their remains and afford them a peaceful habitation after death.

360 An alternative version is offered:

> "The ocean wild my luckless corpse has buried: by its wave
> Fond mother mine, Lysidicé, her tears in torrents gave
> As eyed she this vain cenotaph; some God ordain'd for me
> Lifeless, with seabirds hov'ring o'er, to float that stormy sea,
> Me, me, Pnythagoras—the bleak Ægean was my fate
> When my stern cable 'gainst the north I sought to loose—too late!
> Yet terminated not e'en then my naval course at last,
> From one ship to another since, for Hades bound, I past."

363 In the original the husband has the good manners to die first.

364 By the same author and on a person of nearly similar name, as No. 385. Both probably relate to the same party.

368 Lines 6 and 7. This is understood—but the interpretation is scarce borne out by the words—as alluding to the Danäides and their buckets. They had slain, at the command of their father Danaus, on their marriage night, their respective husbands, and were, as a punishment in hell, compelled to fill with water vessels full of holes. In "dark water" the wine she loved may be figured.

369 See note to 135.

377 The last distich of the Greek is most corrupt, and it is scarce possible to make any sense out of it.

379 Cenotaphs were of two kinds: one was erected to such as had elsewhere been honoured with funeral rites: the other for those who had never obtained a proper funeral.

380, 383 Men were thought to retain the same affections and passions after death as they entertained when alive.

385 The Greeks had a custom of praying for friends and for men of piety and virtue, that the earth might lie *light* upon them, for their enemies and the wicked that it might press *heavily* upon them.

390 They had also a custom of bedecking tombs with herbs and flowers, among which parsley was chiefly in use: all sorts of purple and white flowers were acceptable, the amaranth, jasmine, lilies, the rose and myrtle, as well as fruit blossoms. The garlands were sometimes composed of only one sort of flowers and frequently hung upon pillars and not laid upon the gravestones. Ribbons were also placed upon graves.

395 Lines 5 to 8. Is there not something in this which would have almost suited poor Hood?

400 Lines 7 and 8. Naidios, Salam and Chœre are Phœnician, Syrian and Greek words, used in salutation in those countries respectively. The original words are necessarily retained.

401 Line 1. We have here, and in line 4, something like Campbell's "Like angel visits few and far between."

402 Sometimes the Epigram takes this enigmatical form, which is not easy to reproduce in acceptable English verse.

403 Line 3. The die called Chian meant 1, and the lowest number was considered the least fortunate. See Note to 408.

405 Lines 2 and 3. According to Pausanias IX., 22-4, and Suidas, the cocks of Tanagra and Rhodes were especially noted as *μάχιμοι* or *ἀθλητὰι*.

408 Particular throws of the dice were called Alexander, Ephebus and Chian (see Note to 403). The two former were represented by the same number of dice, but not the same number of pips, which was greatest in Alexander.

409 Lines 3 and 13. It would seem that the date-palm, not the laurel, was the emblem of victory in Phœnicia. The epigrams from 402 to 410 are all enigmatical.

410 Φ, as a numeral, is equivalent to 500; two of these signs therefore make a Chiliad, or Chilias. In the last line the Greek has Erebus not Chaos.

411 This and the following are written to commemorate the illustrious action of Othryades in the battle between 300 Spartans and 300 Argives respecting Thyrea. Two Argives speak, who had fled from the field, and, thinking all dead, brought to their fellow citizens the news of their triumph. Othryades, before his death, which took place after their flight, wrote with his own blood on his shield that he was the conqueror. The people hastening to the scene, found the trophy which he had heaped up, and read the inscription.

412 "The might of Inachus," *i. e.*, the people of Argos, of which Inachus had been King. Line 5. The words, within inverted commas, are understood to have been the inscription written by Othryades in his own blood on his shield. Line 7. Adrastus, a king of Argos, one of the seven confederate princes at the siege of Thebes, who fled after six of the band had perished.

414 After the fourth line of the Greek Plutarch added a distich, of which the following may serve as a translation:

"Hide thee, base scion! deep in night below;
For dastard deer Eurotas may not flow."

416 Some license must be permitted in the employment of Greek names and in the order of their arrangement.

419 Patrea was a city of Achaia.

432 This so closely resembles the versions of F. H. and H. W. in the Anthologia Polyglotta —published in 1849, but which I first saw in the end of 1854—that I think it as well to state that my translation was made many years previous.

436 As the body of Maronis, by constant drinking, had become as it were, a cask, her ashes would properly be called the dregs of a cask.

444 Jacobs conjectures that the thrice-repeated *ἄυτα* before the names of the several daughters, refers to their respective statues placed over the tomb.

446 The Eton Delectus omits the four first lines of the Greek as cold and flat, an opinion in which I cannot coincide.

449 Line 2. Chlamys was the name of the military dress worn by youths of 18 at Athens.

451 The lacuna at the end of second verse is, conjecturally, filled up by Planudes with the word *Θριασέυς*; Burges, however, suggests *Δρεσιευς*, referring to Steph. Byz, who calls "Dresia a city of Phrygia." Line 6. The laws of Ceos decreed that every man on reaching his 60th year—unless he could be of further use to the state—should destroy himself by poison, and so leave to others a sufficient maintenance.

452 "From Plato on the soul." The work is now called the Phœdo.

453 After the 6th line of the Greek Planudes introduced the distich which forms the last couplet of our translation, and so ends the epigram. The remainder does not, perhaps, admit of any satisfactory sense, and is therefore omitted by me. They are not given by Planudes. Grotius also leaves them untranslated. See No. 13, Part vii., with Note thereon.

457 Whether the subject of this beautiful Epitaph was the wife, the daughter, or the mistress of the poet, has been a matter of question; the latter idea is chiefly supported by the similarity of name with that which the love-poems of Meleager have rendered familiar; but there is a purity and a pathos about the whole piece which inclines one to believe, what one wishes, that its object was not the same Heliodora. Line 2. "All love has left." The Greek is *στοργᾶς λελῖψανον*. The same expression occurs in line 3, Ep. 166, B. v., also by Meleager. I cannot but feel how much I am beneath my original—but, indeed, all translations must be inferior to the pathos of the Greek. I have principally endeavoured to retain touches in which other versions that I have seen are deficient, *i.e.*, the repetition of *οἰκτρα* in line 4, of *ἀἰ* in line 7, and of *ἁρπασεν* in line 8. Not a little of the beauty of this specimen depends upon these peculiarities. One cannot, however, do more than *approach* the tenderness of *δακρυα δυσδάκρυτα* in line 3, and the double *μνᾶμα* of line 4.

463 This allusion is to the custom of cutting off a lock of hair when, at the age of fourteen, a boy was first enrolled as a citizen. It will be seen that, in the last line, I do not follow the reading which Jacobs defends, but adopt the suggestion of Burges, *ἐμβάσεις κύμβαν*.

469 The true pronunciation Ărīstŏcrătĭă is unmanageable in English verse, except perhaps in Longfellows.

470 This, and many other of these poems, allude to the custom of friends depositing locks of their hair as offerings at the tomb of the deceased. See Note to 229.

476 Line 1. "During Arcturus" would be the exact translation. Arcturus is a star near the tail of Ursa Major.

477 Geraneia was the name of a rock or promontory, of evil repute amongst seamen, between Megara and Corinth.

485 See No. 677, an epigram of Apollonidas. In modern times also instances of such an accident are on record.

488 In Planudes only the first distich is found, and there attributed to Alexander. Grotius translates this as of two parts, assigning the second distich to Simonides.

489 In the name Pausanias are traced two Greek words, signifying "causing pains to cease."

490 The tomb itself is supposed to speak.

495 The subject of the Epitaph, preferring death to flight, seems to have fallen by ambuscade of hostile Thracians, but not until he had rendered his family name famous.

496 This and No. 494 are believed to be remains of an elegy on a youth carried off prematurely by disease. Franck with great skill compounded into one the two passages, commonly printed in a reverse order as separate epigrams. They thus form an eight-lined epitaph upon Timarchus, who is assumed to have been the son of Timenorides.

497 The Vatican M.S. thus prefaces this epitaph: "Simonides, having discovered a naked corpse lying on a certain island, interred it." (See Note to 75). The epithet "hospitable" seems to imply that the murder was committed by those who ought rather to have exercised hospitality towards the victim.

500 The funeral solemnities—especially of poor persons—were not unusually performed upon the day after their death.

506 The father of the poet Callimachus was Battus, himself also the son of a Callimachus.

507 See Notes on 411-412.

510 Secos and Chimara were two obscure places in Thessaly.

515 An asterisk (*) should be prefixed. Jacobs thinks that this should be given to Alexander the Œtolian, or to Automedon, who was a Cyzicene. Planudes attributes the two first lines to Theocritus, and thus they appear among his relics.

519 The name Manes was frequently given to slaves. See note to 171.

526 It was an old opinion that there were two mansions in the infernal regions: one on the right hand, pleasant and delightful, for the pious and pardoned; the other, on the left, for the souls of the wicked, was a place of torment, where Furies were always ready to carry them. Jacobs remarks that this epigram is a single instance within his observation of the

supposition of there being two roads to Hades, one on the right hand for the descent of the good, the other on the left for that of the wicked.

529 An asterisk (*) should be prefixed. I conceive that the Greek δάιμων does not here require a close or a direct translation, and that it is a mere exclamation, equivalent to our own "Good gracious!" The Greek can scarcely be translated *au pied de la lettre* into English. But the Latin of Grotius is very neat, retaining the main peculiarities of the original:—

Diva! quis Argivus tumulum tenet! an, rogo, fertur
Ille Dicæoteles? ille Dicæoteles.
Hæc Echo nobis sonat ultima: dic age, rursum
Ille vir hic situs est? ille vir hic situs est.

536 In Planudes the last distich of the Greek is given as a separate epigram. It is supposed that it and the two which precede were inscribed on the same cippus, but in different parts of it.

540 It is but right to add that Ἀκεστορίη, is probably only a personification of the art of healing, and not the name of some female, as here translated. Grotius uses the Latin word Medicina, whom the epigram represents as lamenting the loss of the three great physicians who are named. Thus all satire against a woman for having three husbands is at an end!

541 Lines 5 and 6. This is nearly similar to Sheridan's song:

"For friends in all the old you'll meet,
And lovers in the young."

542 This and the following both relate to the same person, named Craterus, Strong. See Part v., 536.

544 There was probably a brass medallion or portrait of the person over his tomb.

548 Candaules was King of Lydia. Proud of his wife's extreme beauty he showed her naked, when asleep, to Gyges, one of his ministers. The shameful exhibition became known to the Queen. Greatly incensed, she bade Gyges choose whether he would himself die, or kill Candaules, and then receive the kingdom together with her hand. He chose the latter alternative, murdered his master, married the queen, ascending the throne, and, founding there the dynasty of the Mermnadæ, died about B.C. 715.

559 Whenever this epitaph has come under my eye, the idea of the late Patrick, afterwards Lord, Robertson, of the Scotch bench of Judges, has involuntarily occurred to me.

560 On a person buried by his murderer. See also 342 to 346.

561 This and the last make one in Planudes, this forming the first distich.

576 Line 6. The lines of Ovid will occur:

"Mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque capillis,
His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpâ."

579 In the Greek the name is ΚΑΛΗ.

612 Selene, also called Mene, or in Latin Luna, was Goddess of the Moon, or the Moon ersonified into a divine being.

615 In B. ix., Ep. 136, translated P. v., 118, is an Epigram attributed to Cyrus—by some also to Theocritus—the first distich of which resembles the opening of this.

616 Line 6. The ship which carried Jason and his companions to recover the golden fleece was so called. After the expedition Jason consecrated her to the God of the Sea. The poets made her a constellation in heaven.

618 To my ear the imitative harmony of the original is admirable. There is also great pathos about this little poem.

619 Line 4. The coasts of Greece and its islands (See No. 632), even of late years, are infested with pirates, who, as evening darkens, or otherwise as opportunity serves, dart out from the cove or creek where they lie concealed, on the weak and lonely barks which may be passing. Byron has the lines:

"And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest:
Whose bark in shelt'ring cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till, stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shrouded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night prowlers on the prey." GIAOUR.

623 Line 8. One of the modes of interment adopted by the ancient Greeks was to bury their dead in large earthen jars. These were of all dimensions, their size being apparently regulated by the stature and bulk of the body they were intended to receive. Sometimes amphoræ, containing the skeleton of children, are found within the larger jars. These are all placed in a horizontal position, sometimes within an excavation of the rock. A flat micaceous stone covers the mouth of the jar. The unburnt skeletons are found lying on their backs with upraised knees. The largest and most perfect specimen was found near the site of the ancient Dardanus. Its size was such that when emptied, it contained six persons together, all in a sitting posture.

629 This epitaph is corrupt and scarce intelligible, especially in its second line, which commentators have not amended or satisfactorily elucidated.

631 The name Epiēreides is one of those difficult words which it is scarcely possible to employ unaltered in English verse.

634 The subject of this was probably a field labourer, or in some similar rustic employment. Planudes, however, places it under the heading *εἰς ἀνδρείους*, and Grotius gave the same interpretation to it in his Latin version.

641 Jacobs assigns this to Leonidas. We are to suppose that there was on the monument a statue of the nurse, whose name was Noble: the poet, on the part of her fosterchild, praises her as also Useful.

642 Or thus:

"Stand! 'tis Archilochus, of ages past,
The bold Iambic bard, whose glory vast
Has fill'd the universe from East to West,
Him lov'd Apollo and the Muses blest,
To wake the lyre and build the lofty verse,
His hand so true, so chaste his style yet terse."

646 Moore's stanza is very good, but scarce improves on the simplicity of the original:

"In life thou wert my morning star:
But now that death has quench'd thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night."

653 On Megisthias the soothsayer, who, after having predicted the event of the conflict at Thermopylæ, refused permission to withdraw, and died fighting by the side of Leonidas.

657 to 663 It would appear from these that Gessius, who was lame, destroyed himself, through mortified pride and a scorn of earth, as, although he had attained to high honours in the State, he failed in obtaining the Consulship, promised him by the astrologers. These specimens are rather sententious than elegiac. The last distich of No. 687 is sometimes joined to No. 685 (both in the Greek), forming thereof the fifth and sixth lines.

666 Alcestis was one of the four daughters of Pelias. Deceived by Medea into the belief, that, by so doing, they would see his youth restored, they cut their father in pieces, boiling the flesh in a cauldron. After this parricide they fled to their cousin Admetus at Pheræ; he made Alcestis his wife. Acastus pursued her there and took Admetus prisoner; he was redeemed from death by the generous offer of Alcestis, who was sacrificed in his stead to appease the shade of her father. Some say that Alcestis laid down her life for her husband, when told by an oracle that he would recover from a disease if one of his friends died in his stead.

669 An asterisk (*) should be prefixed. The last distich is little else than unintelligible.

671 On Marsyas, who, failing in his musical contest with Apollo, was flayed alive and hung up by him on a tree.

672 An asterisk (*) should be prefixed. Line 6. I have coined, as the name of his natal town, the word "*Lightwick*," as an equivalent for *λυχνιδόν*, between which and *λὐχνος* in the following line seems intended a *jeu de mot*.

673 In lieu of *Αὐτὸς* (Line 1), which has no force, one would prefer *κλαυτός* or *κλειτός*, which last I have translated.

676 It would almost seem, from the abruptness of the third line, and its directly personal reference, that a distich has dropt out in which the name of the party was mentioned.

681 See No. 38. The epigram is supposed to be spoken by a satyr called *Σκίρτος*, a name (probably traceable to *σκιρτάω*, to leap, to bound), and character taken out of the

satyric plays of Sositheus, who endeavoured to revive in Alexandria the style of such dramas, invented by Pratinus of Phlious. The ivy, line 5, was sacred to Bacchus, the God of the drama, whose devotees carried a thyrsus wreathed with ivy, &c.

683 It is said by some of Aleman—for so the Spartans contracted Alcmæon, the true name of this famous poet, who lived and flourished among them—that he was the son of a Lydian slave born in Sparta, by others that he was a native of Sardis. Plutarch has preserved a saying of Alcman, that "Fortune is the daughter of Prudence, and the sister of Order and Persuasion." Line 8. A successful poet frequently commemorated his victory by recording the fact upon a tripod.

684 Pillars, on which the name and lineage of the deceased were inscribed, were common to every monument of distinction. They frequently contained inscriptions regarding the family, the virtues, and whatever was remarkrble in the life and fortunes, of the deceased. Where names were omitted, some wise saw or pithy aphorism, or moral exhortation to the living was given. Besides this, especially when there was no inscription, they commonly added the dead man's effigies, or some other appropriate symbol of his character, pursuits, and condition. Upon the tombs of virgins there was commonly the image of a maid. Figures of Sirens were also usual ornaments.

690 One can only understand the use of the word ἀκλαυτοι (line 4) as applicable to owls, by supposing that an antithesis is intended between their fate, whom no one laments, and his whom all lamented.

697 Polybias records that Lacedæmon, after it had been conquered by the Achæan League, was assigned to Olenus, a city of Arcadia. Line 2.

706 From this, as also from 701, it appears that priestesses might be married and mothers.

714 Although the first distich of the original might almost warrant the interpretation that Timoclea was born, or had become, blind before her confinement, the second seems, in its comparison of present to past powers of seeing, to contradict an idea which would have much added to the beauty of the epitaph.

716 The probability of this being by Crinagoras is very questionable. Diog. Laert. (viii. 91) seems to claim it as his own, and it is dull and pedantic enough to be so. From wretched galliambics Planudes produced worse hexameters, which no one has been able to restore.

717 His murderers being in the market place, one of them, who saw some cranes flying overhead, said, "There are the birds conscious of the death of Ibycus." These words being overheard, suspicions were raised: he and his companions were seized, tortured, and confessed their guilt, as assassins of the poet.

ETHICAL, PRECEPTIVE, SENTENTIOUS.

1

Jac. B. VI. 226 — Leonidas.

This Clyton's homestead is: the humble spot
Scant space for seed or branching vine has got,
Or pile of winter fuel; and yet here,
On these has Clyton pass'd his eightieth year.

2

228 — Addæus.

His ox, with age and labour worn,
Which long afield the plough had borne,
Alcon, respecting service past,
Left not to slaughter's knife at last,
But, freed from work, by grateful lows,
In grassy mead its joy it shows.

3

283

She, of her wealthy lovers erst so proud,
She to dread Nemesis who never bow'd,
Now beats for hire the yarn with spattle rude—
Athene Cypris has at last subdued!

4

302 — Leonidas.

Flee from my cabin, ye dark mice! Of need
The scanty meal-store knows not mice to feed.
Enough for self in salt and bread secur'd,
My old age from my sires such life endur'd.
Why mined each nook, thou lover of good cheer?
Nothing, not e'en a supper-crumb, is here!
To other houses speed—my means are slight—
There food in plenty will thy search requite.

5

303 Mice! if in quest of bread, some better spot Aristo.
Seek out at once; we dwell in simple cot,
Where nor rich cheese is pil'd, nor figs invite,
Nor dainty crumbs from copious boards requite:
Here if you forage in my books for food,
You 'll rue it soon, nor find your dinner good.

*6

VII. B., 50 Archimelus.
Take not, O Bard! nor try, the road where ran
Euripides—'t is hardly pass'd by man:
Smooth tho' it seem and sounding, if pursued,
Rocky the path, with difficulties strew'd;
Or if thine aim Medea's height would scale,
Forgotten wilt thou fall, and, crownless, fail.

7

81 Antipater S.
Of the Sev'n Sages Lindus erst gave Cleobulus birth:
And Periander his first breath drew on Corinthian earth:
From Mitylene Pittacus: Priene Bias bred;
While Thales was Miletus' son, of Law the strength and head:
Sparta nurst Chilo: from the land of Cecrops Solon came—
Each, all, for wisdom, virtue, of most enviable fame. [47.]

8

89 A certain stranger of Atarne pray'd Callimachus.
From rev'rend Pittacus advice and aid—
Hyrradius' son him Mitylene writes—
"Father! a double marriage me invites;
One is in wealth and birth my very mate,
And one of higher rank and richer state;
Which is the better? Come, advise with me,
Which of the two my future wife should be."
He ceas'd; the other pointing with his staff—
An old man's armour—with a quiet laugh,
Not far ahead a group of school-boys show'd,
Spinning their tops upon the public road;
"Lo! *they* will tell whatever needs to you,
Go, mark their steps, and what they say and do."
As nearer them the stranger drew, one cries
"Each drive the top which suits his age and size."

Pond'ring on what he from the boys so heard,
This omen from the higher match deterr'd;
And, as the poorer damsel home he led,
"So I too drive the one which suits," he said.

*9

120 Once passing where a dog was scourg'd and penn'd, Xenophanes.
He, pausing, pitied it, and spake this word;
"Hold! beat it not. 'T is a man's soul, *my* friend—
I knew him instantly its bark I heard."

*10

121 Not thou alone, Pythagoras! keep'st free Diog. Laert.
Thy hands from things with life, but also we;
We only take and eat, when life is done,
Boil'd, roast, and salted, but the living none.

11

157 The sky-diviners as life's length to me
Three decads and two triads fix'd to be.
I ask no more. Of time the morning-tide
Is its best flow'r. E'en thrice-old Nestor died. [28.]

*12

339 Sinless, I by my parents was begot;
Born, Hades is my miserable lot;
O deadly union whence I drew my breath!
Unwilling life which ushers hateful death!
[From nothing born, again to be as then,
Nothing, yea! nothing is the race of men]
Friend! of the sparkling cup what still remains
Hand me: wine brings oblivion of all pains.

*13

472 There was, O Man! a long, long time of old Leonidas.
Ere thou this light of morning didst behold;
So long the path which yet to Hades leads:
And, as Henceforth to Heretofore succeeds,
Little as is a point, so Time to thee,
Nay, less than e'en a point, if such can be.
Brief is thy life and sad, no sweet in store,
But e'en than hateful death detested more.

O dream not then to know the myst'ries right
Of air, clouds, stars, their harmony and height:
Lo! where unwoven ends thy yarn of life;
Already of decay the worm is rife;
Less horrible than that stript scull of thine
The skeleton spider on its lifeless line.
Day after day, striving with all thy strength,
Bless'd, if ease smile, in some low lot, at length.
While life is spar'd, my words in mem'ry mark,
With such frail straw is fitted forth Man's bark!

14

572 A man by stealth in an unholy bed Agathias.
Enjoy'd another's wife—to shame both dead—
But sudden, in each other's arms while still,
The house-roof fell upon that deed of ill:
Caught in a common trap, both in one place,
Together lay they crush'd in close embrace.

15

668 Tho' smile in softest calm the summer sea, Leonidas.
Or by light zephyrs kiss'd its bosom be,
No sailor am I now: the risks I bore
Teach me to tempt the winds and waves no more.

16

736 Go not about, leading a vagrant life, Leonidas T.
From land to land pursuing pain and strife,
Go not about; an empty hut will shield,
And its poor hearth to thee warm welcome yield;
E'en if thy loaf be light, its meal tho' coarse,
And hardly pounded by thy proper force,
Tho' herbs be rare and rude, thy simple fare
To savour, be contented—Home is there!

17

IX. B. 7 If or of those now praying loud-voic'd fear, Polyænus.
Or thanks of who have pray'd e'er fill thine ear,
O Zeus! who hauntest Scheria's holy sod,
Now hear me, and in faithful promise nod;
Of this mine exile, O! the end now give,
That I, at home, my long toils o'er, may live.

18

8 Hope ever cheats Time's passage; our last sun Polyænus.
Of life sees many projects left undone!

*19

9 Still to my pray'r with favourable sign, Do.
Sire Zeus! thou waft'st my sure sail o'er the brine;
Give me again good voyage, and once more
Bring me safe back to port, all dangers o'er.
One's home and country are the charm of life,
Which is but pain when cares are over-rife.

*20

49
Fortune! and Hope! a long farewell. I've found the port at last;
Henceforth with those who follow play: your pow'r with me is past.

*21

50 Please your own taste. In passion or from pique, Theognis.
Some good of you, and some will evil speak.

22

51 An age bears all things down. Time's longer range Plato.
Will name, form, nature, even fortune change.

23

54 Menecrates.
Old age, when absent, all desire: it wakes our worst regret
Possest and present: then we feel 't is ever best a debt!

24

55 Old age, whose pray'r is longer yet to live, Do. or Lucillius.
Deserves for many decads to survive.

*25

74 I was once the field of Jones;
Me now Smith as master owns;
And again I'll pass away
From Smith to White, from White to Grey.
That one thought me his for ever,
This one thinks to lose me never,
None has pow'r to keep me wholly,
Won or lost I'm Fortune's solely!

26

110 I love not the rich crop, the teeming field; Alpheius.
Nor envy Gyges all his gold may yield.
A life that has enough delights me much,
"Nothing superfluous" may mine be such!

*27

111 Shrewd was the Thracian custom, to lament Archias.
When from the womb a child to life was lent,
And to rejoice when, unexpected, Death,
Slave of the Fates, cut short the vital breath.
Who live pass on and on thro' evil still,
The dead have found a cure for every ill!

28

112 'T is mine in life, the star-diviners say, Antipater T.
Thrice ten and twice three years on earth to stay;
But e'en three decads are enough for me,
For of man's life the measure this should be.
What lie beyond for Nestor limits are,
And even Nestor pass'd thro' Hades' bar.

29

119 If flatt'rers any man in pow'r endure, Palladas.
He will yield many to their mouths impure;
With virtuous hatred it behoves the best,
The flatter'd as the flatt'rer to detest.

30

120 A bad man is a sieve, on whom we pour Lucian.
All good in vain—'t is empty as before!

31

127 Leave of sweet wine a little in the jar,
The residue will turn to vinegar;
So, after draining life of its best pow'rs,
Feeble old age our remnant spirit sours.

32

132 Temp'rance and Eros once in mortal strife,
Each to the other lost, alas! a life.
Chaste Temp'rance laid Hippolytus in dust,
And Phœdra was destroy'd by burning lust.

33

133 Once wed, who seeks a second wife again,
To double shipwreck sails the stormy main!

*34

134 Fortune! and, thou too, Hope! a long adieu, Palladas.
I've found the way—no longer fool'd by you.
Perish ye, both, for ye to mortals are
The causes of much wand'ring, near and far;
Such things as cannot be yet real seem,
Ye bring on us like phantoms in a dream.
Perish thou evil eye whose blight is such!
Perish ye, fountains both of sorrow much!
Play, as ye like, with those who come behind,
Who never think of what 't is right to mind.

*35

135 Verily! Fortune leads all mortals wrong; Do.
Fickle, to none she holds a full cup long.
[God knows whoever wrote this writ but true,
And wherefore written God alone knows too.]

36

138 Young, I was poor: now old, I wealth possess,
Alone of all mankind whom neither bless;
Means, when I could enjoy, were absent all,
When useless now, they come without a call.

37

146 Lo! Hope and Envy guard the altar's side,
That men may hope, but not too much confide.

38

172 Cares now of Hope and Fortune I have none, Palladas.
Nor count I on their tricks. My port is won.
In poverty with freedom I abide,
And turn from wealth, which slights the poor, aside.

*39

180 Fortune! who still with me hast play'd Do.
Thro' life a tavern-keeper's trade,
Bearing in all a nature fixt,
Mingling and drawing off the mixt,

Expert to cheat; if ever, thou
No longer art a Goddess now,
A huckster, who a trade by lot
Hast worthy of thy manners got.

*40

181 The order of all things is overthrown, Palladas.
And Fortune's self unfortunate is grown!

41

183 And thou too, Fortune! being chang'd, Do.
Hast now the game against thee rang'd:
The fickle die with fatal cast
Not e'en thy fortune spares at last;
Thou who had'st formerly a fane,
Hast in old age a tavern ta'en,
Appearing now with flowing can,
The giver of warm drinks to man.
Lawfully, thine own suff'rings now
Uncertain Deity! moan thou,
And thine own fortune chang'd, as then
Thou didst the fortunes change of men.

42

182 Thou too, Queen Fortune! whence art thou Do.
Unfortunate in fortune now?
Giver of fortunes fair! Of late
How hast thou grown unfortunate?
Hence learn, thou too, the ebb and flow
Of thine own tide to bear and know,
And the unfortunate falls be taught
Which oft thou hast on others brought.

43

234 Close to the cold clouds flying with vain hope, Crinagoras.
How long, O sad soul! limit thus thy scope,
By some new dream of near wealth cheated still?
By mortals nothing is obtain'd at will.
Follow the Muses' better gifts, and leave
These phantoms of the brain for fools to weave.

44

342 An epigram in many lines is bad; Parmenio.
Length cannot in the stadium's course be had:

The long round is run oft: the stadium-race
Is short and speedy—a mere breathing-space. [48.]

45

359 What path to shun and what to seek in life? Posidippus.
The forum echoes with debates and strife:
At home are cares; fatigues abound afield;
Tempests at sea continual dangers yield;
Fears, if you 've aught, on foreign travel wait,
If you have nought, vexations long and late.
Art married? From distress not therefore free.
Unmarried? 'T is, alas! more lone to be.
Children are plagues, to want them is despair;
Youth is but folly, feebleness gray hair:
Between two evils seems one choice to lie—
Ne'er to be born, or, soon as born, to die!

*46

360 To right, or left, take any path of life— Metrodorus.
The forum with renown and skill is rife;
At home is rest, boon Nature's charms afield;
And gain the seas to fearless sailors yield:
Fame, if you 've aught, from foreign travel flows:
If you have nothing, save yourself, who knows?
Art married? Ah! best pleasures Home will give;
Unmarried? still more easily you live:
Children are loves; who wants them has no care;
Youth is robust, and rev'rend is gray hair.
One's sole choice is not to be born or die,
All things of life are good to Wisdom's eye. [54.]

366 47

The saying, city, name, and tongue of Sages Sev'n I tell.
From Lindian Cleobulus "Best is moderation" fell:
In hollow Lacedæmon "Learn"—thus Chilo—"self to know:"
And Periander, Corinth's son, said "Be to anger slow:"
"Nothing too much" spoke Pittacus in Mitylene bred:
Solon "The end of life regard" in holy Athens said:
Then Bias of Priene "Bad the most of mortals be:"
And Thales the Milesian last "From suretyship aye flee."

48

369 Two lines for epigrams: three to exceed, Cyrillus.
An epic not an epigram we read!

49

379 'T is said "a bad man e'en a mouse will bite" Palladas.
But I say this the proverb is not right;
A mouse may bite the good and easy lad,
But e'en a serpent fears to bite the bad!

50

393 No governor both pure and mild has been; Do.
Of each decree one opposite is seen.
A knave is pleasant, and upright the proud,
Both are of pow'r but instruments allow'd.

51

394 Father of flatterers, O Gold! Do.
Of pain and care the son,
'T is fear, and danger *some* to hold,
'T is sorrow to have *none!*

*52

401 The claims of friendship loving, tho' apart, Do.
Nature gave means of meeting to the heart,
Pen, paper, ink—with these the hand design'd
Fond words, far tokens of the troubled mind!

*53

439 A hairy scull of old, an eyeless shell, Crinagoras.
A tongueless mouth where wit was wont to dwell,
The soul's weak fortress, roadside remnants here
Of tombless death which prompt the passers' tear,
Lie near this pathway stump, that all who see
May say "What else is longer life to me?"

*54

446 Life has by lot all pleasant paths obtain'd; Julian E.
Society's best joys in towns are gain'd;
Griefs scarce are griefs at home: delights the field,
Voyages profit, strange lands knowledge yield.
Like sentiments and int'rests marriage fill;
To the unmarried life is free from ill.
A father in his son a strong wall hath:
Fears of the childless harass not the path.
Wisdom in age, in youth we brav'ry find—
Be bold, O Man! get sons to leave behind.

*55

499 Alas! hoar Time sweeps on, and, as he flies,
Even the fame of foremost mortals dies.
Unseen himself, he makes to disappear
Seen things, and those unseen brings forward clear.
O end of life! thou mortal aorist!
Day after day still clos'd in gloom and mist.

*56

500 No longer name them heirs on whom is shed
The sunlight still, but rather who are dead.
They who were heirs, now dead, a great gain know
In their departure from a world of woe.

*57

527 With patient spirit suff'ring well,
Bear, Lion! the unbearable;
Or soon, or late, not one unjust
But fall in retribution must.

*58

573 Blush thou at others' board thy seat to claim, Ammianus: Lucillius.
Pleasing thy palate with the meal of shame;
Now sadly weeping with the weepers sad,
Now gladly laughing with the laughers glad,
No cause for grief or laughter of thine own—
I weep and laugh with Milia alone!

59

577 When I, mere man, the creature of a day, Ptolemy.
Yon starry hosts which roll on high survey,
I touch the earth no longer with my feet,
But, at Jove's right, his own ambrosia eat.

60

648 Macedonius.
Stranger and citizen alike are welcome both to me,
Small grace it were to ask my guest, who, what, or whence is he?

61

654 Seek, Robbers! other doors which gain may yield, Julian E.
For poverty is here our certain shield.

*62

763 Do right, and I am but bright steel to you— Julian E.
Do wrong, in me Death's minister you view.

*63

767 Seated at marble, bright and smooth as ice, Agathias.
'T will pleasant be to shake the rattling dice;
But, when 't is yours to win, no triumph show,
Nor, losing, grieve, nor blame the luckless throw;
The mind of man is seen in trifles well,
And oft its depth and pow'r dice truly tell.

*64

768 All things are games: like throws of chance, along Do.
Is borne the rush of fortune, right or wrong,
Of human life a clear resemblance oft,
Now sunk in loss, now thron'd in pride aloft.
Him praise we then, who moderation's sway
Adopts in joy and grief, in life, at play.

65

769 These games are for the gentle; for the hot, Do.
Hence madness, sin, and self-made woe is got.
Do thou, when last, say nothing to provoke,
No snort of anger, no detractive joke;
Toil not in trivial, nor in grave things play,
But learn to give to each its proper day.

*66

782 By careful Science in small segments plac'd, Paulus Sil.
Here, for twelve hours, the daylight's course is trac'd:
Thus men by water the sun's pathway count,
And from the earth to heav'n by wisdom mount.

*67

Jac. X. B.1 Now is the sailing time. Soft blows the breeze, Leonidas.
The twitt'ring swallow is already heard;
The meadows are in flow'r, and the calm seas
By wind or wave are now no longer stirr'd:
Up anchor, loose the ropes, and set the sail,
Give all thy canvass, Seaman! to the gale,
Priapus from the port dispatch commands,
Sail, bring all traffic home from distant lands.

68

2 'Tis time to start. The sea, 'neath rushing bark, Antipater S.
Plough'd into trembling ripples, shows no dark:
Already in the eaves the swallows pile
Their rounded nests, and flow'rets gently smile.
Wherefore, O Sailors! up your anchor get
From their deep moorings, coil your cables wet,
Sheet home your well-wove sails. From harbour I
Priapus—Bromius' son—to all so cry!

69

3 Direct and sure, howe'er begun,
The road to Hades is but one,
Whether your corpse from Athens start,
Or from fair Meroë depart.
Let it not vex you then to die
At distance from your native sky:
One wind, whatever climes we roam,
Conducts us to the common home. [129.]

70

4 In the safe port, astern the cables free, Argentarius.
Let out the willing sails, and off to sea,
O Merchant! for the storms have past away:
Mild-smiling Zephyrs o'er the blue wave play.
The offspring-loving swallow, found her match,
Builds high her mud-form'd dwelling in the thatch,
Ever with fond lips twittering: and flow'rs
O'er the glad earth tell Spring's recover'd pow'rs;
Wherefore, obeying good Priapus, now
Turn, where trade calls—east, west, north, south—thy prow.

*71

5 Now swallows build their clay-cup nests: soft gales, Thyillus.
At sea, now wanton in the bellying sails;
Now too the meadows put forth flow'rs and leaves,
And gently murmuring rude Ocean heaves.
Haul home the sheets, aboard the anchor bring,
And from the yards your ev'ry canvass fling:
This I, Priapus of the port, to you
Prescribe, who traffic on the seas pursue.

*72

6 Now with moist breath sail-wafting Zephyrs bland Satyrus.
Gently upon the flow'ry fields expand:
The Attic birds outspeak, and calm the deep
Smiles, fearless of the wintry winds, in sleep.
Up then, bold Sailors! loos'd your stern-chains be,
And of your well-wing'd barks the light sails free;
Up, trusting good Priapus, and away;
On traffic bound, the harbour-God obey.

73

7 Sailors, to mark this Bosporus of Thrace, Archias.
On sea-beat rock did me Priapus place:
Oft at their call, I, quick of help, descend,
And to their lagging sterns light zephyrs lend;
Wherefore, as right, O Stranger! you behold
The smoke of fat still round mine altar roll'd:
Spring-garlands too they bring, nor ever tire
With frankincense and sacrificial fire:
And yet not e'en whole hecatombs impart
Such joy to Heav'n as homage of the heart!

74

8 Little to look on, I, Priapus, dwell, Do.
Where on a spur of land the salt waves swell,
Never to sea-bird, skimming near, a foe:
With head sharp-pointed, wanting feet below,
Form such as oft the hardy fisher race
On desert strand with clumsy fingers trace;
A basket on his back and rod in hand,
If any, fishing, should my help demand,
Quick as the wind I come, a willing guide,
And point the prey which 'neath the waters glide.
Truly the Deities gain such repute
As not their aspect but their acts may suit!

*75

9 Row out with lab'ring oars your little craft,
Ye Fishermen! and for a finny draught
Cast your broad nets in ocean, and ensnare
The scarus, thrissa, boax swimming there:

Honour ye then, tho' made of rushes green,
Me, small Priapus, plac'd in a ravine;
For you I track'd the prey and taught the haul,
Give then from no small capture something small!

76

10 Me Pan, on a scarp'd rock, by this sea-shore, Archias.
Me Pan, inspector these safe harbours o'er,
Fishers have set. Their fish-creels are my care,
And on the beach their drag-nets drying there.
Stranger! sail on, for thy good deed and kind,
A soft south gale I'll send thee from behind.

77

11 Whether, first lim'd the fowl-alluring snare, Satyrus.
You climb the hills for birds, or course the hare,
Call Pan, in the right track the hound he leads,
And in just frame maintains the stubborn reeds.

78

12 Beneath this juniper, come, Trav'llers! stay
Awhile near Hermes, guardian of the way,
Not all at once, but who, a long road past,
With heavy toil and thirst are spent at last.
Here air, and shady seats, and this bright spring
Under the rock, to tir'd limbs rest shall bring.
And, as fierce Autumn's noon-tide breath we shun,
To Hermes of the road be honour done!

*79

13 Bright are the laurels, bright between their roots Satyrus.
The water leaps, far-wide the thick wood shoots
Its zephyr-trembling shade: here trav'llers meet
Shelter 'gainst toil and thirst, and noon's fierce heat.

*80

14 Blue now the summer main, without a storm Agathias.
Its tossing waves with white foam to deform;
The tide, fierce-breaking on the sea-shore steep,
No longer rushes refluent to the deep.
Mild Zephyrs breathe; with mud and twigs aloft
Glueing her love-bed, Procne twitters soft.

Old Sailor! forth—whether thy voyage reach
Along the Syrtis, or Sicilian beach—
But, at Priapus' altar, ere thou turn
The pier, in red fire boke or scarus burn.

*81

15 Already are the beauties of the May, Paulus Sil.
Who makes the meadows fair and mortals gay,
Op'ning her bosom—which in wintry death
Lay clos'd but late—to Zephyr's balmy breath.
And now the merchantman in Ocean's tides
Down from the shore on wooden rollers glides.
Go, Sailors! fearless forth, your sails unbend,
I am Priapus, one of ships a friend,
Who barter patronise—for mine this boast
That Thetis was my Father Bacchus' host.

*82

16 The beauty-petal'd cornfield now in flow'r Theœtetus.
With red buds welcomes the rich harvest hour:
The tettix, music-mad, on equal bough
Of leafy cypress, soothes the reaper now,
And the fond swallow, built beneath the eaves
A mud-made nest, her callow young receives;
While sleeps the sea, calm-loving Zephyrs track
With summer ripple its bark-laden back,
Not storming now the poop's high bulwark o'er,
Nor belching forth its foam upon the shore.
To good Priapus then, who lays the storm,
And gives the harbour, the round flow'r-like form
Of teuthis, or of triglé, Sailor! bring;
Or scarus, whose sad cries, when captur'd, ring,
Burning, devoutly bend before his fane,
Then, fearless, overpass Ionia's main.

83

17 O Blessed Guardian of the harbour! send Antiphilus.
To Archeläus' pray'r a gentle breeze,
That may upon his steady sail attend
Till he the bar of palmy Triton sees;
And, since the seashore's utmost points are thine,
Protect his passage to Apollo's shrine,

And thence, as Phœbus of all bards takes care,
Boldly I 'll sail, with Zephyrs blowing fair.

84

19 Clip the young tendrils of your beard to-day, Apollonidas.
The first sweet harvest of your cheeks, and lay
Their fair growth, pray'd for long, before your sire,
Which now, for many a sun, will strength acquire.
Others bring gold but I the joyous verse—
O Caius! is the Muse than money worse?

85

21 Philodemus.
Cypris! mild Mother of fierce loves, Cypris! of marriage vows
Fair Friend, O Cypris! virtue's cause aye ready to espouse,
Me, Cypris! forcefully pull'd out from saffron bridal bed,
In this wild Celtic tempest tost, me snow-cold and half dead,
Sweet Cypris! me, a man of peace, ne'er light of speech, nor rash,
Save, where the purple billows of thy parent Ocean dash:
O Mistress of the rites of love! Patron of harbours sure!
Grant that at length in haven safe my shatter'd bark may moor.

86

22 Move not thy naked footstep thro' Bianor.
swarth Egypt's woody brakes.
Flee! Hunter with accustom'd reeds,
the wild-eyed lurking snakes:
And Thou! who hastenest to shoot
at birds with eager hand
Thy bow's best arrows, guard against
The poison from the land.

87

23 Nichetes first a modest care displays— Automedon.
Little indeed, as low breeze in the stays,
When it blows strong with light sheet and full sail,
The well-fill'd ship before the prosp'ring gale
Rushes amidst the ocean till she reach
The waveless port—so ends his happy speech.

*88

24 O holy and high-soul'd Earth-shaker! Be Crinagoras.
To others mild who sail Ægea's sea,

As late to me, Aspasius, when driven
By Thracian whirlwinds, a safe port was given.

25 89 Antipater.

Phœbus ! who Cephalene's port art wary watcher o'er,
Who, facing rugged Ithaca, dwell'st on Panormus' shore,
O grant me, with a prosp'rous course, o'er Ocean's liquid glass,
Of Piso following the long ship, that I to Asia pass.
There, make my liege the strong in fight, and evermore may he
Smile on my Muse, and of my hymns the friendly patron be !

90

26 Enjoy your riches as if soon to die, Lucian.
But, as if long to live, yourself deny ;
He 's wise, regarding both, whose life has been
Between expense and thrift an equal mean.

*91

27 Haply thy wrong deed may lie hid from men, Do.
But e'en ill thoughts are all within God's ken.

*92

28 The longest life is to the prosp'rous brief, Do.
But to the wretch one night is endless grief.

93

29 Love does no wrong to man : but mortals use, Do.
For their own minds ill-govern'd, love's excuse.

*94

30 Quick favours most delight : what slowly came
Are vain and void, scarce meriting the name.

95

31 Mortal are Man's possessions : all decay, Lucian.
They pass from us, or we from them away.

*96

32 " There 's many a slip Palladas.
'Tween cup and lip."

97

33 Aye to speak well of ev'ry one is well, Do.
But to speak ill is bad tho' truth we tell.

98

34 If to have care avail thee aught, Palladas.
Cherish thy care, be full of thought;
But if thy God have care of thee,
Why for thyself then careful be?
Without that God thou can'st not share
One thought nor be exempt from care.
This one care then be ever thine,
To God thine ev'ry care consign!

*99

35 Firm and erect, to men and Gods you 're dear, Lucian.
And readily your pray'rs they 're wont to hear;
Stumble, at once all favours are estrang'd,
And friends to foes with changing Fortune chang'd!

100

36 Nature 'mongst men finds nothing worse below Do.
Than one who makes fair friendship a false show;
Against him as a foe all watch is o'er,
And, loving as a friend, we're hurt the more.

101

37 Slow-footed counsel often profit breeds, Do.
But the quick ever to repentance leads.

102

38 A time to love, a time to wed, Dionysius.
A time to rest the weary head!

103

39 To him who knoweth to retain
A good friend is indeed best gain.

*104

40 Ne'er, slighting an old friend, a new one seek,
Persuaded by the tales which dastards speak.

105

41 The only true wealth is the wealth of mind, Lucian.
More trouble we in other riches find.
That man the name of wealthy well may take,
Who of his good things knows right use to make;

But at his ledger all his life who wastes,
Who gold on gold to heap for ever hastes,
He, like the bee, new cells still adding, toils
To hive the honey which another spoils.

106

42 From vain rash speech thy tongue let silence hold, Lucian.
A watch o'er words is better than o'er gold!

*107

43 Six hours for labour are enough: but those which follow give
To mortal man, by letters mark'd, this useful lesson "Live."

*108

44 If to a friend I make a present, he Palladas.
"My good Lord Brother" instantly dubs me;
Presents to give if haply mine no store,
He bluntly calls me "Brother," and no more:
Such names are venal all: I covet not
The name of "Lord," for I no gifts have got.

109

45 If thou tak'st heed, O Man! of what thy sire Do.
Wrought when he got thee, high thoughts would expire.
Thy pride is born of dreaming Plato's cant,
"Immortal art thou, and a heav'nly plant."
Clay-made, and yet so vain? A person so
Might say, extolling thee in solemn show;
But if thou seek'st the truth, thou art the child,
In lust unbridled, of a drop defil'd.

110

46 That Silence is of man instructress best, Do.
Has wise Pythagoras himself confest;
He, skill'd to speak, to others silence taught,
Most potent medicine for quiet thought!

*111

47 Eat, drink, be dumb, in grief—for Homer said, Do.
The stomach should not sorrow for the dead;
He makes e'en Niobe for food complain,
Just as she buries her twelve children slain.

112

48 Ne'er let a woman-slave your mistress be— Palladas.
So says the saw. Its words and mine agree.
Let not a man who advocate has been,
Altho' a greater orator than e'en
Isocrates he be, your causes try.
Ev'ry one who is wont for hire to ply,
Is all unable, if a friend 's at stake,
A solemn—pure I say not—judge to make.

113

49 Anger, they say, e'en gnats and ants possess. Do.
If anger then least animals confess,
And yet thou bid'st me without anger be,
Uninjuring, even with mere words, who me
Injure by deeds, hereafter I must know
Not e'en to breathe, but stop my mouth with tow.

114

50 I do not say that Circe chang'd the frame, Do.
To swine and wolves, of men to her who came—
That 's Homer's story—but that, full of harms,
She poorest made the captives of her charms,
And robbing them of human reason, she,
When ev'ry thing was wasted, fed them free
And kept them, like brute beasts, within her cell.
But cool Ulysses, spurning Pleasure's spell,
By his own nature, not by Hermes, taught,
Wisdom as cure against her witchcraft brought.

115

51 Envy, so Pindar sings, is better far Do.
Than pity. Whom we envy still enjoy
A brilliant life: but whom we pity, are
They whose lone path misfortunes still annoy.
May I, grant Heav'n! be neither greatly blest,
Nor pitied: mediocrity is best;
For lofty stations dangers only bring,
And to the lowest scorn and suff'ring cling.

*116

52 As one by Muses and by Graces bred, Do.
Wisely and well, Menander! hast thou said

In calling Opportunity a God.
For often something, e'en from rustic clod,
Falling spontaneously at season due
Finds better fate than what more study knew.

117

53 When I manslayers fortunate behold, Palladas.
I marvel little—'t was Jove's game of old—
He too, his father hating, would, I ween!
Have Chronos kill'd, if mortal he had been;
Him, like a robber, in earth's bowels held,
To suffer with the Titans, he compell'd.

118

54 Death is not only by the wasted frame, Do.
But great obesity oft does the same.
And Dionysius, in Pontus, King
Of Heracleia, prov'd this very thing.

*119

55 Thus loud to boast, that you would not obey Do.
Your wife, is weak. You are not, as men say,
Sprung from an oak or rock, and, what all share,
Suff'rers alike, a wife's rule you must bear.
Since at your head she ne'er her slippers flung,
Nor, acting wrongly, made you hold your tongue,
I deem your slav'ry mild, since you are sold
To mistress wise and just, of easy mould.

*120

56 Of chastity there's no conspicuous proof— Do.
So say I 'neath a cheated husband's roof.
Ugliness is not always found a prude,
Nor ev'ry pretty wife by nature lewd.
With those who for her beauty offer free
One will not walk: yet many wives we see,
With no good looks, insatiably unchaste,
And fondling those on whom their favour 's plac'd.
E'en tho' she knit her brow and never smile,
But turn, beneath man's gaze, aside the while,
'T is no sure proof of virtue: one may have
A wife, in private free, in public grave,

And wives, if any wife be wholly so,
All chaste, tho' mirth and tenderness they show.
Some men deem age of purity the test—
E'en age, with Paphia, is not passion's rest,
Oaths will they too, by all the twelve Gods, take,
Oaths which, as lightly as they breathe, they break.

121

57 May God the belly hate and belly's feast, Palladas.
Thro' whose excess all temperance has ceas'd.

122

58 Here came I naked, naked hence I go, Do.
For naked end why vainly labour so ?

123

59 Death alway to expect is sorest pain, Do.
From which exemption makes the grave a gain ;
Lament not then for him whose race is sped ;
There is no second suff'ring for the dead.

124

60 You 're rich. What matters ? Do you, when you die, Do.
Take your wealth with you in the tomb to lie ?
Wasting your time, you riches vainly heap ;
A longer lease of life you cannot keep.

125

61 The shameless rich—domestic tyrants—shun, Do.
Poverty's foes, whence temperance is won.

126

62 Fortune nor law nor reason knows, but guides Do.
Mankind borne blindly on her changing tides :
She leans to the unjust, the just dislikes,
Thus showing that her pow'r at reason strikes.

127

63 The poor man never lives, nor ever dies; Do.
Seeming to live, a corpse, alas! he lies.
To whom much wealth and fortunes fair are rife,
They only have in death the end of life.

128

64 Where now thy great pride? where, so sudden, gone Agathias.
The flatt'rers who thy footsteps crowded on?
Far exile from thy country, Fortune those,
Beneath thee erst, now tutors to oppose.
Fortune! much thanks to thee—'t is nobly done,
With all alike to play yet favour none.

129

65 Life is a dang'rous voyage, where storms toss, Palladas.
Till e'en than shipwreck worse is oft our loss:
With fortune for life's pilot, we set sail
As on a vast sea with a doubtful gale.
Some a poor passage, some a prosp'rous know,
Yet all one haven reach—the earth below.

130

66 When one, from penury, wins wealth or pow'r, Agathias.
No longer he remembers life's dark hour.
Old friendships he denies, nor, thoughtless, learns,
In her new favours, Fortune's slippery turns.
Poor, very poor erewhile, from others thou
The crumbs, so begg'd for then, withholdest now.
Friend! all things mortal pass. If still in doubt,
Begging again, the truth thyself find out.

131

67 All hail, O Memory of the good and glad! Macedonius.
All hail, Oblivion of the wrong and bad!

132

68 Unmarried life is good: but, if need be Agathias.
In nature, let not male love madden thee:
Females to love is a slight ill: wise Heav'n
To them the Cyprian's winning ways has giv'n:
Lo! the dumb animals, do they abuse
By shameless unions passion's wont and use?
Woman was made for man, his mate. Alas!
Men strange conjunction with each other pass.

133

69 Why fear we Death, the parent of sole peace, Do.
Who makes disease, pain, poverty all cease?

He is at hand to mortals once alone,
And none has e'er his second visit known.
Diseases, oft and many, some to some,
Others to others, changing ever come.

134

70 If hopes, misfortune's friends, with oft delay, Macedonius.
Life's whole course solacing, with mortals play,
I, man and mortal, still am so betray'd.
But, tho' so long the fool of hopes delay'd,
I pleasure in my very wand'rings see,
And may not of myself sharp censor be,
For in my mind Anacreon's words abide,
"It Man behoves to cast all care aside."

135

71 Seeing Pandora's box, I laugh, and blame Do.
The wings of its good things and not the Dame;
When upward to Olympus' haunts they flew,
Would, on our earth, that some had fallen too!
But, op'd the lid, her cheeks such pallor caught,
She spoil'd the splendour of the gifts she brought:
So this our life a double failure mocks,
Woman grows old, and empty lies the box.

136

72 All life is a scene and a sport, Palladas.
Grave thought and dull care lay aside,
Either learn in its sunshine to play,
Or bravely its sorrows abide. [186.]

*137

73 If that which cometh carry thee along, Do.
Bear, and be borne by it, in spirit strong;
Thyself thou painest if thou bear'st it ill,
For that which cometh thee must carry still.

*138

74 May nor thy sunny fortune's onward flight Paulus Sil.
Lead thee too high, nor care thy freedom blight:
Still o'er life's sea inconstant breezes blow,
Tost by continual changes to and fro.
Virtue is stable, without turn or fail,
Fearless with her alone life's billows sail.

139

75 Men breathing from their nostrils a thin air, Palladas.
And viewing the sun's lamp, this being bear
Long as they live: each but an instrument
To whom life-giving air his breath has lent.
If with a hand we squeeze his little breath,
Depriv'd of life, we send him down to death;
Fed upon air by short small breathings, he
Himself is nothing—why then haughty be?

140

76 Not merely is it good in life to stay, Paulus Sil.
But from the breast old cares to cast away.
I wish enough of wealth. Gold's mad pursuit,
O'erpush'd, cuts down all feeling to the root:
Hence find we oft in men a pref'rence rife
Of poverty to wealth, of death to life:
This known, and looking to one end and hope,
Your heart, in all its ways, to wisdom ope.

141

77 Why toilest thou in vain, troubled at all, Palladas.
Still to thy birthday lot a self-made thrall?
Cease from such strife, in fortune acquiesce,
Content with fate and loving quietness,
Rather, if possible, to fate a foe,
Force thy soul gladly in bright thoughts to go.

142

78 Cast grief away, O Man! nor be Do.
Disquieted to know, to thee
How long of life remains to run,
Compar'd with what 's already done.
Till in the tomb is laid thy frame,
Till there the worm his banquet claim,
Tame not, while life and breath are thine,
Thine unjudg'd soul in doubt to pine.

143

79 As passes night, we, day by day, are born, Do.
Nought of our former life possessing more.
Apart from yesterday's existence torn,
To-day begins of life our future score.

Say not, Old Man! that thou of long life art,
For what, to-day, of all that 's past thy part?

144

80 This piteous life of ours is Fortune's sport, Palladas.
Wand'ring 'tween rich and poor, and ne'er in port;
Who lay in lowest depths she lifts on high,
Who soar'd to Heav'n, thro' her, in Hades lie.

145

81 Alas! for Life, brief joy it brings, Do.
Alas! for Time, how fleet his wings;
We sit, lie down, but nought he heeds
Our grief or luxury, on he speeds,
And, as he speeds, some turn of ill
Brings to each suff'ring mortal still.

*146

82 Altho' not dead, we Grecians only seem Do.
To live, such griefs have fallen on our head:
Deeming the life wherein we live a dream,
Since that the means whereby we live are dead.

147

84 I was born while tears I shed; Do.
Shedding tears I now am dead;
I the whole of life have found
With sad tears and many drown'd.
Such is still man's lot of woe,
Doom'd to constant tears below,
Vain, weak, wretched from his birth,
Dragg'd below, dissolv'd in earth.

148

85 Death dogs us all: we 're fatten'd, as a flock Do.
Of swine, in turn for slaughter on the block.

149

86 Without profuseness yet with all that 's fit, Do.
Children and wife, slave, birds, and dog I feed;
Beneath my roof no flatterer shall sit—
I hate your sycophant and sponging breed.

150

87 Unless we laugh at life which runs away, Palladas.
And strumpet Fortune's stream which none can stay,
We make but for ourselves a guest of pain,
To see the vile on all sides bliss obtain.

151

88 The body is a suff'ring of the soul, Do.
Necessity's stern load to Fate's sure goal,
A punishment by torture, a strong chain,
From whose sore clog releas'd by death, again
The immortal spirit, plum'd on high its wings,
To light eternal, in God's presence, springs.

152

89 If Fame's a Goddess, she, against the Greeks, Do.
By false tales cheating them, her anger wreaks;
When things go wrong, Fame instantly is truth,
Swift facts anticipate e'en fame in sooth.

153

90 The wickedness of Envy is most great; Do.
Whom a God loves and blesses has its hate,
So senselessly do we, through envy, roam,
So readily of folly slaves become.
We Greeks to ashes and to dust are burn'd,
And of the dead the hopes with us inurn'd,
For all life's bus'ness now is over-turn'd.

154

91 Him, whom God loves, to hate, brings down Do.
Folly's worst sentence on one's crown;
'T is clearly against God to fight,
And the worst anger of his spite
To brave and bear: for it behoves
Man to love whomsoe'er God loves.

*155

92 Since Judge you are and wise in words, I too Do.
Bring of my nightingale (the Muse) to you
Epigram solemn, worthy of free speech—
Who lauds you not in dreams may justice reach.

156

93 Better to bear, tho' ground by Fortune down, Palladas.
Than of the rich the arrogance, her frown.

157

94 I deem God too philosopher to be, Do.
Not on the instant wroth at blasphemy,
But venging with worse torment in due time
Of miserable wicked man the crime.

158

95 I hate the man of double show, Do.
A friend in words, in ways a foe.

159

96 When, by experience, one the practice learns Do.
Of life, its oft unseasonable turns,
Of faithless Fortune the unequal flow,
The poor made rich, the rich laid bare and low,
Then all things—so uncertain is their end—
To loathing the dull darken'd mind offend:
How baffle Fortune, from the vast unknown,
Whose harlot ways in life are ever shown?

*160

97 Mine was a pound of years, my lot in life Do.
School-mastership with heavy labour rife:
By Hades summon'd hence at sev'nty-three,
There of the dead a senator to be.

161

98 Wise is that silent ignorance, which sees Do.
Its fault, and hides it as a sore disease.

162

99 Oft have I weigh'd thy friendship and thy hate, Do.
And found thy friendship still of lighter weight,
Heavier thy spite. Friendship for ever hence!
I'll brook no more thy shameless insolence.

163

100 All life is but a little space to men, Antiphanes.
Whether we mov'd or high or humble then,

Whether we reach of silver hairs the time,
Or fresh are flourishing in youthful prime;
Wherefore, fit opportunity if ours,
Let life flow free, in music, love, wine, flow'rs:
Winter soon comes, and heavy age, at length
To move its limbs which has no longer strength.

*164

101 Lo! in the soil the novice cow Bianor.
Causes to roll the trenchant plough:
With head oft turn'd and loving pause,
Her young calf to the teats she draws;
Then, of the ruling rustic's thong
Afraid, moves fitfully along.
Stop! plougher of a double toil,
Upturner of the glist'ning soil,
Press not thy poor beast with sharp goad,
Whom double labours doubly load.

165

102 Me, bold in storms, let no rude seas sustain, Bassus.
Nor love I, in dull calm, the stirless main;
The mean is best, at least in men's concerns;
For what 's enough, alone my spirit yearns.
Lampis, dear Love! hate thou the whirlwind strife,
E'en yet some Zephyrs gently breathe in life.

103 166 Philodemus.
Return not empty-handed home, regard not the first price;
Nought cheaper—tripe is, even at a drachma, cheap as nice,
A fig 's now worth a drachma too; wait thou a little yet—
Time is the poor man's Deity—a thousand shalt thou get.

167

104 Hail! calm Frugality and fair, Crates.
Goddess and Mistress, wise as rare,
Offspring of Temperance renown'd,
In whom the good their wishes bound,
Who, practising the just and true,
Your merits own with honour due.

168

105 My foe, since I am dead, rejoiceth: o'er him yet Simonides.
Another shall rejoice: to Death we 're all in debt.

169

106 Many thyrsus-bearers are,
But the Bacchants few and far.

*170

107 Without a God no mortal thrives. Alas ! Euripides.
The fortunes how anomalous we pass.
Some prosper : others harsh events and ill
Bear down, before the Gods tho' pious still.

171

108 Praying, or pray'rless, give us good things, Zeus !
And, e'en tho' pray'd for, evil things refuse.

172

109 Vain ev'ry reason, save where right acts close,
The end of ev'ry act its reason shows.

173

110 Within the crowded city here Æschylus.
A lion's whelp none e'er should rear ;
Nor even to the city's wall
A lion let approach at all :
If nathless, any should bring it,
Needs must he to its ways submit.

174

111 Wounding itself at ev'ry blow,
Envy is still its own worst foe.

175

112 Wine, and the bath, of ladye-love the force
But lead to Hades by a quicker course.

*176

113 Wealth I ne'er wish nor pray for : mine be still
Life, with the happy-humble, free from ill.

177

114 I doubt not, Tantalus ! thy pains below,
Like curse above my daily wants here show.

*178

115 Let thy life in reason be,
And it never want shall see.

179

116 Let not men marry storms who dread—
So all men say, yet still men wed.

180

117 True friend myself, I know how dear a friend, Phocylides.
But from the false and bad may Heav'n defend !
I flatter no one in deceit, but whom
I love, I love from cradle to the tomb.

*181

118 How born, and whence, and why? Came I to go? Palladas (?)
How can I ever learn since nought I know?
[From nothing born, yet shall I be as then?
Nothing, yea nothing is the race of men.]
Come then of Bacchus pour the pleasure-flood,
For all life's ills the only med'cine good.

182

119 Friend! much to build and many entertain,
Thy way to poverty is straight and plain.

*183

121 His hate who open tells us harms not so, Rarus.
As in fair friendship smiles the covert foe;
Foreseeing there hostility we ward,
Here, against love profess'd, we keep no guard.
They, in my judgment, are of foes the worst,
Ill faith in friendship secretly who nurst.

184

122 God can do more than we expect, or seek, Lucillius: Lucian.
He puts the mighty down, exalts the meek;
E'en tho' a river waft thee golden streams,
He 'll tame thy proud looks, baffle thy high schemes.
Winds, o'er the bending reed which idly blow,
The branching plane and lofty oak lay low.

185

123 How hard, O Life! to end, or to endure Æsop.
Thy sore oft pains, which Death alone may cure,
Nature has beauties many, pleasures boon,
The earth, sea, stars, the bright sun, the chaste moon;

All else is grief and fear, and, should we find
A good, avenging ill comes close behind.

*186

124 All things are but a laugh, all dust, all nought, Glycon.
All, without cause, from what exists is wrought.
Children are cares when suff'ring death's great ill,
Cares not a few are they when living still.
Some pleasure in herself has a good wife,
A bad one brings her spouse a bitter life.

187

125 'T is hard to find a friend; many seem so,
Nay almost all—so far as words can go.

188

126 A clever servant to his lord is gain,
If honest, but if not all else is vain.

*189

XI. B. 13 Morn follows morn. Suddenly, in a breath, Ammianus.
While we are heedless, enters livid Death:
Some by consumption, ague, fever-fit,
And dropsy some, he leads all to one pit.

190

51 Enjoy thine youth: all of decay partakes:
One summer of a kid a rough goat makes.

191

53 Brief blooms the flow'r: to-day the rose we see,
To-morrow find its thorn upon the tree.

*192

282 Lucillius: Palladas.
I mourn not those who leave earth's pleasant light,
But they who live of death in constant fright.

193

289 O for life's quickest close when Death assails! Palladas.
An usurer in gold for gain who dealt
Died instantly—in one turn of the scales—
While still the interest his fingers felt.

194

290 Once on a time, e'en while he bound Palladas.
A pebble-ring his finger round,
Death's pebble to a man was sent,
Who instantly to Hades went.
But, tho' the pebble-master's gone,
Alone, the pebble still lives on:
So too the soul survives, away
Tho' snatcht its tenement of clay.

195

300 Thou talkest much, so soon to yield thy breath; Do.
Be silent, and, while living, muse on death.

196

301 The sun to mortals is the God of light, Do.
I would not miss it if he shone to slight.

197

302 You slight not me, but poverty: were Zeus Do.
Poor, upon earth, like insult would you use.

198

303 Is it because I 'm poor that thus you slight, Do.
Harming and hating who ne'er injur'd you?
My poverty is Fortune's slip, or spite,
Not to mine own excess or failure due.

199

336 Carinus, charg'd with Asia's plunder, sail'd,
As set the Kids, when stormy skies prevail'd:
Him and his freight track'd Nemesis, and he,
Who laugh'd at outrag'd Gods, was lost at sea.

200

341 To speak well is our Attic honey's test; Palladas.
With blame commences hatred; praise is best.

201

389 Long were it yours as stag or crow to live, Lucillius.
This heaping of vast wealth we could forgive,
But, since you 're man, soon broken by old age,
Let no mad thirst of countless gold engage:
Lose not your mind in self's insatiate pains,
Else others will enjoy, unearn'd, your gains.

202

XII. B. 98 Desire to thorns the Muses' tettix bound, Posidippus.
And sought its last sleep placing fire around:
But, train'd in books, its soul all else disdains,
And scarce the God upbraids who caus'd its pains.

103 203

Those who love me to love I know, and—not unskill'd in both—
If any wrongs, or is my foe, I know too how to loathe.

204

148 I know I 'm poor, but—by the Graces fair— Callimachus.
My own one thought to speak, Menippus! spare.
I thrill, all o'er, the bitter truth to hear,
Yes, and from thee, my Friend, 't is most severe.

205

197 Philippa! "your occasion know"— Strato.
One of the Sages Sev'n said so—
For ev'ry thing is, in its prime,
More lovely than at other time:
Even the cucumber, when first
From its rais'd bed on sight it burst,
Is held as valuable and good—
Too ripe, it is of pigs the food.

206

229 Alexis! aw'd by slow avenging age, Do.
How good the God whose wrath we would assuage!
Time in thy rear unseen, thou didst opine
That envied beauty would be ever thine:
Now all is gone: the angry God is nigh,
And I, thy former slave, pass careless by.

*207

257 The endmark I, who tell of life's last stage, Meleager.
Most faithful custos of the written page,
Say, of all bards the mingled labours past,
In this one book has Meleager mass'd,
And, for Diocles, woven flow'rs of song
In minstrel wreath, to be remember'd long:
E'en I, with shape all bent, like spine of snake,
My place behind the throne of Learning take.

NOTES.—6 The learned make a difficulty about ἐπίῤῥοθος (line 3), which, I think, may be avoided by supposing the same metaphor—that of a man marching along a seashore, where rocks crop out of the sand, and which is bordered by high cliffs—*throughout*: we may then safely translate the word as "sounding," *i.e.*, "murmuring hoarse applause." With Burges, I approve of ἄνευ στεφάνου for ἐὰ στεφάνους. Grotius translates only the first two distichs.

9 This was evidently written in ridicule of the Metempsychosis.

12 The passage between [ ] brackets corresponds almost precisely with the second couplet similarly marked in No. 181 below.

13 The first six lines of this Epigram, with an additional couplet attached to it by Grotius, are translated in its proper place in Part vi., No. 453. Such a termination places it amongst the ΕΠΙΤΥΜΒΙΑ, whereas the previous lines would seem to justify its insertion among the ΠΡΟΤΡΕΠΤΙΚΑ. I therefore venture upon a full version of the piece, availing myself of what Meineke and Piccolos, and other Greek scholars and critics, have written about it. Something like a connected whole seems to glimmer out of the long obscurity at last.

19 The last distich has been attributed as a separate epigram to Julian of Egypt.

20
Inveni portum: spes et fortuna valete,
Sat me lusisti, ludite nunc alios.

21 By some mistake surely has this couplet been attributed to Mimnermus.

25 Planudes ascribes this to Lucian. See Horace ii., Sat. 2, 133-4-5.

27 Stobæus says of the Causiani, "they lament over those who are born, and rejoice for the dead." Euripides also, according to a translation of some lines of his by Cicero in Tusc. Qu. 1, c. 48, alludes to this custom of the Thracians. "When a child is born amongst the Thracians, all its kindred sit round about it in a circle, and weep for the woes it will have to undergo now that it has come into the world, making mention of every ill that falls to the lot of humankind: when, on the other hand, a man has died, they bury him with laughter and rejoicings, and say that now he is free from a host of sufferings, and enjoys the completest happiness."—Herodotus, v. 4.

34 The first and seventh lines of the Greek correspond closely with No. 20. See also No. 38.

35 The last line of the Greek is within [ ] brackets, which I also adopt in my translation.

39 The Greek is very questionable.

40 This, probably, should be united to the preceding.

46 This is intended as a refutation of No. 45, the authorship of which is also attributed to Plato, the Comic Poet.

49 Compare Part ii., 257. An asterisk (*) should be prefixed to this Epigram.

52 "Heav'n sure taught letters for some lover's aid."—Pope.

53 This seems better placed here than among the Descriptive Epigrams: but it would perhaps be better still among the Epitaphs.

54 This is evidently on the model of, and, as it were, a compromise between Nos. 45 (by Posidippus) and 46 (by Metrodorus).

55 Grotius separates the last distich from the preceding tetrastich. So also Scaliger.

56 Carcrini, in his Italian version, joins 499, 500 (just translated in Nos. 55, 56) and 501 of B. ix. into one piece. And so they stand in Planudes.

58 In the Greek κλαίοντι συγκλαίων — — — γελόωντι γελῶν, a correspondence may be traced with Romans xii., v. 15: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Line 6. Milia is supposed to be the wife of the epigrammatist.

62 On the axe of the public executioner.

63 In Planudes this is classed as by an unknown author. It has also been ascribed to Paul the Silentiary.

64 Line 3. Burges, for *σφαλερὸν*, proposes *Φανερὸν*, which is here translated, though the other word seems quite tenable and consistent with the whole context.

66 See Part iv., 357.

67 The rhymes in the first four lines are, quite by accident, the same as those of an excellent translator, G. S., in Burges's Greek Anthology, but the metre is different. This, although of very little consequence, had better be acknowledged. G. S. has the phrase "cut cable," and Bland "spring cable." So far as I know of nautical matters, both expressions are misapplied.

71 I have transferred the epithet "soft" (line 2) from the sails to the wind.

72 Line 3. The Nightingale and Swallow.

75 Jacobs thinks that a distich has dropt out, after the second or the fourth line, which is not unlikely. In translating the specimen, however, an intelligible and acceptable whole can be given, without attempting to supply the lacuna. Line 4. See Note to 303, P. iv.

79 Line 3. For *ἐπίδρομον* read *ὑπότρομον*. Burges.

80 Last line. (See Note to 303, P. iv.) These were Mediterranean fishes, of which the names are not known elsewhere

81 Last line. The story alluded to is told in Iliad Z, 130, thus translated by Cowper:

> "Bacchus plung'd
> "Meantime, dismay'd into the Deep, where him
> So trembling, Thetis in her bosom hid."

82 Lines 3-4. "On equal bough of leafy cypress." Probably no other single word than equal could better convey the meaning of *ἰσοζυγέων*, which here signifies that the cypress branches extended from a central trunk, like the arms of a balance. Lines 13-14. See Nos. 75 and 80.

83 Line 4. A river in Africa. An asterisk (*) should be prefixed to this No.

88 Neptune is invoked under his title of *Ἐνοσίχθων*, or Earth-Shaker.

90 Affix an asterisk (*). Ausonius, Ep. cxlv., has the following:

> Re fruere ut natus mortalis: dilige sed rem
> Tanquam immortalis. Sors est in utroque verenda.

91 This splendid sentiment is also attributed to Pittacus of Mitylene and to Thales.

92 Dele the asterisk (*).

94 Assigned by Planudes to Lucian.

96 Our old English proverb renders the Greek very closely. The Latin runs thus:

> Inter os et offam multa intervenire possunt.

The verse is, however, wrongly attributed to Palladas, for it is praised by writers long before his time.

99 With this compare Ovid Trist. 1, El. ix. 5:

> "Donee eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
> Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

I seem to recollect, in Proverbs or Ecclesiastes, but I cannot hit on the right place or the exact words, something like the following, "If thou doest good to thyself, men will speak well of thee."

104 This is from Theognis, lines 1147-8. As a duplicate:

> Seek not, as friend, each passer, but try well,
> Nor trust the worthless, nor the tales they tell.

107 The letters following *s'* (long obsolete, and only retained in the Alphabet to represent the numeral *ϡ*), which mean 6, are *ζ*, *η*, *θ*, *ι*; when put together they make the word ZHΘI, "Live"—an expression it was usual to make use of when any one sneezed.

108 This Epigram, so far as it turns upon the play between the Latin word "domine," and the Greek *δόμεναι*, is not translateable in English, but, apart from the paronamasia, there is spirit and satire in this idea, which I have tried to preserve.

111 The allusion in the second line is to Iliad xix., 225, and in the third and fourth lines to Iliad xxiv., 601, thus translated by Cowper:

"Shall the Greeks
Abstain from sustenance for all who die?
That were indeed severe."

"For even bright-hair'd Niobe—her food
Forgot not, though of children twelve bereft."

116 Line 4. It was, I believe, a saying of Dr. Johnson, that no man was so dull, no book so bad, that something was not to be gained from them.

119 Line 3. "Sprung from an oak or rock." Ody. xix., 162:

"for not of fabulous birth
Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock."

120 It is very difficult to extract a sure meaning from the closing couplet. Line 14. The original here is somewhat similar in sentiment to Shakspeare:

"Where virtue is, these are more virtuous."

137 Lines 1 and 4. The phrase "that which cometh" is in both places used as the equivalent of future fortune: the Greek τὸ φέρον, "that which bears, guides, leads," used as here, substantively, means "fate."

138 Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urguendo, neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum. Hor. ii., 10.

146 Line 4. "You take my life when you do take the means
Whereby I live." Shakspeare.

155 Jacobs proposes in lieu of ὀν (line 4) to read ὁ, and for ὕπνουσ ἔχει to read υμνουσ χέει. The meaning seems to be that justice was not to be had save by flattery.

160 Brunck says that by pound years is meant the age of 72, when perhaps the duties of Senators ceased and they became civilly defunct.

164 This should rather have come among the "Descriptive."

170 Out of the fragmentary state of the original I cannot make anything better. Grotius keeps the first line separate from the rest. I have joined them to make a whole. This, in Planudes, is assigned to Lucian.

176 Or thus: Nor wish nor pray'r is mine in wealth to be,
Let me on little live, from evil free. See Theognis, v. 1110.

178 Another: With reason live, so life shall be
From fear of want in all things free.

181 This in Planudes is ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

183 Salmasius gives this to Rhianus, but Planudes assigns it to Palladas.

186 This in Planudes is divided into two Epigrams without any name assigned. Stobœus also gives the first distich separately from the two others.

189 I have given to this a more elegiac turn than perhaps the original warrants.

192 "Upon those who are ever ailing."

201 Hesiod assigned to the crow a life nine times as long as that of man, to the raven four times that of the crow, and to the stag three times that of the raven.

"Quater egreditur cornicis secula corvus." Ausonius.

207 This Epigram seems to have terminated the Garland of Meleager. In the last couplet the allusion is to the shape of the κορωνίς, which was ⁀.

PLANUDEAN.

1

1 B., 1 Ep. Damagetas.

Nor Argos, nor Messene's soil gave me, a wrestler, birth:
Sparta, renowned Sparta is to me paternal earth:
As Lacedæmon's son befits, in vigour I am still
To them superior, tho', perchance, superior they in skill.

2

2 Know that thou look'st Theocritus upon, Simonides.
Olympia's crown who, as a stripling, won:
A skilful hand in wrestling: to the sight
Most beautiful: his prowess in the fight
Equall'd his beauty: from good parents sprung,
Fame on the city of his sires he flung.

*3

3 Do.

In Isthmian and in Pythian lists—to wrestle, leap, and run,
At quoit and javelin—all five crown'd Philo's Diophon.

*4

4 Ay! pelt my corpse, and o'er my death exult,
So the dead lion very hares insult!

*5

5 Greece with a Persian army Xerxes sought, Alcæus.
And Titus one from wide Italia brought,
That, slav'ry's yoke on Europe's neck to place
Came, this from Greece to cancel e'en its trace.

*6

6 Demetrius' Son, arm'd with good ashen spear,
The lord of Europe, and, o'er mortals here,

As great a King, on ocean and ashore,
As in high Heav'n is Zeus Immortals o'er,
These spoils to Hecate of the highway gave,
From Chiroādas and his children brave,
Thro' all Odrysia ta'en. But Philip's fame
Near to the throned Gods already came!

7

7 Alcæus.

Preluding first a strain wherewith the soft flute chiming went,
The tuneful Dorotheus out-breath'd for Dardans a lament;
Of lightning-stricken Semelè the labour-pains he sung,
The doings of the Trojan horse, the Graces ever young.
Alone among the sacred seers of Dionysus he
From the swift wings of Momus has his name kept safe and free:
By birth a Theban, his descent from Sosicles he trac'd,
And in Lyæus' temple here his harp and plectra plac'd.

8

8 No more, thro' piny Phrygia, shalt thou play, Do.
As erst, O Nymph-born Satyr! thy sweet lay,
Speaking thro' well-bor'd reeds, nor, as before,
Live 'neath thy touch the flute Athene bore:
Bound now thy hands by chains which nought can rend,
Tho' man, who with God-Phœbus did'st contend;
Equalling e'en his lyre, thy pipe's sweet breath
Brought thee no crown, in tuneful strife, save death.

9

9 Thro' thee, O clam'rous belly! parasites,
For a vile pottage, barter freedom's rights.

10

10 Little difference to me Theognis.
In old age and youth I see;
This is passing from me fleet,
That speeds ever on to meet.

11

11 Pause, ere you pass, this planetree shade beneath, Hermocreon.
Whose leaves the Zephyr moves with gentle breath;
Me, Maia's famous son, his fruitful field
And flocks Nicagoras has plac'd to shield.

*12

12 Come, sit beneath my pine, and rest: aloft
Its light boughs whisper to the Zephyr soft;
And, rippling at our side, a sweet stream flows,
While my lone pipe invites to soft repose.

13

13 Sit by this pine whose high boughs murmur so, Plato.
And bristle as the frequent Zephyrs blow:
And, near the babbling rills, my pipe shall steep
Thy spell-bound eyelids in a heavy sleep.

14

14 Did he who Eros, at this fountain's brink, Zenodotus.
Sculptur'd, to quench love's flame by water think?

15 15

The Satyr, with the feet of goat, who ever took his fill—
And more—at Bacchus' fount of wine, the friend of Bacchants still,
Now, tether'd, as to both his legs, by firmest fetters, makes
The brazen armour, for her son which Goddess Thetis takes;
Not practising known trade of art, he seeks from want to ward
His handicraft existence by the sweat of labour hard.

16 16

Where, Satyr of the skipping feet! the fair wreaths, which should twine
Thy thyrsus, where the goblets now, the revelry once thine?
Who has plac'd thee, of Bacchus erst the cradle who did'st rock,
Close to the chisels, fetter-bound, each foot to a huge block?
Unseemly Poverty, all-bold Necessity have thrust
Thee down, at Vulcan's side, to be a drinker of coal-dust.

17

17 Excess is blameful, and ill-tim'd in all;
Even too much of honey turns to gall.

*18

18 Thine apt lip bending o'er the golden reeds,
Speak, Pan! a wise word to my flock that feeds;
So may the ewes, full-udder'd, often home
To Clymenus with gifts of white milk come,

And, standing by thy shrine, their lord and head
From his rough breast red blood may duly shed.

19

19 Youth! take on borrow'd gold thy cheer;
Let creditors go count,
Month after month, and year by year,
To what their gains amount.

*20

2—20 Peace be to all! a Bishop coming cried;
How unto all? She blest alone his side.

21 21 Ammianus.

Maurus the thick-lipp'd orator met mine astonish'd sight,
Âme damnée He of Rhetoric, in garments drest of white.

*22

3—22 Nicholas, who Christ's Hierarch was known,
Who Kings subdued, and quell'd of foes the rage,
By exhortations good of Fathers sage,
Lies under this small monumental stone.
Thrice-blest, his virtues to Earth's ends have run,
And of the Saints his soul the mansion won:
For such the life he when on earth desir'd,
And his good frame with glorious labours tir'd.

23

23 This votive stone to Nicholas—his chaste
And just life to recall—Gregorius plac'd.

24 24 Simonides.

Say! who art thou, of whom the son, thy country, and why crown'd?
Casmylus, of Evagoras, from Rhodes, in Pythia's round.

25

25 Fair Milo's statue fair! Sev'n times the crown Do.
He won at Pisa, and to none fell down.

26 26 Philip.

If ever of Damostratus, Sinope's son, thou 'st heard,
On whom six times the Isthmian games their crown of pine conferr'd,

Behold him in this perfect form: his lithe and shapely back,
If falling in the wrestling-match, on light sand left no track;
How with the savage spirit yet his countenance is rife!
How tells it the old struggle still of victory and life!
Says not the bronze? "But free me from this pedestal, that I
A sev'nth time in th' arena-strife for honour's crown may vie!

27

27 We fell in Dirphys' straits. At public cost, Simonides.
Over our dust, this tomb, Euripus near,
Is rightly rais'd. Our lovely youth we lost,
Braving, in war's wild cloud, the hostile spear.

*28

28 Nought of enjoyment is there for the dead!
The dust of Ninus, a great empire's head
Am I: all pleasures—wherein love could bless,
Rich food, and rarest wines—did I possess,
But all that happiness I left behind.
This then my life's wise counsel to mankind:
"Well knowing that thou mortal art by birth,
Make fat thy soul with feasts, abound in mirth."

*29

29 Thebæ, by Greece, the first in flutes was styl'd,
By Thebæ Pronomus, of Œneus child.

*30

30 If thou hast ever some dear son of Mars
Heard prais'd, as strong in might and bold in wars,
Of Hector think, the Priam-born, who brought
Battles on Greece, as, sole for Troy, he fought:
Deidamia's Lord his life blood shed,
And this poor tomb conceals the precious dead.

31

31 Geminus.
The hand of Thasian Polyclite wrought me. Salmoneus I,
Who with the thunders of high Zeus madly presum'd to vie:
Even in Hades' depths again he me destroys, and strikes
Ever with his red lightning, so my dumb form he dislikes.
Hold, Zeus! thy burning bolts, give up thine anger. I am now
Left but a breathless mark. War not with lifeless image Thou!

*32

31 a Earth holds this body, Plato's, in her breast, Speusippus.
In Heav'n his soul is with th' Immortal Blest.

*33

31 b When Rome and Beroe saw Theœtetus.
Julian, the light of Law,
"Nought," with one voice they cried
"To Nature is denied."

4—32 *34 Leontius.
E'en of the shining sun the form in Painting is reveal'd,
But, tho' her tints may trace his orb, its light is all conceal'd;
So thee, our City's Prefect wise, O Gabriel! Art drew
Without thy virtues, and without thy perfect labours too.

*35

33 Alike thy beauty conquers eye and heart, Do.
In all things worthy of thy name thou art,
And, while to sleep thou lullest our old King,
Sow'st in his ears all sounds which pleasure bring.

36

34 These, Philadelphia's friendly gifts— Theodoretus.
of his good government
Mindful—to Prefect Philip we
in gratitude present.

35 37
From Carians, mindful of good deeds unto their country done,
The Consul Palma's equity has this memorial won.

*38

36 O pardon that so long we owe a debt Agathias.
To thy wise eloquence and fluent yet;
For thy much toil and city-shielding care
We place, Heraclamon! thy portrait there:
Tho' small the gift, despise it not: of us
The wont it is good men to honour thus!

*39

37 Peter thou see'st in robes of gold: and well Leontius.
His several posts successive toils explain;

First o'er the East, next of the purple shell
The parted pow'rs, till summon'd East again.

*40

38 Not by Eurotas only warriors hard, Johannes B.
Nor by Ilissus all who Law regard;
Vict'ry and Themis both Synesius crown,
As he of Sparta were or Athens' town.

*41

39 Nile, Persia, Iber, Solymé, the West, Arabius.
Armenia, Ind, of Caucasus the crest,
The hot plains of the wide-spread Agarrene,
Have the swift labours of Longinus seen,
How far he went, quick Envoy of our King,
The boon of peace, which lay conceal'd, to bring.

42

40 Three fortunes were but small to set apart, Crinagoras.
O Crispus! for thy large and lib'ral heart;
But even all the wealth of all the land,
Were thousands upon thousands at command,
What were the mighty whole to one like thee
Whose feelings for his friends so noble be?
May then great Cæsar fill thee to the brim—
No fortune is fix'd firmly without him.

43

41 Thomas, pure Governor of our great King, Agathias.
They, in new office who succeed him, bring,
Next to the Heav'n-sent couple, so that he
Second in place to sov'reignty should be;
Exalting of the royal house the throne,
He swell'd its wealth by piety alone.
Hearty their work and kind—what more could they
Than thus to virtue its due homage pay?

44

42
Pro-Consul Theodosius, in marble likeness, We
Have here, the great in counsel, plac'd—of Asia Archon he—
Because he rais'd our Smyrna, and brought back to light of day
The city for its wondrous works much sung in many a lay.

45

4 This, O Damocharis! to thee,
Illustrious Judge, the honour be:
When sudden earthquake's fearful stroke
In twain thy native Smyrna broke,
Thine instant toil and active care
Soon a new city rais'd as fair.

*46

44 All Nature ever hymns thy pow'r, O Queen!
Because by thee the foeman ranks have been
Whelm'd, and relumin'd, after mad mob-strife,
To mod'rate men the light of peaceful life,
Scatt'ring the clouds of social suff'ring far,
Which menac'd us with storms of mounted war.

*47

45 Rivals so oft, for once combin'd,
His fellow-pleaders, We design'd
Within our Court, gold-fram'd, the face
Of the just Theodore to place:
But his pure spirit would not e'en
On canvass, amidst gold, be seen.

48

46 King, Army, City, People here,
We to Nicetas of bold spear,
For signal slaughter of the Mede,
Grateful, this statue have decreed.

*49

47 Prasinians, of Nicetas, great in fight,
Their fearless chief, the valour thus requite.

50

48 Me Proclus, a Byzantine, son of Paul,
Thriving in Themis' courts, the royal hall
Snatch'd, sure mouth of the mighty King to be.
This bronze proclaims toil's great reward for me:
Imag'd alike are here both sire and son—
This greater, who the Consul's fasces won.

51

49 Cinyras, and the Phrygian two Apollonidas.
Of olden times the wonder drew:
But, Leon! we thy beauty now,
Much-fam'd Cercaphidan! avow:
Rhodes is of islands, sure! most blest.
Of light from such a sun possest.

52

50 If such a lion Hercules had seen, Do
Twelve vict'ries had not to Alcides been.

53

51 Not, by the splendor of this monument, Macedonius.
That thou the young Thyonichus may'st see
In sculptur'd shape, how beautiful was he,
But, known the strife wherein his toil he spent,
That a like zeal might animate thy mind.
Never from labour he his limbs reclin'd,
But younger, older, or in age the same,
His rivals all in combat he o'ercame.

54

52 Bull-bodied, and firm-limb'd, on seeing me, Philip.
Stranger! perchance thou may'st astonish'd be,
As if a second Atlas to behold,
And deem my nature not of mortal mould:
Know! Heras of Laodicea hight,
Am I, a conqueror in ev'ry fight;
Elis, and Delphi, Smyrna, Pergamus,
Argos, and Actium, Corinth crown'd me thus:
Seek'st thou my strength in future lists to know?
Better to count the sands of Libya go!

55

53 If Ladas o'er the course or ran, or flew,
So wonderful his swiftness, no one knew!

56

54 Such as in life was Ladas with wing-feet
Flying before the wind from Thymus fleet,
So here, for Pisa's chaplet, all his frame,
In Myro's bronze, pants emulous of fame:

Fast breathe his lips, with hope his bosom swells,
And each strain'd muscle conscious vict'ry tells;
Leaps from its base the animated brass
To clasp the crown. Thus Nature Arts surpass!

57

55 *A* Statue! whose art thou, rear'd by whom, and why? Troilus.
B To wrestler Lyron, from the City, I.

58

56 Byzantian Rome this image, one of three,
Rais'd to Eusebius: a fam'd horseman, he
After no doubtful victory was crown'd,
For speed and strength alike superior found.
Quenching the strife of foes, he caus'd to cease
Their former feuds, and gave the people peace.

59

57 This frantic Bacchant Art, not Nature, wrought— Paulus Sil.
The very marble is with madness fraught!

60

58 Stay that mad Bacchant, lest, tho' marble, she
Leap o'er the threshhold and the temple flee.

61

59 Sculpture has here a shy Bacchante set, Agathias.
Her hand to shake the cymbals skilless yet;
Wherefore she leans, and, girl-like, seems to cry
"Pass on your way. I'll play when none are nigh."

62

60 *A* Who's here? Simonides.
B A Bacchant.
A Sculptur'd by
Whose hand?
B Of Scopas' chisel I.
A Bacchus, or Scopas, which, in thee
Inspir'd this God-fire?
B Scopas he.

63

61 The limits of the world are East and West, Crinagoras.
But both extremes have Nero's deeds confest;

Sunrise Armenia by his hands subdued,
And sunset conquer'd Germany has view'd;
The fame of Rome's great Emperor afar
Sound we, and sing his double strength in war;
Araxes and the Rhine in downward flow
That they are drank by captive nations know.

*64

62 For thee, of thine own Rome, Mede-killing King!
These gifts, Eustathius son and sire, we bring:
New victory of thine to mark, a mare—
Herself a Victory, wreath-crown'd—and there,
Fleet as the winds, thou mounted art. High pow'r
From Heav'n itself, Justinian! is thy dow'r.
And ever upon earth may its strong chain
Of Scythians and of Medes the van restrain.

*65

63 This steed-borne King, in Babylon war-storm'd,
Bronze, taken from Assyrian booty, form'd;
Justinian, the Mede-killing witness, here
Did Julian, o'er the East while ruling, rear.

66

64 I, the town-prefect, Theodorus, here
On the pier-head, to Emp'ror Justin rear
This his mild image, that the harbour e'en
Might now be waveless from its traits serene.

67

65 Thou, as a second sun, the source of light,
Forth from the East, in mid-heav'n, on our sight
Hast burst, O Theodosius! ever bland
To mortals. Lo! along the boundless land,
All Ocean subjected beneath thy feet,
Splendid in ev'ry point, and arm'd complete,
With great heart easily thy gallant horse
Restraining, eager for its onward course.

68

66 Strong Byzas, beautiful Fidele here—
Fit group and fine—Calliades did rear.

*69

67
I of Byzantes was the wife, lovely Fidelia nam'd;
My husband in the hard-won strife me as his guerdon claim'd.

70

68 'T is Venus self! or Berenice? Nay! Asclepiades: Posidippus.
So like to either, which we pause to say. [81.]

71

69
This, the King Zeno, Julian plac'd, when Prefect of our town,
And Ariadne, at his side, wife worthy of his crown.

72

70 Beneath our Prefect Julian's toil and care,
When the King witness'd, rising bright and fair,
The Muses' temple, his own statue he
Gave, at its threshold, wrought in gold to be.

73

71 All-honour'd Julian, for the Muses' strength,
In golden Anastasia gives a tenth.

*74

72 In Susa, our victorious King to praise,
Shall the bold Mede one spoil-clad statue raise,
And one the army of the Abari,
With hair unshorn, who far from Ister lie,
Their long locks cutting from each squalid head;
But this—the fillet of the consul spread
Above his temples—our Queen-City rear'd,
By his good government enrich'd, endear'd.
Firm in Byzantium flourish travell'd Rome,
Where Justin's godlike strength renews her home.

75

73 He who the seat of Consuls grac'd,
Whom thrice the highest Kings had plac'd
As Prefect, and esteem'd as sire,
Aurelian here in gold admire!
The work the Senate gave, whose woes
It was his pleasant task to close.

76

74 A little fear with mildness mingled be,
Since arm'd with a sharp sting we even see
The bumble-bee itself. The headstrong horse
Without a whip we hold not to his course,
Nor does a troop of swine obey its herd
Till by the noise of crook much-sounding stirr'd.

77

75 Antipater.
Like unto Zeus, Apollo, Mars, thro' long-descended Kings,
Cotys ! thy favourable birth from pious mother springs :
Royal, and perfect from the Fates all things to thee belong,
And thou art made for glowing bard a fav'rite theme of song :
A kingly sceptre sov'reign Zeus possesses, Mars a spear,
And Phœbus beauty, but in thee together all appear.

78

76 These—Castor, Pollux, Helené— Synesius.
Of Tyndarus the children three.

79

77 The skin's bright surface, the fine hair, to paint Paulus S.
The blush or glance of maiden, Art is faint ;
Who ever right the sparkling sunbeam drew,
May, Theodorias ! paint thy sparkle true.

80

78 Painter ! you envious are, and grudge that we
Under the veil the golden curls should see,
But, hiding of that chiefest head the chief
Beauty, of other charms you bar belief.
All artists flatter ; you alone conceal
Splendour which Theodorias should reveal.

*81

79 Say! whose this golden effigy, Synesius.
Venus, or Stratonice she ?

*82

80 Agathias.
I was within Byzantian Rome a courtesan of old,
My lovers gratifying with embraces bought and sold,

Well-known, by name Callirhöe, right skilful in mine art,
Whom Thomas in this picture plac'd when fierce love stung his heart,
Thus proving of his passionate breast how great was the desire,
Wasting his soul in flames away, as wax before the fire.

*83

81 Came down from Heav'n on Earth great Zeus to thee, Philip.
Or, Phidias! went'st thou there the God to see?

84

82 In honour of Apollo bright— Simonides.
Full four-score cubits was its height—
Laches the Lindian built the pile
Of the Colossus in Rhodes-isle.

*85

83 O Ajax! less of Telamon art thou
Than of Timomachus. Upon thy brow
Art Nature has surpast. Of him who drew
Seeing thee mad, the hand was madden'd too;
And, struggling in one disappointed man,
All suff'rings to intensest anguish ran.

86

84 Cimon well painted these; but Momus yet
Snarls—e'en rare Dædalus had cavil met!

87

85 Art has in trial fail'd: its pow'r is past,
Eye cannot point for whom the head is cast.

86 88

Keep, Traveller! thy feet from him who guards this garden clear;
Take care, and trespass not, tho' poor thou see'st me station'd here
In fig-tree wood, not wrought by file, nor e'en in red chalk'd out,
But carv'd by self-taught chisel of a common shepherd lout.
Smile, an thou must, a quiet smile, or my descending staff
Thy damag'd features may distort with a Sardonic laugh.

*89

87 I, by mine art, who gave life's fire, now see Julian.
From art and fire but endless woe for me.

Man truly is ungrateful, since I earn,
For benefits, from bronzers such return.

*90

88 Homer called copper "indestructible;" Julian.
The moulder here approves the poet well.
Lo! where Prometheus moans; in molten brass
The tortures of his inmost soul outpass.
Revenge thee, Hercules! despite thy bow
Iäpetus must endless anguish know.

*91

89 Who whilom feasted with the Gods, and quaff'd Gallus.
Celestial nectar oft in copious draught,
Now craves a common drop; but on the brink
The envious waters ever lower sink.
"Drink," says the scroll, "the rites of Silence know,
We, who are quick of tongue, are punish'd so."

*92

90 Crush, O strong Hercules! each dragon's fold,
The deep necks of the biting monsters hold:
E'en now, an infant, jealous Hera's rage
Stop, and from childhood in great toils engage;
Nor bowl of brass, nor cauldrons here the prize,
But, to Jove's hall, the road which mounts the skies.

91 93

These, Hercules! of endless toil your travails, which endur'd,
The home of the Immortal Gods, Olympus was secur'd;
The far-fam'd apples—Geryon—th' Augeian labour dread—
The Thracian mares—Hippolytè—the snake with many a head—
The lion of Nemæa's wood—the huge bull—the wild boar—
Mænalia's stag—the rav'nous birds—the triple Hell-dog's roar—
Now, at the old acropolis arriv'd of Pergamus
Unravag'd yet, the mighty race defend of Telephus.

94

92 The blood of Nemea's strong lion shed,
Of Lerne's hydra crush'd he head on head:
Next he destroy'd the Erymanthian boar,
And caught the stag which golden antlers wore;

Stymphalia's birds obscene afar he chas'd,
Stript the bright belt the Amazon which grac'd,
Cleans'd the long filth which in Augeia lay,
Drove the fire-breathing bull from Crete away;
From Thrace the horses he of Diomed,
And Geryon's cows from Erytheia, led;
From Hades the dog Cerberus he drew,
And brought to Greece the golden apples too.
His thirteenth labour worst of all was made,
With fifty damsels in one night he laid.

93 *95 Philip.

I wrench'd in twain the wild boar's cheek—I, at Nemæa, slew
The lion unapproachable—the bull—and hydra too;
I took the girdle—I bore off the steeds of Diomed—
I broke the golden apples down—I Cerb'rus captive led—
I tam'd Augeias—slew the birds—the stag escap'd me not—
I Geryon caught: and, for such deeds, Olympus now have got!

96

94 Herdsmen and Swains of Nemea! fear no more Archias.
The bull-devouring lion's deep-mouth'd roar;
Lo! strangled by those monster-killing hands,
Hercules, best in fight, above him stands.
Drive forth your flocks, and let, in desert glen,
The dweller Echo hear their low again;
And arm thee, Lion-slayer! with its hide,
In wrath lest bastard-hating Hera chide.

95 97 Damagetas.

The lion is of Nemea, but the stranger Argive blood,
The greatest that of all wild beasts, of Demigods this stood:
How strength to try, and life to take, a crafty cruel glance
Throwing against each other, they in combat fierce advance!
O Father Zeus! the vict'ry may the man from Argos win,
So, safe the traveller may pass all Nemea's land within.

98

96 First, next, and last, by mind and eyes, the man
Or stag, what part shall I, admiring, scan?
He, pressing on its haunch, weighs down the knees,
His hands its horns' well-spreading branches seize:

It, with wide mouth and sorely-panting breath
Tells by its tongue a heart distrest to death.
By golden art, not by its horns alone,
Great Hercules! the whole true stag is known.

99

97 Who to this moaning metal, by rare Art,
Could pain and courage, both at once, impart?
The cast has life. Here anguish pity wakes,
Here strong bold Hercules with terror shakes,
His arms around o'er-tried Antæus wreathe,
Who, struggling, groaning there, seems scarce to breathe.

*100

98 Who now, cup-heavy, lies in sleep supine,
When sober, slew the Centaurs drunk with wine.

99 101

Conq'ror of all, whose labours twelve are hymn'd in widest fame,
First of mankind, distinguish'd by his strong and manly frame,
After a feast, wine-heavy now, with reeling footstep seen,
Has conquer'd by the effeminate limb-loos'ning Bacchus been.

*102

100 Seeing this hair and club, those eyes which burn
With fearless spirit, and that eye-brow stern,
If on the form a lion skin too be,
'Tis Hercules—if not, Lysimachus is he!

103

101 A cunning artist here Jove's son has set,
Hercules—as Theodamas he met—
Dragging the harness'd ox, with murd'rous mace;
Yet all the slaughter-scene he dar'd not trace,
And, if Theodamas now mercy crave,
Hercules yet may haply hear and save.

104

102 Such as Zeus gat thee in three-moonēd night,
And as, prize-crown'd, thou met'st Eurystheus' sight,
Sore tried Alcides! such thine image we
Heav'n-mounting from thy pyre in triumph see.
The stone Alcmene's travail tells, I trow,
Less true than fable-vaunting Thebæ now.

105

103 *A* Where, Hercules! Nemæa's lion-hide, Geminus.
The great club and full quiver at thy side?
Where thy fierce pride? Why has Lysippus now
Wrought thee with humbled looks and suff'ring brow?
Stript of thine arms, thou griev'st! Say, whose the spoil?
B Wing'd Eros—verily my heaviest toil!

106

104 Past all his labours, Hera this contriv'd Philip.
To see stout Hercules of arms depriv'd.
Where now the lion's hide, the quiver where
Which rattled at his side, the club he bare,
Pond'rous and vast, wherewith he slew the wild
Lernæan Hydra? Eros all has spoil'd!
Who to a swan the father knew to change,
Takes from the son his armour—is it strange?

*107

105 Wonder of Art! alike in man and bull—
Of whom the man, by sheer force, strives to pull
The monster down; with straining limbs he stands
Bending its sinewy neck: while seize his hands,
The left its nostril and a horn the right,
Until its very vertebræ yield quite,
And, neck-subdued, beneath that pow'rful grasp,
Sinks, on bent knee behind, the beast agasp.
It seems—such life has Art in copper set—
That the bull breathes, and streams the man with sweat.

108

106 Had Capaneus, thus raging, Thebes assail'd,
Th' aerial steep with ladder as he scal'd,
He had the city forc'd, in Fate's despite,
For e'en Jove's bolt had blush'd warrior like him to smite.

*109

107 Julian.
Wax, Icarus! thy ruin caus'd; but here in brazen mould
The cunning artist has restor'd to thee thy form of old;
Yet wave not thou thy wings in air, lest, haply, falling thence,
The bath below hiss with a heat Icarian and intense.

110

108 That thou art copper, Icarus! recall, Julian.
Nor on thy shoulders' artful wings rely:
If, when alive, thou in the sea didst fall,
How, made of copper, hop'st thou here to fly?

*111

109 Hippolytus harsh language in the ear Agathias.
Of an old woman speaks. We cannot hear,
But, if the eye of anger we may trust,
He seems to say "No more of what 's unjust."

110 *112 Philostratus.
This is Teuthrania's headlong chief, bold Telephus, who erst
Thro' the embattled hosts of Greece in crimson terror burst,
Who mingled, brimful with their gore, Mysian Caïcus' flood,
And, dauntless, of Pelides' spear as adversary stood:
Now, pierc'd his thigh with dang'rous wound, he fainting falls: slow breath
And flesh sore quiv'ring, to glad foes foretell—yet falsely—death:
From whom, e'en wounded thus, the Greeks or crouch in pale dismay,
Or flee from the Teuthranian voice confusedly away.

113

111 Parrhasius, Philoctetes thus to draw, Glaucus.
At Lemnos sure the suff'ring hero saw:
Hangs in his arid eyes the silent rain,
Nor hides that anguish'd frame his inner pain.
Best Painter! rarest Art! But ah! in peace
Is it not time that ills like his should cease?

112 114
Worse than Greek foe my moulder was, a new Ulysses he
Brings of my fatal-foul disease curst mem'ries back to me;
Penance too small my rock, and rags, the sore, the pus, the pain,
For e'en in stone my suff'rings all he fashions out again.

115

113 'Tis Philoctetes! Distant tho' we be, Julian.
In that stern form his sorrows well we see:
Wild o'er his brow the squalid tresses float,
How hard and dry their very tints denote;

Oft wrinkles furrow o'er his arid skin,
Whence the touch shrinks to feel the fire within :
In his parch'd lids the tears which fall not show
Sure sign of wasting grief and sleepless woe.

*116

114 Cosmas.
I, Pyrrhus, hasten what will be sweet to my father's shade :
But, boldly, Paris' sister, she on Pallas calls for aid.

*117

115 Each into each so mingling ran
The headless horse and footless man ;
Has from a steed the man his source,
Or from a man descends the horse ?

*118

116 The horse no head upon his breast, Euodus.
The man no lower limbs possest :
Nature was joking, or was drunk
When half-man in half-steed she sunk.

*119

117 Blest Cynegirus! Phasis saw not you Cornelius.
As Cynegirus, for strong hands he drew ;
Wise was he, and of hands depriv'd you not,
By hands who immortality have got.

120

118 Mede-slaying hands which rush'd a ship to gain Paulus S.
O'er its bent prow have hatchets cleft in twain,
When Cynegirus, by thy grasp detain'd,
That flying bark, as if 't were moor'd, remain'd.
E'en thus, close-clinging to the vessel's side,
A breathless fear with Persia they abide ;
Barbarians seiz'd them, but of those dead hands
With Attica the living victory stands !

121

119 Poseidippus.
Sculptor of Sicyon! Artist rare ! Lysippus of bold hand !
Thrilling with life, instinct with fire, what genius and command
Flashes in Alexander's form: this matchless form to see,
The rout of Persia was no shame: herds will the lion flee.

122

120 Lysippus has done well—the daring mien, Archelaus: Asclepiades.
The very form of Philip's son are seen!
What meaning does the living brass convey?
With eyes to Heav'n uplift it seems to say,
"While gen'ral Earth beneath my foot I bow,
Keep, O high Zeus! thine own Olympus Thou."

123

121 Lo! Alexander's self before me lives;
The bronze his look of conscious courage gives;
Singly he subjected 'neath Pella's crown
All Earth, whereon the light of Heav'n looks down.

124

122 'Tis Alexander, mighty Philip's heir,
Just born, whom, great of heart, Olympias bare:
Him, from her anguish'd womb, Mars took, to train
In works of toil, and Fortune taught to reign.

123 125

By ox-devouring Hercules! ye children of the sod,
No more for profit of gaunt wolves your country shall be trod,
Nor shall e'en robbers here refuse their plunder-path to make,
Tho' in his hut a heavy sleep the labourer o'ertake.
For pitying Dionysius, pray'r duly made, sets me
Hercules in this savage spot a good ally to be.

*126

124 Tremble not, Trav'ller! tho', before thy face,
These new-tipt naked darts and bow I place,
Nor at my huge club, nor the tawny hair
Of the stript lion which my shoulders bear;
Not all I punish, but the bad alone,
And from distress to save the good am known.

127

125 Still is the sea Ulysses' foe: its wave his traits effac'd,
And caus'd the form to disappear upon the tablet trac'd.
What matters it? for in the page of Homer the divine
His noble image is engrav'd in many a deathless line.

*128

126 A boy, a bull, in neither birth entire,
Th' accuser of his mother's foul desire,

A form of beast with form of mortal mixt,
A doubtful double nature, each betwixt;
Error egregious in both bodies ran,
Making nor wholly bull, nor wholly man.

*129

127 Thracian Lycurgus, Edon's leader, who
In bronze thus moulded with his single shoe?
Lo! o'er his head, as passion-pride inflames,
A heavy hatchet at the vine-root aims.
How well the figure his old boldness tells
As ev'ry muscle with mad hatred swells
And haughty spleen, whose hostile traces e'en
Are in the brass by something bitter seen.

128 130

Iphigenía mad with rage: Orestes' sight again
Brings sweet remembrance back of both how one blood fills each vein;
Of her, infuriate thus, the look, upon that brother bent,
With pity and with madness seems, in awful struggle, blent.

*131

129 The Gods from life transform'd me into stone—
Art has from stone to life to change me known.

132

130 As if her children still she wept, here see Julian.
The very form of wretched Niobe;
If soul she want, no blame on Art be thrown,
It strove to show, and shows, the sex in stone.

131 133 Antipater.

Children twice sev'n whose sole womb bore, Lo! Fate-struck Tantalis—
To Artemis and Phœbus they a common sacrifice,
A maiden to the maids sent death, and to the males a male,
Destruction double-handed made her double sev'n to fail.
She, mother of a houseful now, whom many children blest,
Now wretched by not even one in her old age carest;
The mother to the grief-ful grave not childborne, as is right,
The children by their mother all are buried out of sight.
And thee, too, Tantalus! rash speech destroy'd, thy daughter dear
Turn'd into stone, while over thee a stone is hung of fear.

134

132 Stand near, O Stranger! thus—and, as you see, Theodoridas.
Weep for the myriad woes of Niobe,
To Tantalus whom bright Dione bore:
She on her reckless tongue clos'd not the door:
Her fruitful womb twelve children had in vain,
By Phœbus some, by Artemis some slain,
Victims of whose sure darts they strew the ground,
While she—her writh'd and quiv'ring form scarce bound
In stony slumber yet—a rock is grown,
And Sipylus, the lofty-peak'd, makes moan.
Talk is a malady of woman's tongue,
Dire ills have from its reinless folly sprung!

135

133 Woman! to Heav'n why rais'd thy rash hand now, Antipater.
Thro' wild locks streaming o'er thy godless brow?
Mother of many! 'neath Latona's ire,
Too late thou mourn'st the contest wrong and dire.
There gasping is one girl: a second here
Lies breathless: o'er a third death hovers near.
Nor ends thy trouble in *their* loss: around,
Sons of all years—dead, dying—strew the ground.
Their birth lamenting sore, by grief o'erthrown,
Thyself, O Niobe! wilt soon be stone.

136

134 Daughter of Tantalus, O Niobe! Meleager.
Hearken the herald of calamity.
I of thy woes that saddest tale declare;
Unloose the headband of thy matron hair;
Thou! of men-children who a race hast rear'd
For sorrow-bringing shafts of Phœbus fear'd.
Dead all thy boys. But what this other sight?
Murder, alas! o'erflows on virgins bright;
One at thy knees, one to thy bosom prest,
One on the ground, another 'neath thy breast;
One stares upon the dart before her eyes,
Another crouching from the arrow lies,
And of the last the eyes with life yet flash—
While she, but late so talkative and rash,

Is now a mother, form'd of flesh, but grown
Speechless thro' wonder and as fix'd as stone.

*137

135 Bending above her beauteous babes, as love and anger sway'd,
Timomachus' transcendant art Medea's image made,
Now melting she rejects the sword, now madden'd she resumes,
Now clasps them to her loving breast, and now to death she dooms.

*138

136 When dar'd, Timomachus! thy hand to trace Antiphilus.
Her anguish'd soul in fell Medea's face,
As mother-love or jealous passion drew,
Endless the task it undertook to do,
To paint the conflict of the madd'ning mind,
By turns to pity and to rage inclin'd;
But that it fail'd not, lo! herself is here.
Strives with the savage threat the falling tear,
Pity with passion, fear with hate intense,
Wrong'd wife, fond mother—murder's dread suspense!
From thee, Timomachus! there needs no more,
Leave to Medea's hand her children's gore.

139

137 Who in apt likeness has exprest Philip.
O lawless Colchian! thy wild breast?
Hand ne'er so terrible and true
Till now barbarian mother drew;
Evermore in those traits as erst
Seems for thy children's blood the thirst:
Is there some new Iäson still?
Is Glauce yet thy plea of ill?
Childkiller stampt upon thy brow
Even in wax—O perish thou!
Too lifelike does the portrait tell
What fiendish thoughts thy bosom swell,
What thine immod'rate jealousy
Of being dreams, and dares to be.

*140

138 Well knew Timomachus' rare Art to frame
The murd'ress of her babes, the Colchian dame,

Poniard in hand, fierce rage, those wild looks cast,
Tears o'er her wretched children flowing fast,
All here he join'd that never mix'd before,
And only spar'd to stain her hand with gore.

141

139 When rare Timomachus Medea drew, Julian.
Two feelings in a lifeless form he threw,
Maternal fondness, jealous rage combin'd,
Agonis'd looks to tell the struggling mind.

142

140 Look, wonder, at that piteous pallid brow,
The anger of those eyes fire-flashing now;
A sorely-tried wife-mother's hand is there,
To murder impulse-urg'd, which yet would spare.
Well has the painter shrunk death's end to show,
Else were our wonder blunted in our woe!

*143

141 Why, twitt'ring Swallow! this fierce Colchian ta'en Philip.
To nurse thy young by whom her own were slain?
That bloodshot eye still murd'rous lightning darts,
And from her jaws the white foam trickling starts,
Blood stains her sword—the accursed mother flee,
Even in wax her children's murd'ress she!

*144

142 Mad tho' in stone, the passion of thy heart,
Hollowing those eyes, prepares for murder's part:
The stone scarce holds thee: furious from its base
Leaps the wrong'd wife to avenge her bed's disgrace.
What chisel moulded her, what sculptor wrought,
Whose rare art has e'en stone with madness fraught?

145

143 Medea's form! how in that lifted eye Antipater.
The angry wife and loving mother vie.

*146

144 Arabius.
Hippomenes! this golden prize before that damsel swift
Did'st thou, to check her speed, display, or as a marriage gift?

Both purposes the apple serv'd: the maiden it withdrew
From rapid running, and the yoke of Paphia symbol'd too.

*147

145 Thy sculptor was not man: thee on a rock reclin'd
Bacchus thy lover saw, and, as he saw, design'd.

*148

146 Touch not this Ariadne, Stranger! lest,
Tho' stone, she leap to seek her Theseus' breast.

149

147 Antiphilus.
The land is Æthiop: Perseus with his winged feet is there:
Daughter of vain Cassiope, Andromeda the fair
Scarce from the rock is fetter-free: and Gorgo gleams above
Whose look turns all to stone: a whale contests the prize of love.
Now loosens she her sluggish foot, as yet by torpor tied,
And now the suitor leads away the rescued one his bride.

150

148 Did Cepheus, or the painter place Arabius.
Andromeda on yon bare rock?
If in her eyes we 'd answer trace,
Perplexities decision mock.
And has that whale engraven been
Out of yon jutting cliff's rude cave,
Or was the monster mounting seen
From neighb'ring Ocean's yeasty wave?

151

149 Greek Helen's lovely form am I, Do.
Whom—hospitable Zeus put by—
From a true husband's home of yore
The herdsman of mount Ida tore.

*152

150 Of Polyclitus is this Polyxene— Pollianus.
Touch'd by none else its tints divine have been.
See! how her garments rudely rent aside,
Shame's naked parts her dropt hands haste to hide.
Unfortunate! for life so pleading, lies
Phrygia's whole war within those virgin eyes.

153

151 Stranger! thou look'st upon the far-fam'd face
Of Dido, beaming as with heav'nly grace:
Such was I born, but ne'er, as thou hast heard,
My mind, to honour dead, has free love stirr'd:
Æneas saw me not: nor ever came
His ships to Libya from Troy's fatal flame:
But, to escape Iärbas' hateful bed,
My firm hand dar'd life's dearest blood to shed.
Muses! why fired ye Maro, that unchaste
His verse belied me and my name disgrac'd?

*154

152 Dear Echo! grant one grace to me—to me. Gauradas.
I love a maid, but loves not she—not she.
No time she deigns me to confer—confer.
Carry thou then my love for her—for her.
As earnest of my praise give this—give this.
Echo! what else—the hope of bliss?—of bliss.

*155

153 In rural meads as tongueless Echo sings, Satyrus.
An after-voice to Pan his answer brings.

156

154 Friend! 'tis Pan's mistress, Echo of the rocks, Lucian: Archias.
As with its counterpart each sound who mocks,
The second tongue of ev'ry mouth, a play
Pleasant to herds. Speak, listen, and away!

157

155 Hark! Echo mocking all and each, Euodus.
The dregs of sound, the tail of speech.

156 *158

A Goddess I of Arcady, and near the porch I dwell
Of God Lyæus, and the words men prompt I utter well;
The partner of thy revels I no more, dear Bacchus! shun,
Come, sit, blithe Pan! true friends again, we two will talk as one.

*159

157 Why arms, O Triton-born! in Athens wear? Julian.
Neptune submits—thine own Cecropia spare.

158 *160 Diotimus.
I'm Artemis as Artemis should be, her birth who owes
To Zeus, and to no meaner sire. This well the bronzer shows.
Gazers! the God-born virgin's pow'r allow, and surely ye
Will say a little hunting-ground the whole earth is to me.

*161

159 Who Cypris saw on earth? who gave stone life,
And marble made with love and beauty rife?
Praxiteles, or else, on Cnidos' isle
Herself is lit, bereaving Heav'n awhile.

162

160 By sea to Cnidos Cytherea came Plato.
There to behold her image, voic'd by fame;
Her earnest gaze sought ev'rywhere, and found,
Where pilgrim feet most trod the holy ground;
"And did Praxiteles profane" she cries
(Shame on her cheeks yet triumph in her eyes)
"Thus, e'en as Nature made, behold me? No!
Mars' self alone has train'd his chisel so."

163

161 To Genius or to Art no debt is due, Do.
As erst by Paris crown'd, here Paphia view.

*164

162 When Cypris' statue Cypris eyed
In Cnidos' isle with pain she cried
"Shame, shame, Praxiteles! where, when
Stood I thus naked in thy ken?"

163 165 Lucian.
None ever yet of Paphos' isle the Goddess naked saw;
If any, sure! 'twas he who thus could Paphia naked draw.

166

164 Since nought superior to thyself can be, Do.
Cypris! I raise thine own fair form to thee.

165 167 Evenus.
When Pallas and the wife of Zeus beheld the Cnidian Queen,
They said "To blame the Phrygian boy our anger wrong has been."

168

166 The swain on Ida's mount alone of yore Evenus.
Beheld her who the palm of beauty bore ;
Praxiteles, his art's best proof to tell,
Made Paris' choice to Cnidos visible.

169

167 When, in old Cnidos, Cypria's image shown, Antipater S.
Thou'lt say " She stone would fire, herself tho' stone."
But, when, at Thespiæ, seen the sweet Desire,
" Not stone, this e'en cold adamant will fire."
Such are the Gods Praxiteles has wrought
Divine and perfect, one in one land brought,
Another in another, that below
None might a double flame of glory know.

168 170

Three saw me naked—Paris, and Anchises, and Adonis
How by a fourth, Praxiteles, my very form then known is ?

*171

169 The heav'nly charms of foam-born Paphia seen,
The Phrygian's choice will right appear, I ween :
Look on Athenian Pallas, and you 'll cry
Paris was but a clown to pass her by!

172

170 Cnidian Cythera seen, Stranger ! thou'lt say Hermodorus.
" Aye hold, o'er mortal and Immortal, sway."
At Athens when arm'd Pallas meets thine eye,
" Paris indeed a cow-boy was," thy cry.

*173

171 These arms of Mars, why, Cytherea ! wear, Leonidas.
And for what purpose their vain burden bear ?
Mars thou didst vanquish with thy naked charms,
If foil'd e'en Gods, 'gainst men what need of arms ?

*174

172 Forgotten now of Paris the decree, Alexander.
Cypris herself in Pallas' armour see.

175

173 With bow and darts, her far-off shooting gear, Julian.
'T is Cytherea's fashion to appear,

But, reverencing brave Lycurgus' laws,
Arms for close fight she spells to Sparta draws.
Spartans! her weapons honouring, do ye
In bridal beds of bold sons mothers be.

*176

174 Pallas saw Cytherea clad in arms,
"Cypris! dar'st thou again with me the field?"
She softly-smiling, "Naked, if my charms
Won me the vict'ry, what with spear and shield?"

177

175 Antipater.
E'en stone has arm'd itself to be as very Paphia known,
Or Paphia, seeing it, perchance preferr'd her form in stone.

178

176 Not as in other lands her statue's known, Do.
Is Cypris, in soft robes, at Sparta shown;
A helmet not a veil engirds her head,
And for the golden boughs a spear instead.
It were not meet of Thracian Mars the wife,
A Spartan too, should weapons want of strife.

179

177 Philip.
O Cypris! fond of smiles, with bliss who crownest married life,
A honey-dropping Deity, why bear these arms of strife?
To thee the flow'r-wreath'd female choir, to thee glad Pæans suit,
And Hymen with his golden locks and music of clear flute:
Then why this dress portending death? Despoil'd the daring Mars,
Sure! Cypris is not vaunting here her prowess in rude wars.

*180

178 Lo! of Apelles' art best boast to be, Antipater S.
Cypris just risen from her mother sea:
With fairest hand her glist'ning hair she takes,
And from each dewy curl the bright foam shakes;
Athena now and Hera with a sigh,
Own with such beauty it were vain to vie.

181

179 Naked as from the sea, her nurse, in view, Archias.
Sprang Cypris forth, Apelles saw and drew:

And there, still wet with Ocean's foam, she stands
Wringing her tresses with her tender hands.

182

180 When Cypris naked from the blue wave sprung, Democritus.
And Ocean to her form with kisses clung,
Thus with soft fingers from each sparkling tress
Down her white cheeks the foam-bells did she press,
Her bosom only seen. Such shame was sweet,
Mars, were she aye so coy, had met defeat!

183

181 When Paphia from her briny birth-place rose, Julian E.
Apelles' hand she, as a midwife, chose:
Quick from before the painter's colours get,
Lest the foam dropping from the squeez'd hair wet;
Were Cypris for the fruit thus naked seen,
Wrongly has Troy the prey of Pallas been.

184

182 Sparkling as when the sea she cleft, Leonidas T.
What time her mother's breast she left,
Cypris upon his raptur'd view
Beaming, Apelles instant drew
Her form with grace and beauty rife,
Kindling to love, instinct with life.
Well, with her rose-tipt fingers fair,
She flings the foam-drops from her hair,
And well too shines the virgin fire
In her sweet eyes of calm desire.
Her snowy bosom's sink and swell
Youth's prime, and, ah! its passion, tell.
Well now may Pallas, Hera say
"We yield, high Zeus! to her the day."

*185

183 *A* What is thy league with Pallas? her the spear
And war delight; rich feasts to thee are dear.
B Stranger! not rashly of the Gods ask such:
Yet am I like this Deity in much:
That me too the renown of war can please
All India owns, subdued to farthest seas;

To bless man's race our bounties we combine,
The olive hers, the vine's sweet clusters mine;
Mother for me with pains was never wrung,
I from Jove's thigh as from his head she sprung.

186

184 Antipater.

A A comrade, Dionysius, of Ausonian Piso, I
Am, by good fortune, of the house its guardian set on high.
B Thou hast upon a worthy house, O Dionysius! lit,
The house for Bacchus, for the house is Bromius also fit.

187

185 Both sons of Zeus, Thebans and warriors, see;
He mighty with the club, with thyrsus He,
Their trappings like—a fawn's or lion's hide,
Cymbals and rattles—columns side by side,
Both suffer'd Hera's ire; both thro' the flame
From Earth to Heav'n amid th' Immortals came.

188

186 I Hermes am call'd quick. But place me not Xenocrates.
In the prize-ring. No hands nor feet I've got.
Why then quick-footed, nimble how of hand,
Since, on this base, bereft of both, I stand?

*189

187 A rustic to a wooden Hermes pray'd:
In vain; it still was wood, and gave no aid.
Uplifting then, he dash'd upon the ground
The senseless image till it broke in twain,
When, from the fracture, tumbled gold all round.
An act of insolence brings often gain!

190

188 I, Hermes, of Cyllene, who the leafy mountain-steep Nicias.
Inherited, the pleasant guard of this gymnasium keep;
Often for me the amaranth and hyacinth boys set,
And, in luxuriant garlands, eke the vernal violet.

191

189 Here—left the slopes of Mænalus— Do.
For profit of Peristratus,

Remain I, guard of his bee-swarm,
Lying in wait lest thieves should harm;
Avoid ye the fast-falling blow
Of my rude hand and rustic toe!

192

190 The goatherd Morichus here leaves in ward Leonidas.
His flocks with Hermes, a sure faithful guard;
Crop the green woods, and in the mountains stray
Nor think that rav'ning wolves may snatch away.

193

191 The rolling circle of the potter's wheel Nicænetus.
Me Hermes form'd, of clay from head to heel.
Mud-made, I lie not: the poor potter's art,
Stranger! was ever pleasant to my heart.

194

192 Think me not, Friend! for Scopas' art made me,
A Hermes of the common kind to be.

195

193 Philip.
A Cyllenian! cabbage may I take?
B Nay, Traveller! refrain.
A Who grudge the paltry greens?
B None grudge, Law teaches to abstain;
No thievish hands on other's goods.
A A paradox indeed!
"Steal not," a new law and a strange has Hermes here decreed.

*196

194 Some one from fire to fire a brass Love led,
And, worst revenge! a frypan made instead.

*197

195 O'er the wing'd lord of living fire a chain Satyrus.
Who here has cast and his hot quiver ta'en?
Who his quick-darting hands thus bringing round,
Fix'd them, and to a massy column bound?
Cold comfort this for mortals, when in mind
The captive does himself the captor bind.

198

196 The victor vanquish'd! Who, profane, Alcæus.
Has Eros bound in captive chain?
Whence on his hand these fetters? why
This abject look and tearful eye?
Where, Boy! thy swift darts sure of aim,
Thy bitter quiver bearing flame?
The sculptor labour'd vainly, sure!
Who, in this slight net, would secure
Him by whose force e'en Gods are tost,
Wave-like, in stormy madness lost.

199

197 Who in indissoluble bands Antipater.
Bound to a column thus thy hands?
Who fire by fire to quench has known,
And craft by craft has overthrown?
Let not, thou silly one! appear
On thy sweet face the falling tear:
From thee, to whom the pangs of youth
But pleasure are, tears get no ruth.

200

198 Weep, lawless God! fast-bound those hands of thine; Mæcius.
Weep sorely, shedding tears thy soul which pine;
Scorner of virtue! Mind-cheat! Reason-thief!
Eros, the soul's wing'd fire and hidden grief!
Thy bonds release from pain to mortals bear,
So prison'd, to the deaf winds breathe thy pray'r.
Th' unguarded torch thou lightedst in man's breast,
Lo! in thy tears its flame is now supprest.

201

199 Weep now, and wail, and wring thine hands! Crinagoras.
Become thee well, sly rogue! these bands.
Nay! look not sad, none sees nor hears;
Thou too hast forc'd from others tears,
Hast planted with thy piercing dart
Worst poison in the loving heart.
That who still mock'd our suff'rings, now
Should bear the same, is just, I trow!

*202

200 His torch and arrows laid aside, Moschus.
Upon his back a wallet tied,
Sly Eros, in his hand a scourge
Wherewith the team to better urge,
Beneath the yoke which bore his plough
Constrain'd the hard-neck'd bulls to bow,
And, as its furrow he pursued,
Ever the golden corn he strew'd:
Then said to Zeus, with conq'ring smile
Uplooking from his rustic toil,
"Bless the land, else, Europa's bull!
I'll harness you my plough to pull."

*203

201 *A* Why is thy bow unstrung? and where the dart Marianus.
Fix'd by thee ever in man's inmost heart,
Thy wings, thy fateful torch? Why holdest thou
Three wreaths in hand, and one upon thy brow?
B I owe not, Friend! to common Cypris birth,
Nor to material joy, not sprung from Earth.
But in pure minds of men fair Learning's fire
I light, and bid the soul to Heav'n aspire.
From Virtues four these chaplets, one from each,
But crown'd by him who first did wisdom reach.

*204

202 Call me not him from Libanus who sprung,
Feast-fond, and pleas'd with night-talk of the young;
I, of a neighbour Nymph the rustic boy,
Merely in planting-toils my time employ;
Hence four crowns, from a fair full orchard borne,
By the four Seasons thus my brow adorn.

205

203 Under my sovran feet his proud neck brought Julian E.
With captive hands Praxiteles me wrought:
Moulding Love's self from what he felt within,
He gave me to his Phryne hers to win,
And she to Love restor'd me. It is right
That lovers with Love's self should love requite.

*206

204 Praxiteles felt love, and moulding true Simonides.
From his own heart the living model drew,
Then gave me to his Phryne, young and sweet,
Fair barter, Love for love, in homage meet.
Now bow and dart my hand no longer arm,
And, merely gaz'd upon, the world I charm.

207

205 Me Love, her love's return to have, Geminus.
Praxiteles to Phryne gave,
A God to mortal, when he saw
The God best gift her love to draw.
She with the artist kindly dealt,
For in her mind a fear she felt,
Lest the sly God in place of art,
Should, as ally, resume his dart;
And now she dreads not as before
The wayward child of Cypris more,
But, since its mother Art she sees,
Thine only, best Praxiteles!

208

206 The only God on Thespian shore Leonidas.
Love, child of Cypris, they adore:
Drawn from no other model he
Than what Praxiteles of old
Acknowledg'd as a God to be,
When Fortune gave him to behold
By Phryne's side, the heav'nly boy
Radiant with beauty, breathing joy,
Whom then he wrought for her, so best to prove
His peerless art, and pay her precious love.

209

207 Why, without fiery dart or fatal blow, Palladas.
A naked Eros, blandly smiling so?
His hands a fish and flow'r hold not in vain—
From this the land he rules, from that the main!

*210

208 Tho' breathless and asleep, e'en at a feast, Gabriel.
From his fire-scatt'ring bite Love never ceas'd.

211

209
Thou! who art puffing at a spark to light thy link thereby,
Come hither, light it from my heart, for all on fire am I.

212

210 Reach'd a deep shady grove, within we found Plato.
Cythera's child, with rosy cheeks and round.
Nor arrow'd quiver, nor bent bow had he:
Idly they hung in air on leafy tree;
Amid the rosebuds, in soft slumber sunk,
Smiling he lay: his sweet lips the brown bee
Oft lighted on, and there best honey drunk.

213

211 Thou, who on mortals bringest sleepless care, Flaccus.
Of foam-born Cypris dang'rous child! sleep'st there,
Thine now no burning torch, nor twanging bow,
Whose arrows, ne'er in vain, the best lay low.
Who will, be bold, I still, proud Spirit! fear,
Lest in thy sleep ill dreams of me appear.

214

212 Love! the full quiver at your shoulders hung, Alpheius.
And, from your hand, the lit torch shall be wrung,
If, child of fire! your sleep be true indeed,
And from your shafts we men awhile are freed.
E'en this I fear, lest 'gainst me you conceal
Plots, which bad dreams may e'en in rest reveal.

215

213 Since on thy back swift wings adjusted are, Meleager: Strato.
And Scythian shafts whose keen points wound afar,
Eros! what profits it 'neath Earth to flee,
E'en Hades, lord of all, escapes not thee.

*216

214 Secundus.
Behold the spoil-delighting Loves! Like merry children they,
As if on brawny shoulders bear the arms of Gods away:
Thyrsus and drum of Bromius, the thunderbolts of Jove,
Of Mars the shield and helm, its crest with glist'ning horsehair
wove,

Phœbus' well-arrow'd quiver they and Neptune's trident seize,
And eke the club from the strong hands of mighty Hercules—
What hope for mortals then, since Love has of Immortals e'en
The city taken, and of arms they, Cypris-spoil'd, are seen.

*217

216 The Argive Polyclitus who with eyes Parmenio.
Alone saw Hera, moulding her life-size,
Such beauty, as he might, to man has shown,
But kept, for Zeus, the forms beneath unknown.

218

217 I am Calliopè : I gave
my breasts to Cyrus erst ;
Here Homer the divine, and here
was darling Orpheus nurst.

215 *219 Philip.
Robbing Olympus, all the Loves themselves with arms adorn,
Proud in the glitt'ring spoils their wiles have from Immortals torn:
They bear the bow of Phœbus off, the bolts of Zeus they seize,
The shield and helmet of red Mars, the club of Hercules,
The winged shoes of Hermes, and the Sea-God's three-fork'd spear,
Diana's torch, and, ivy-wreath'd, the wand to Bacchus dear ;
'Tis no great shame that mortals should before Love's arrows bow,
To whom their bright arms, one and all, the very Gods yield now.

220

218 The painter wish'd to paint Melpomenè, Johannes B.
But, in her absence, drew Calliopè.

221

219 Polymnia ! this your likeness is, Do.
and you are like a Muse;
One name there is for both to bear,
one shape for both to use.

220 *222 Antipater.
A group we are of Muses three, lo ! in her hand one brings
The pipes, a harp the second, and the third a shell with strings;
Who holds the shell 's Aristoclès; the chorded harp who bears
Is Ageladas ; Canache the minstrel reeds prepares.

* * * * *
* * * * *

*223

221 Me a white stone from out a teeming rock Theætetus.
A Median sculptor cut in massy block,
And bore me o'er the seas to Athens, there
That statues might their fortitude declare.
But, when at Marathon fell Persia's pride,
And home their ships sail'd Ocean's crimson tide,
Nurse of the great and gifted, Athens then
Wrought me a Goddess, hostile to proud men.
A double-meaning hope my figure breeds,
Vict'ry to Greeks, but vengeance to the Medes.

224

222 Parmenio.
Me trophy-bearer of the Mede a stone who sought to be—
Chang'd opportunely my design—a Nemesis men see,
Mounted as Justice-Goddess I, on Rhamnes' rising crest,
Her wisdom and her vict'ry to all Attica attest. [264.]

*225

223 Lo! Nemesis forewarns by rule and rein,
Measure thine actions and thy tongue restrain.

*226

224 I, rule in hand, am Nemesis;
if any ask me why,
"Nothing beyond the measure," so
to him I make reply.

227

225 Pan playing on his pipe but now was heard, Archias.
For on the form the moulder breath conferr'd;
But, seeing Echo flee, in helpless doubt
Its useless voice he ceases to give out.

228

226 Breathe, mountain Pan! with thy soft lips a strain, Alcæus.
Breathe it, delighted with the shepherd's reed;
From sweet-voic'd pipe such melody maintain
As may the singing of thy fellows lead:
And round thee, to thy music's varying beat,
Let the fair Naiads dance with flashing feet!

229

227 Here, Trav'ller ! thrown upon the velvet sward,
Rest your limbs wearied by long labour hard :
The pine-tree by the breath of Zephyr stirr'd,
Shall soothe you, and the tettix-song be heard.
The shepherd on the hill his mid-day strain
Plays near a fount, or, 'neath a shaggy plane,
Flees the fierce autumn sun. To-morrow you
Shall pass the grove. To Pan pay rev'rence due !

230

228 Stranger ! beneath this rock your tir'd limbs seat ; Anyte.
A breeze among the green leaves murmurs sweet.
Drink the cool crystal from the fountain near,
Rest and relief to summer trav'ller dear !

231

229 The dearest scion this of very Jove
Brings, as a proof, the clouds his head above.
King Hermes was the Cloud-compeller's son,
And Pan, the goat-herd, life from Hermes won.

232

230 Stop not, tir'd Stranger! water here to drink, Leonidas.
Muddy and warm where flocks frequent the brink.
But, o'er the height, pass on where heifers feed:
There, by that shepherd's pine, you 'll find indeed,
Bubbling from rocks a pure and pleasant fountain
Colder than snows which pile the northern mountain.

233

231 *A* Why, rustic Pan! in lone dark wood thy seat, Anyte.
Make on thy sounding pipe this music sweet?
B So best my calves along the dewy hill
May on the bearded corn-ears feed their fill.

*234

232 Me, goat-foot Pan of Arcady, Simonides.
the Forest-King, who ought
On Athens' side against the Medes
Miltiades here brought.

*235

233 Theætetus.

Who haunt the woods and love the trees, of Echo of the rock
The Husband, with all-seeing eye, who guard the well-horn'd flock,
I, Pan, rough-shank'd and many-sir'd, my wont who changing ran
To lead against Assryian spears in war the Grecian van,
When lock'd Miltiades our shields which Persia put to flight,
Stand here in recognition of mine unsought aid in fight;
To others the Acropolis: Marathon, which o'erthrew
The Mede, to me, and those who fought at Marathon, is due.

234 236 Philodemus.

Three Gods, one shrine—Lo! goat-horn'd Pan, confest
By head, and Hercules from paunch and breast;
Wing-footed Hermes, too, by lot obtains
What of the haunch and knees below remains:
Stranger! refuse not offerings to make,
For of one sacrifice all three partake.

237

235 Apollonidas.

Why make ye thus with golden cups libations free? And why
Pour out the old Italian wine? The God of rustics I.
Why to yon rock the curved necks of bulls impatient bind?
Spare them. In sacrifice of blood no joy I ever find.
My name is Pan, I 'm made of wood, hard by the hills I stay,
I feed on lambs and evermore drink new wine from plain clay.

238

236 Leonidas: Peritus.

High o'er his garden-fences me,
Priapus, who ne'er sleep,
Dinomenes has plac'd, the charge
of his pot-herbs to keep:
Thief! look on me with arms and legs
outstretcht as if to break:
Are these poor greens, you ask, his all?
nought else is his to take!

239

237 Tymnes.

P I menace all: and, plenty tho' there be,
Let me not in this plot a sole thief see.
T Strange! o'er poor kitchen herbs a watch to set.
P Not strange at all, Sir! and I guard them yet.

240

238 Me, as of wont, his wither'd vines to keep Lucian.
Eutychides plac'd here, in useless ward:
Girt on all sides by precipices steep,
Who comes to steal will only find the guard.

241

239 Apollonidas.
Priapus—not the one afoot, but who with lowly knee
Is bending—Anaxagoras in homage offer'd me.
Philomachus the figure made. But, on beholding near
One of the Graces beautiful, I fell—what wonder?—here.

*242

240 Philip.
T Ripe figs are here. O surely they may spare
A few for me.
P Off!—not a finger there.
T Priapus! why so angry?
P Sir! you shan't.
T I want but little.
P Little, too, my want.
T How may I help it?
P Give and take. All right!
T What is 't? In money can a God delight?
P No! something else.
T And that?
P Figs from my plot
Take, eat—but give to me what yours has got.

243

241 *T* They 're ripe. Argentarius.
P I know it well. To me why praise
My figs, whereon thou, Trav'ller! may'st but gaze.
Sharp watch I keep, suspecting each and all,
Lest on my crop some felon hand may fall.
Touch but a fig, I with my fig-staff strike,
It is but just like to put down with like.

*244

243 A scare-thief I, in very rich plough'd land, Antistius.
As guard of Phricon's plants and cabin, stand,

And thus I say to each, "Your own road take,
If in this guise to see me laughter wake:
But, would you pass where way is none, your hair
Will nothing profit you. I no man spare."

*245

244 Why to the reed thine ear, O Satyr! bend? Agathias.
Did it indeed a sound spontaneous send?
Silent he smiles; he might have spoke a word,
But he forgets by too much pleasure stirr'd.
While his whole soul is o'er the pipe intent,
Silence he loves—wax would not words prevent.

246

245 Bacchus, a Satyr seeing in great pain, Leontius.
Pitied his case and turn'd him into stone;
But ceas'd not even then his violent sprain—
In stone, alas! his torture still is shown.

247

246 A Satyr has or run to bronze,
or, art-compell'd, the brass
Itself, around a Satyr's shape,
has, molten, known to pass.

*248

247 Nilus.
A All Satyrs, well I know it, are joke-lovers. But, I pray,
Why, looking on us, evermore to laughter thus give way?
B I laugh with wonder as I think from these odd bits of stone,
Got here and there, how, suddenly, a Satyr I am grown!

249

248 This Satyr Diodorus put Plato.
to sleep, and carv'd it not;
You will awake him if you prick;
the silver sleeps, I wot!

250

249 O Man! who near me seated art, when seen
This statue fair, propitiate Beauty's Queen,
And Glycera of Dionysius thank
Who plac'd me by the soft blue sea-waves' bank.

*251

250 Proving Heav'n's fire is to his own a joke,
Wing'd Eros, seen Jove's winged lightning, broke.

*252

251 Two rival Loves has Nemesis here plann'd :
Both have their wings, and both their bows in hand.
Fearless and bold, who bitter arrows dealt
On others erst, weeps now since he has felt.
Thrice on his deep breast spat he. O rare sight!
Fire then burns fire, Love wounds e'en Love—all right.

*253

252 I too am Cypria's blood ; my mother wills that I
Should wings and arrows have my brother to defy.

*254

253 *A* Why, Artemis ! from bow and quiver freed ?
Where now the Cretan boot to wing thy speed ?
Where too the purple robe, whose falling fold
Circled thine utmost thigh, and clasp of gold ?
B Those arm me for the chase : where victims glow,
To meet that holy incense, I come so.

255

254 Men passing by me pile a heap of stone,
Sacred to Hermes. For small favour shown
No great one I requite, but merely tell
The passer-by, " Sev'n stadia to Goat's Well."

256

255 Come not, O Trav'ller ! these young vine-shoots near,
Nor to the apples, nor the medlars here ;
Where marks the line the proper limit, take
Your pathway, trample nothing here, nor break.
The gard'ner Midon, who, with labour hard,
Drest this fair orchard, set me here in ward :
Me if you heed not you will quickly learn
How Hermes treats transgressors in return.

257

256 Mine, Traveller ! this rocky spot and drear :
And yet not I, Archilochus plac'd here.

I, Hermes, love not mountain nor hill-crest,
But rather with the by-paths am pleas'd best.
Archelochus, a friend of places waste,
Me, in like spot, unneighbourly has plac'd.

258

257 Thro' flames, Lyæus! twice 't was thine to pass,
Born to new life in Myro's molten brass.

*259

258
A goat-hoof Pan of molten brass the Cretan who made me,
Has near Dictynna's temple plac'd its station-guard to be;
I wear a skin, and bear in hand a sure hare-hitting crook,
And from the rock with both mine eyes towards the mountains look.

260

259 Athens, in Parian marble, me,
a trophy-bearing Pan,
Has plac'd in Pallas' citadel—
I led in fight her van.

261

260 If I, Priapus, near my garden catch,
I'll skin thee, Pilf'rer! by the onion-patch;
The deed will shame a God. I know that too;
'T is base; but here they plac'd me such to do.

262

261 Leonidas.
Where cross-ways meet, Priapus I a trusty guardian stand,
Hither and thither brandishing a cudgel in my hand.
Theocritus knows well in me his watchman true. O Thief!
Away, lest, falling on thy back this club, thou com'st to grief.

263

262 The Goat-foot—on his back a skin of wine—
The laughing Nymphs and Danäe divine,
All by Praxiteles in marble white,
The hands especially so true and light,
Momus himself to Father Zeus might say
"Here 's cleverness, for once without allay!"

264

263 The boastful Persian brought me here,
A mass of stone, whence carv'd might be
Fit trophies of his victory.
I now as Nemesis appear,
And thus a double lesson teach,
By Fortune's strange reverse, to each;
Trophy to Greece of triumph bright,
And proof of Persia's baffled might.

264 265

To Iris of the many shapes—fruit-bearing—yielding corn—
With marble basket bent o'er earth, by plough-share rude untorn,
Whence self-producing fruits to crown their mother fair are born.

*266

264a To Nymphs this statue. May the spot,
Their own, be ne'er by them forgot;
But—aye their care—in this green dell,
Ever may living waters well!

265 *267

What man with blameless hands has here moulded the God of Blame,
Sore-pain'd, and pitiless against all good who merit fame?
The old man, thrown upon the ground, lies, as one breathing yet,
Weigh'd down in ev'ry limb, his griefs who vainly would forget:
Gnashing his double rows of teeth, to see the prosp'rous state
Of neighbour, or of friend, he shows how ruinous his hate:
His body but a wither'd weight, emaciated: *there*
Propping with his age-wrinkled hand his temples bald and bare;
Here snarling, as, with pointed staff, the ground he pierces, shown,
So venting forth his spite in vain against a lifeless stone.

*268

266 At thy curst nail-tips, rav'ning Momus! gnaw,
Gnaw on, and gnash thine evil-venom'd jaw;
Thee starting veins and straining nerves proclaim,
And pow'rs exhausted of a soulless frame;
Thee, on thy wither'd brows the horrent hair
* * * * * *
Art well might spare thy snappish mouth to give,
Which, in all features else, here bids thee live.

269

267 *A* Whence He who fix'd this likeness ? Synesius.
B From Byzantium.
A His name ?
B Eusebius.
A And who Thou ?
B From Cos Hippocrates who came.
A Why did he paint thee ?
B On account of speeches many made
The honours of his brush on me the grateful City paid.
A Why his own portrait has he not painted and plac'd ?
B Because
By honouring me and not himself he greater honour draws.

270

268 His very words, Hippocrates !
or Pæan gave to thee,
Or Thou art sent our witness of
his saving art to be.

271

269 He taught to us of healing art the secret paths to find,
Hippocrates of island Cos, the saviour of mankind.

272

270 Time was thro' thee, O Galen ! when the Earth Magnus.
Immortal kept us men of mortal birth,
And much-wept Acheron's black halls were left,
Forc'd by thy healing hand, of dead bereft.

*273

271 Healer of man Hippocrates, of horse Sosander Thou,
To each of whom some secret pow'r of cure we all allow,
Your trades or else your titles change, nor let one have his name
From art whereof the mastery the other well may claim.

274

272 Iamblichus, belov'd of all, Leontius.
to old age who attain'd,
Never, of Cypris votary,
his chaste soul had he stain'd ;

Aye studious of his healing art,
and teaching wisdom still,
He would not e'en with holy gains
his hands unselfish fill.

*275

273 Crinagoras.

The Son himself of Phœbus did, Praxagoras! on thee
Impart—his hand anointed with the oil of Panachè—
Skill in the pain-dispelling art. When ling'ring fevers wring
The helpless frame, thou knowest well to end the aches which spring;
The med'cines which sufficient are to cure the flesh when cut,
From mild Epionè thou know'st how each and all to put;
And if such science had avail'd to heal the hurts of men,
The skiff, death-freighted, ne'er had crost the fatal ferry then.

*276

274 The Emp'ror Julian's great physician see!
Worthy all love, Orbasius the divine—
Bee-like, all flow'rs of former art knew he
With wisdom rare to cull and to combine.

*277

275 Poseidippus.

A Who, whence the modeller, and what his name?
B Lysippus—he from Sicyon who came.
A But who are you?
B I'm Time, who all o'erthrow.
A Wherefore on tip-toe?
B I run always so.
A Why to your feet two soles of diff'rent kinds?
B To creep like mortals and to fly like winds.
A Why in your right hand a sharp weapon set?
B A sign to men that I am sharper yet.
A Wherefore adown your face this flowing hair?
B That they who come to meet may clasp me there.
A Why bald behind?
B That none to seize may try
After my winged feet have once rush'd by.
A Modell'd for whom, plac'd wherefore here?
B For you,
A door-way lesson in the public view.

276 278 Bianor.
This statue of Arion and the dolphin which in haste
Swam to his aid, sea-perishing, has Periander plac'd;
Arion's fable tells, what ne'er before nor since was known,
Of man slain by his fellow-men, and sav'd by fish alone.

277 279 Paulus Sil.
The painter's hand thy beauty has with difficulty shewn,
Would it had pow'r to picture too thy sweet mouth's magic tone,
So, by thy beaming countenance, and by thy tuneful lyre,
We, at the same time, pleasure might in eyes and ears acquire.

280

278 Of love and music too the plectrum hers, Do.
Alike with each the mind and lyre she stirs.
Wo worth whom she misliketh! on whom she
Smiles, an Adonis or Anchises he!
Wouldst thou, O Stranger! know her name and land?
Far-fam'd Maria is from Pharos' strand.

281

279 Trav'ller! Nicæa's sounding stone recall—
How, when Alcathous built her high-tow'r'd wall,
Phœbus, his Lycoræan harp laid down,
Did with a coign-stone his own shoulders crown;
Thus am I musical. In proof, do thou,
With thin stone striking me, my boast allow.

282

280 From gold by Agathon bequeath'd, the town of Tegea hath,
A marvel to posterity, built this unrivall'd bath.

283

281 What 's now a bath erewhile a bath was not—
Rather a dung-heap and a refuse-spot—
By its new splendour shewing us what all,
With one acclaim, now sweet and pretty call;
This, Alexander, wisdom's far-fam'd sun
Nicæa's priest at his own cost has done.

284

282 As Victories we smiling virgins stand, Palladas.
Who vict'ries bring to this Christ-loving land;

Those who our city love have us design'd
With forms the same as we in Vict'ries find.

285

283 A tenth Muse, a fourth Grace, O Rodocle! Leontius.
Our city's pride and pleasure was in thee;
Thine eyes, thy wind-wing'd feet, thy fingers light,
Than Muse or Grace were dearer in our sight.

286

284 I am Byzantian Helladè, I stand, Do.
Where lead our youth in spring the choral band,
Where straits divide the land, whose either shore
The glories of my graceful dancing bore.

*287

285 No one has thrown upon Anthyse gold, Do.
But Zeus, around her too, himself did pour
As about Danäe his love of yore:
Yet to her waist he came not with close hold,
For shame upon his spirit seiz'd, lest he,
Unwilling, with a Muse should mingled be.

288

286 Woman in dance excels. Ye young men yield! Do.
The Muse and Helladè this truth reveal'd:
This, when she first the varying rhythm had found,
That, of her art when she the crest had crown'd.

289

287 Do.
Some one sang "Hector" a new song, well-rivalling whose art
Helladiè, in soldier-dress, before us play'd the part:
Then understood we, in Mars' dance, how love and fear she fix'd,
Male vigour was with female grace so wonderfully mix'd!

*290

288 Libanus' name, the Graces' form Do.
Persuasion's voice and air,
The cestus rare of Paphia bright
are yours, O Maiden fair!

And like to Eros, light and young
you frolic in the dance,
And, by your beauty and your art,
the souls of all entrance.

289 *291

We thought we Io Bacchus saw himself, when, at the head
Of the wine-fat, this greybeard old their young dance-madness led—
And, past his prime, the choral dance of Cadmus—from the wood
The messenger, the tracker-out of Bacchant orgies rude—
And o'er the murder of her child mad Agavè, who cries
Wild evoës still. Alas! for man the part of God who tries.

292

290 Antipater.

Pylades introduc'd the God, the very Bacchus, when
From Thebæ on Italian stage—a pleasant fear for men—
He brought the Bacchants, filling all our city with the God
Of wine unmixt, so frantic was the dance his vot'ries trod.
Thebæ knows well the fire-born God, but who before us stands
Is heavenly, brought into life by all-expressive hands.

*293

291 Anyte.

To Aulian Nymphs, and forest Pan
with shaggy hair and stiff,
This gift their shepherd Theudotus
has plac'd beneath the cliff,
Where, 'neath the burning summer, oft
they shade and respite gave,
Pointing with fair and friendly hands
the sweetly flowing wave.

292 294

Son of old Meles, Homer! thou hast shed on gen'ral Greece,
And on thy country Colophon renown which ne'er shall cease;
For thou hast, from thy god-like soul, begot these children twain,
By writing pages, full of heart, where grace and grandeur reign:
One, of the Dardans hymns the deeds in Troy's protracted war,
And one Ulysses' home-return from wand'rings long and far.

295

293 The wars of Troy who sang to wond'ring men?
Who of Laertes' son the wand'rings long?

Unknown his name and birth. Has Homer then
Snatch'd, heav'nly Zeus! the glories of thy song?

*296

294 Born in what country shall we Homer name,
Whom, with their hands outstretcht, all cities claim?
Still 'tis unknown. Immortal-like, to chuse
His home and birth, he trusted to the Muse.

297

295 Not Smyrna's plain the God-like Homer bore,
Nor soft Ionia's star, bright Colophon;
Not Chios fair, nor Egypt rich in corn,
Nor holy Cyprus, nor that island home
Which nurtur'd Laertiades of old,
Not Argos whose foundations Danaus laid,
Nor yet Mycenæ by the Cyclops built,
Nor that Cecropian city of long fame—
His nature was no work of nether earth,
But the blest Muses sent him from above
That welcome gifts he might on man confer.

298

296 Homer! some Colophon your nurse proclaim, Antipater.
Some beauteous Smyrna, others Chios name;
Iös is boasted for your birth by these;
Those Salamis select where all things please;
For Lapithæan Thessaly some stand;
Some speak for one, some for another land;
But if, without reserve, I may below
The knowing oracles of Phœbus show,
Great Heav'n 's your country, of no mortal line,
But from Calliope your race divine.

*299

297
Vainly as birthspot of Homer is question'd the glory between ye Cumæ! Smyrna! Chios! Colophon! Pylos! Argos! Athenæ!

300

298 Unsettled, Cities Sev'n! is Homer's birth between ye,
Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithacè, Pylos, Argos, Athenæ.

301

299
A Wast thou a Chian?
B Wrong thy guess.
A A son of Smyrna?
B Nay.
A Was Cumæ then, or Colophon, thy country, Homer! say?
B Neither.
A Was sea-girt Salamis thy city?
B On her strand
I drew not breath.
A Then say thyself where was thy natal land?
B I will not say.
A Whose son wast thou?
B If I the truth should tell,
Hate would be mine from all the rest, I am persuaded well.

302

300 From age to age thou, Homer! art renown'd,
Whom of a heav'nly Muse the glory crown'd;
The anger of Achilles thou hast sung,
The Greek ships in disorder fiercely flung,
And wise Ulysses, in long toils beset,
Whose bed Penelope delighted met.

303

301 If Homer be a God indeed, as God let us revere,
And if not yet a God he be, at once his temple rear.

304

302 Nature, with difficulty, Homer found;
And, him produc'd, her travail then was done;
She all her vigour to that effort wound,
To show a matchless and immortal ONE.

305

303 Where is not the great voice of Homer rife?
What shore, or sea, but knows th' Achæan strife?
Cimmeria, whose savage people ne'er
Of the all-seeing Sun the splendours share,
Has heard Troy's name, and Atlas too, whose broad
Shoulders uphold of wide-spread heav'n the load.

*306

304 Homer ! thy song has cities firm and free
With envy fill'd like Troy in flames to be !

*307

305 Loud as o'er fawn-bone flute the trumpet swells, Antipater.
So much one harp all other harps excels ;
Bees not in vain round infant Pindar swarm'd,
And on his tender lips their honey form'd ;
Such e'en, horn'd God of Mænalus ! thy praise,
Who leav'st thy shepherd reeds to sing his lays.

308

306 Leonidas T.
It is our old Anacreon, in marble smooth and round ;
Brimful is he of gen'rous wine, his brow is chaplet-crown'd ;
Looks out the fine old fellow from his am'rous glist'ning eye,
As, fallen to his ancles bare, his robes unheeded lie.
One sandal 's on his shrivell'd foot, its fellow of the pair
He, like a drunken man, has lost—Heav'n only knows, how, where:
He lifts on high his lyre, tho' now ill-suited are its strings
To love, and of Bathyllus fair and young Megistheus sings.
Hold, Father Bacchus ! hold him up, for 't is not right at all
Of Bacchus the true servant should, uncar'd, by Bacchus fall!

309

307 Our old Anacreon ! how he reels Leonidas.
Flush with good wine ; adown his heels
His thin robe drags : of slippers one
He has, its fellow lost and gone.
Anon his weak hand strikes the strings
Of his vague lyre, and faint he sings
Bathyllus and Megistes fair—
Take Bacchus ! of thine old boy care.

310

308 The Teian swan, Anacreon, Eugenes.
Of honied Himeræ the son,
By moist care of the nectar-cup,
Lo ! by Lyæus here tript up.
His look askance, his heels around
The robe's end fallen, and, unbound,

His solitary sandal tell
Wine lov'd "not wisely but too well"—
Nathless, beneath those tipsy fingers,
The love-song on his harp yet lingers,
In notes sweet-swarming. Bacchus! guard,
Or ere he stumble, thine old bard.

*311

309 Of Teos' isle the old man thou in me beholdest here,
Insatiate of both loves, alike to youth and maiden dear:
The sweets of night-long revelry which never car'd for rest,
After a merry-making, marr'd my vision wine-opprest.

*312

310 Nature herself, O Artist! gave to you Democharis.
The pow'r to paint the Lesbian Muse so true,
Life lightens in her eyes, and o'er her mien
Are Fancy's triumphs manifestly seen;
By Art less glowing than by Nature smooth
The clear flesh has the grace and ease of youth,
Her countenance hilarious, yet refin'd,
Proclaims a Cypris with a Muse combin'd.

*313

311 Oppian, the water-races as he sings,
Food for young appetites of all fish brings.

*314

312
When Queen Calliope beheld Geörgius, she spake:
"My sole true ancestor, from him, not Zeus, my birth I take."

*315

313
A Statue! who rear'd thee?
B Speeches.
A Whose?
B Of Ptolemy.
A From whence
Came he to Antioch?
B From Crete.
A For what?
B Their excellence.

A In what way excellent?
B In all.
A With what connected?
B Law.
A And is then wood sufficient?
B Yes; he gold would never draw!

316

314 A golden statue from the town Arabius.
had thine, Longinus! been,
But still to turn her back on gold
is rev'rend Justice seen.

317

315 I love three stars of Rhetoric alone, Thomas.
Superior to all orators who 're known;
I love thy labours first, Demosthenes!
Next Aristides and Thucydides.

318

316 The City—in Agàthias which admir'd Michael.
Her orator and poet, well-desir'd,
Who laws, as both, of beauteous language made—
Mother-like, o'er her son the last rites paid,
And, witness of his wisdom and her love,
This likeness plac'd in honour, and, above,
His sire Memnonius and his brother rear'd,
Marks of a family by all rever'd.

*319

317 Lo! Gessius dumb as stone, if stone it be; Palladas.
Delian! declare, or stone or mortal he?

*320

318 Who carv'd, as orator, one dumb like you?
You 're silent, speechless—nought can be more true!

321

319 Portraits are welcome presents, but thy face
Brings shame, its traits so brutal are and base.

*322

320 Well Aristides puts to rest the long contested-strife
Which, in Ionian cities erst, on Homer's birth, was rife:

All say that favour'd Smyrna, since, which Aristides bore—
The orator—alone produc'd Homer divine of yore.

323

321 Who here our orator Callistus view,
To Hermes eloquent pay homage due.

324

322 Birth from Priest Firmus, I, Priest Firmus, drew,
The son an orator, the father too.

325

323 The smith now seizing, as strong iron, set Mesomedus.
In fire the vitreous matter, crude as yet:
Compass'd by all-devouring flames about,
Even as wax, the molten mass stream'd out.
A thing it was for mortals to admire—
That white hot current flowing from the fire!
Fearful lest, falling, it should break or waste,
His two-lipp'd pincers he to fend it, plac'd.

326

324 A silver style I issued from the flame,
But gold in fair Leontium's hands became,
To whom the palm of Art Athene gives,
And in whose form the Queen of Beauty lives.

*327

325 Art makes not here Pythagoras to seem Julian E.
Exponent of all Nature's boundless scheme,
But a wise mind in silence: and within
The voice which lurks may soon to speak begin.

*328

326 Pythagoras himself! his voice, I ween,
Had he but wish'd to speak, we too had seen.

329

327 How excellent is Art. Lo! life in wax, Johannes B.
Not e'en the soul of Socrates it lacks.

330

328 Lo! words out-pouring which transcend all thought,
Plato, to mount the skies the mind who taught.

*331

329 Our earth who measur'd and yon starry skies,
'T is Aristotle's self before mine eyes!

*332

330 In Aristotle's soul and mind
The type of both alike we find.

*333

331 Agathias.
The sons of brave Ausonia here thy memory to grace,
This statue much-renown'd of thee, Chæronean Plutarch! place,
Because by fitting parallels, the wisest and the best
Lives of all Greece stand forth to Rome's well-warring sons confest;
Thou could'st not write another life to parallel thine own:
Their lives and ours may liken'd be, thy like was never known.

334

333 A scrip, a cloak, a staff to prop his way, Antiphilus.
A poor plain barley loaf, a cup of clay,
Are means of life sufficient for the wise;
And e'en in these excess the Cynic spies:
Thus once when, in the hollow hand, he saw
The sparkling fount a passing herdsman draw,
"Fool that I was!" he mutter'd in self-scorn,
"Who long in vain this shell-shap'd clay have borne."

335

332 Agathias.
Sculptor of Sicyon renown'd, well-done! Lysippus old:
Lo! Samian Æsop's image from thy wonder-working mould,
Well-plac'd before the Sages Sev'n, since they indeed, by speech
The mind reluctant would compel, not by persuasion teach;
He, by wise fables and apt tales, says seasonable things,
And, playfully yet earnestly, the world to reason brings:
Thus often is sharp counsel held a thing to flee and hate,
But still the Samian fictions sweet hang out a pleasant bait.

336

334 Time wears e'en brass and marble; but thy name Antiphilus.
Lives thro' long years, Diogenes! in fame;
Denying self, 't was thine mankind to teach
Content, and how life's easier ways to reach.

*337

5—335 Here King and People Porphyr, Calchas' son,
Erect, renown'd for many a crown well-won:
Youngest of all our charioteers, who still
Bore off the palm alike of strength and skill:
Here not in brass should he be plac'd, but gold,
Else merely equal with the rest we hold.

338

336 Loud on all sides the City's welcome swell'd,
When Porphyr, son of Calchas, we beheld
Take the light reins, and, right of the King's throne,
High on a car, succinct in horseman zone,
Urge its swift course competing steeds between.
E'en such in bronze this seated stripling seen.
If years by oft and early crowns we guage,
Then his all-conq'ring Youth must count as Age.

337 339

Anchises Cythereia lov'd, Endymion the Moon,
So Vict'ry by Porphyrius is fascinated soon.
Whether he changes, one or both, his own obedient steeds
Or his like-minded charioteer, the race he ever leads;
Wreath upon wreath for one proud brow, unstintingly, she weaves,
And, but to follow in his wake, each hopeless rival leaves.

*340

338 Vict'ry before thee, Porphyr!—what Time yet
Scarce gave the old—in youth this triumph set;
Ennumerating o'er thy toils well-crown'd,
Superior to old charioteers she found:
Nay more, with wonder struck, the rival host
Itself with gratulant praise thy glory boast.
O Blues! all free and fortunate, whose son
From the great King such signal honour won.

339 341

The Blues, of Victory the sons, the son of Vict'ry here—
So brave the brave and wise the wise—thy bust, Porphyrius! rear;
Exchanging, in proud confidence, thine own and rival's horse
Alike, with either and with each, sure conq'ror in the course.

342

340 The royal prize, all else with toil outworn,
Was to Porphyrius, singly struggling, borne:
Whether, at will, his own swift steeds he drives,
Or takes his rival's, like success arrives;
Hence envyings here, there clam'rous praises ring—
So Blue and Green alike you please, O King!

343

341 The gen'ral voices had, as charioteer,
Plac'd me, Porphyrius, to Vict'ry near:
This own'd the prize was mine; the other side
Recall'd me back and my success denied.
Haply I err? No triumph 't was, tho' I
The best steeds gave them and with worse pass'd by.

344

342 Porphyrius' self! by Art so highly wrought,
We think the bronze with breath and being fraught:
His constant victories, his valour, grace,
His wisdom, heav'n-inspir'd, Art could not trace.

345

343 Rome's ruler, in bronze effigy, plac'd here,
Stout as itself, a conq'ring charioteer,
Dear to the Blues, and prudent—yet shall we
From Porphyr's conquests many statues see.

346

344
A Who art thou and where born, dear youth! with first down on thy chin?
B Stranger! I am Porphyrius; my birth was Libya in.
A Who here thus honour'd thee?
B The King, for charioteering skill.
A Will any testify thy truth?
B The Blues, who saw it, will.
A Thy vict'ries so, Porphyrius! all meaner art surpass,
No other than Lysippus could thy form pourtray in brass.

347

345 Near Victory, at Alexander's hand,
Winning of both the compliments, you stand.

348

346 Fortune looks ev'rywhere for Porphyr's match:
In vain—his toils alone her vision catch.

347 349

The people so thine active scourge and dinted shield rever'd,
Blending both characters, they fain had seen a statue rear'd,
Skill'd charioteer, and warrior true—but, in reluctant brass,
Art fail'd to make the life and soul of two in one outpass.

350

348 Why in the stadium have the Greens plac'd here
Porphyrius as foremost charioteer?
So the King will'd it—well the prize he knew
Was to such loyalty and science due!

351

349 Cæsar, vouchsafing to the Greens a grace,
Worthy his works, gave Porphyr here a place,
Where, excellence to honour, oft the town
Calliope by turns and Porphyr crown;
Well suits to our bronze hero either name,
Who won of virtue, four-in-hand, the fame.

350 352

Not in the stadium alone thee rev'rend Vict'ry crown'd,
But show'd thee still triumphant on the crimson battle-ground;
What time our Cæsar with the Greens alliance close engag'd,
And on his fierce Imperial foe a desp'rate warfare wag'd:
Then, in almost expiring Rome, was tyranny down-hurl'd,
And a fair dawn of liberty relit th' Ausonian world.
Wherefore the King ordain'd that their lost rights renew'd should be,
And Art this living statue rear'd, Porphyrius! of thee.

353

351 This crown, Porphyrius! even from your foes,
Proof, pure and perfect, of your triumph shows:
Your matchless horsemanship has put to shame
All who by turns as stadium-rivals came;
Hence, highest plac'd of all, on either hand,
Known in this imag'd bronze, alone you stand.

*354

352 Art well in bronze has wrought the charioteer,
Would that Art too had trac'd his virtue here
And beauty. Nature's self, at length, which bore,
" To equal him there comes no second," swore,
And swore with true lips—first and last, that we
Should all of grace in one Porphyrius see!

355

353 Were envy dumb, spake rivals sooth, on all
We might in proof of Porphyr's labours call;
Soon will they own who would his contests count,
Small prize is this for toils of such amount:
All gifts, all charioteers which ever grac'd,
Brightly concentrated in him are trac'd.

356

354
Blushing to honour thee in bronze, the town this statue rear'd,
Gold had she made it, Best-belov'd! but Nemesis she fear'd;
For thine accustom'd victories, Porphyrius! thy praise
The friendly faction of the Green unceasingly displays;
As living images her sons shout, one and all, for thee,
Compar'd in excellence with these all gold would worthless be.

357

355 Thy vict'ries greater than thy trophies yet,
Fortune is to thy labours deep in debt,
But, with thy first friends, staunch and valiant, wait,
Wasting the envious heart of hostile hate,
Which, as thy whip victorious still it views,
Its own blind folly will at length accuse.

*358

356 Long life brings some to honour. Vict'ry's path
Who treads, no need of hoary temples hath,
But worth, which leads to glory: by such gifts
Her smile to double praise Porphyrius lifts:
Decades of years he boasts not, but, instead,
Hundreds of victories enwreathe his head,
Vict'ries, all very sisters of the Graces,
Eternal youth and beauty in their faces.

357 359 Leontius.
Cythera lov'd Anchises and the Moon Endymion well ;
For such the stories of the past old people love to tell :
But some new tale must now be sung, how Vict'ry with the mien
And chariot of Porphyrius has here enamour'd been.

360

358 Of old when young, of young when old, you stand
Triumphant victor of the four-in-hand !
Now, at three-score, on you, by Cæsar's word,
Vict'ry's columnar honours are conferr'd ;
So may your deeds endure. Would, as their fame
Immortal lasts, your life could be the same !

361

359 Vict'ry thy charioteer, Calliopè !
Rais'd of thy form divine this bronze for thee,
Who old, hast Youth's horse-taming strength excell'd,
And young, for wisdom Age's match wert held ;
Wherefore, with double gifts, the free Blues now,
Thee, peerless both for skill and strength, endow.

360 362
Thine old age, than thy younger years for vict'ries more renown'd,
Conq'ror of all and ev'rywhere, Calliopè ! is found ;
Wherefore this prize, unanimous, free people and just King,
Memorial of thine excellence, in skill and spirit, bring,

363

361 Thy very self ! the form which oft of yore
Brought down the theatre in gratulant roar ;
Thyself ! rais'd here by the admiring town
In guerdon of thy bright and long renown ;
No charioteering craft e'er thee abus'd,
Nor hard-mouth'd racer e'er thy rein refus'd ;
Thyself all prize disdaining, who might next
Have fame, thy foes this only hope perplext.

362 364
If greater glory can be thine, toil-fam'd Calliopè !
Than that thine effigy in bronze by Cæsar rear'd should be,
The many-voiced multitude, the universal town—
Hark ! e'en the palms of enemies—with praise thy labours crown.

365

363 Successful prizes are of Mind the meeds,
Not of good luck, of strong youth or swift steeds :
Faustinus ! Mind be thine, and on thy car
Immortal Victories firm comrades are.

366

364 Wise age, Faustinus! fear'd thee young in years,
Thee now, when old, of youth the vigour fears;
Thy labours, to all else superior, hold
Honours of age from young, of youth from old.

*367

365 Since Constantine in death to Hades past,
O'er the sad stadium shame its cloud has cast;
Joy has our shows deserted; in the street,
Bound for the games, no holiday swarms we meet.

368

366 Thine image, Constantine! the town, in tears
For the lost joys thy lifetime gave her, rears:
Thee dead, the populace enhance thy fame;
Thee dead, a King's regret thy labours claim:
The stirring Art of charioteering 's done,
Ceasing with thee as it with thee begun!

369

367 The town, which deem'd, while Constantine liv'd yet,
Bronze medals a small prize to pay her debt—
For well she knew, in glorious contests, how
Victory's palm had ever grac'd his brow—
His death lamenting, this fond image rears,
His toils, her love, to tell to future years.

370

368 The Blue, their adversary ever seen,
Now lifts her cry of one mind with the Green,
That honours after death, O Constantine!
Belov'd of all and honour'd, should be thine.

371

369 Eastward and Westward, to the South and North
The glory of thy bright course has gone forth,

Immortal Constantine! None deem thee dead,
E'en Hades harms not Victory's laurell'd head.

372

370 This statue, near his sires, fit place has got,
'T is well all three to honour in one spot;
For they too in the course like glory found,
With countless wreaths in equal plenty crown'd.

373

371 Near to his sire, that matchless charioteer
Faustinus, Rome lifts Constantinus here:
Who ne'er, in life-long competition, fail'd,
Victor at close as in commencement hail'd;
Him hoary charioteers, course-crown'd, confest,
Tho' young, in all our games as wisest, best.

374

372 Vict'ry—thy nurse and faithful follower she
From youth to age—here, Constantine! sets thee:
Thee in the ring have five full decades seen,
Where none superior, equal none has been:
A beardless stripling thou did'st manhood beat,
And young thy fellows, old the young defeat.

375

373 Rome in the race lov'd Constantine to see
Always, but Nature would not so agree;
Wherefore, her love to prove, she rear'd this bust,
Lest Time his name should into Lethe thrust:
Love of his friends, the type of charioteers,
The stadium's praise and pride to future years,
Which, doom'd to poorer patterns, will exclaim,
"Happy our ancestors who saw his fame!"

*376

374
When, in one day, to Constantine crowns twenty-five were giv'n,
He took the steeds his rivals drove, and those himself had driv'n,
The conq'ring for the conquer'd, gave, and with them, as before,
Times twenty-one of victory the palm away he bore.
Hence oft between th' opposing sides a sharp contention swell'd,
Which—this or that—was his? of both in equal envy held.

377

375 Wake, Constantine! why still this iron sleep?
The people in the lists thy lost car weep:
Each in his seat, our silent charioteers,
Wanting thy school, an orphan'd child appears.

378

376 Alone of either side proclaim'd the best,
Glory from both Uranius possest,
Whene'er he drove: his first prize from the Green
Came, at whose side he oft was neighbour seen;
Him, ceasing now the Circus, home they drew,
Rememb'ring his young victories anew.

379

377 The King, to please the people—at the games
Who grudg'd his absence—to the race reclaims
Uranius, from the strife who kept afar,
Remounting him on the victorious car:
And, his last triumph, as his first to grace
Here gave his statue honourable place.

380

378
Well mounts he now to run his race of victory in Heaven,
To whom o'er ev'ry charioteer on Earth was triumph given,
Porphyrius, of the Blues the pride: below he ever won
The stadium-prize, and now above his course is with the Sun.

381

378 Nicæa first, then Rome Uranius taught;
That saw his birth, and this his glory wrought;
In both a victor, of surpassing skill,
Ahead, or side by side, to go at will:
Wherefore on high, in gold, his form they lift,
To glorious charioteer a glorious gift.

382

381
In youth's first flow'r so sway'd the reins Porphyrius Calchas' son,
Blue as his sire. I marvel much how human hand has done
Him and his steeds so prompt and true. As falls yon lifted scourge,
Methinks! that I behold him still pressing on vict'ry's verge.

*383

379 The toilsome stadium-strife forgotten, here Thomas.
Lies Anastasius, the bold charioteer,
Cluster'd around whose brows victorious bays,
Countless of oldest rivals as the days.

384

382
Lo! Art's fair work: but that the dome is with a strong roof hung,
Faustinus running vehement had surely skyward sprung;
Life-like, as with his coursers erst, the glory of the Green,
Take but th' impeding arch away—to Heav'n were soaring seen.

385

384 Heading the three, lo! Constantine the reins
Guides of the White, and, but that stone retains,
Him had we seen, Heav'n-soaring, skim the air—
Art almost shows the breathless breathing there!

386

383
This is Faustinus, of the Green erst fav'rite charioteer,
Who never in the stadium-round brook'd emulous rival near;
True! he was old, as here you see, but runner, in the flow'r
And strength of youth, was none who him could hope to overpow'r.

387

385 This is that Constantine, in times of old,
Four whites abreast who, easily, controll'd:
Our Hippodrome its splendour, Art its pride
Lost, and all joy the City, when he died.

388

386 Art to new life brings back the long-time dead—
Lo! in old strength, where Julian reins the Red;
High on his car-front, instant to obey,
Eye, ear, and hand, await the word—"Away!"

389

387 This Julian of the Red the car controll'd,
And conquer'd all competitors of old.
Could Painting give breath too, a charioteer,
To run the race and seize the crown, were here!

*390

7—388 Once as I a garland bound, Julian E.
'Mid the roses Love I found:
Fixing on his wings my hold,
Him in ruby wine I roll'd,
Then in hand the sparkling cup
Took, and, instant, drank him up.
Flutt'ring in my bosom, he
With his wings now tickles me.

NOTES.—3 Pytho was the ancient name of Delphi, where the Pythian games were celebrated. The five exercises here named formed the πένταθλον.

4 Hector, insulted by the Greeks after his death, is supposed to speak.

5 Line 2. Titus Quintus Flaminius is meant.

6 Line 5. I have adopted Hecker's λάφυρ' Εκάτα. Hecate, Diomedes, Diana, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, and many other names are, in English, frequently shortened in this way. The Philip who is the subject of the lines was the last King of Macedonia.

12 On an image of Pan set up beside a spring.

18 Line 2. By "a wise word," or rather "a sacred saying," is meant a charm or incantation.

20 The name of the Bishop's wife was Εἰρήνη or Peace. A somewhat profane joke on the Episcopal benediction.

22 On Nicholas, Patriarch of Alexandria.

28 This, in No. 97 of Appendix, is given as, by Chærilus, on the tomb of Sardanapalus. No. 325 of B. vii., is on the same subject, and almost in the same words. Athenæus B. 8, c. 14, p. 336, attributes it to Chrysippus. In my translation the order of the original is not preserved, its last lines being the first of the Greek.

29 On a statue of Pronomus, flute-player of Thebes.

30 The Greek in Planudes, contradicting Homer's story, must be wrong, and we should, in line 4, understand that Deidameia is intended, and not Diomedes: in line 5, for Αἴας we must read αἴης.

32 The first couplet of 61, B. vii. (where it is classed amongst the ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΑ) almost exactly corresponds.

33 The Greek, with a Latin translation by Grotius, is to be found at p. 314 T. ii. of De Bosch, and is there inserted immediately after the previous specimen.

34 On a likeness of Gabriel, Viceroy in Byzantium.

35 On a portrait of the Chamberlain Callinicus, on which name the allusion in the words Κάλλει νικᾶς is intended as a play.

38 On a picture of the orator, who had undertaken an embassy on behalf of the city.

39 Lines 3, 4. "Of the purple shell The parted powers." This alludes to the purple robes worn by the Consuls, of whom there were two, and between them the power was divided.

40 On the presentation of his portrait to Synesius by the City of Berytus.

41 By Iber is not meant Spain, but a country of Asia.

46 It is difficult to understand the precise force of ἱππολύτης, but the general sense is, I believe, correctly given in my version. Jacobs conceives that this was written on Theodora, wife of Justinian, who, by her firmness, quelled a sedition of the Factions.

47 To have translated this literally would merely have been to fail in representing the conception, or rather the conceit, of the original.

49 A statue was set up by them in his honour: as it is not unlikely that πράσινοι refers, here as elsewhere, to that particular faction of the Circus, I offer another version:

"The virtue of Nicetas, great in fight,
Their fearless leader, thus the GREENS requite."

64 Line 2. The father and son bore one name. The mare was named Victory.

65 Line 3. "Witness." The Greek is μάρτυρα.

69 Another version may be preferred as closer:

"Beauteous Fidele I, of Byzas wife,
Prize of his prowess in the hard-fought strife."

74 Lines 4, 5. The Abari came to Rome, according to Theophantus, quoted by Jacobs in his first edition, with long hair hanging behind them, which they cut as a mark of sorrow for, and in acknowledgment of their defeat. Lines 9, 10. Although two or three other words have been suggested instead of ἔμπορε, I prefer that reading to any other, and have translated it "travelled," as, taken relatively with ἀμειψαμένα in the following verse, the change of residence of the Emperors from Rome to Byzantium is, most probably, intended.

81 A similar compliment to that in 70. A duplicate may perhaps be permitted:

"Venus in effigy of gold,
Or Stratonice here behold."

82 Line 6. "As wax before the fire." From this expression Jacobs inferred that the representation was a wax figure.

83 On the statue of Olympian Jupiter, by Phidias.

85 The Greek is καὶ τὰ κεραστὰ δάκρυα τοὺς. Burges's variation, which I adopt, κᾶτ' ἀγεράστου ἀκροτάτης, seems to me very ingenious and natural.

89 On a poor statue of Prometheus.

90 There is an antithesis between ἀτειρέα (line 1), signifying "not worn down," and τειρομένου (line 4), "worn down," which the "indestructible" and "molten" of the translation does not attempt to preserve. In the last line Iapetus the father is used for Iapetionides, an appellation of his son Prometheus.

91 Tantalus carved upon a cup.

92 An infant Hercules strangling the dragons.

95 Line 1. According to its spelling, Nemeia, Nemæa, Nemea, the penultimate is long or short.

100 On Hercules, tipsy and asleep.

102 On a likeness of King Lysimachus.

107 Theseus and the Marathonian Bull.

109 On a brazen Icarus standing in a bath-place.

111 Hippolitus conversing with the nurse of Phedra.

112 Telephus wounded. I have ventured to translate ἠϊόνος, in the last line of the Greek, in a new sense.

116 On Pyrrhus sacrificing Polyxena.

117-8 On Chiron, the Hippocentaur.

119 The hands of Cynegirus were cut off while clinging to a vessel of the enemy: the painter Phasis, however, drew him *with* hands. See P. ii., 341.

126 Hercules Averruncus, *i.e.*, averting evil.

128 On the Minotaur, a monster, half man, half bull (Ovid A.A., ii., 24), the fruit of Pasiphae's amour with a bull.

129 Edonus was a mountain of Thrace, part of the Hœmus range, where the Edoni dwelt, of whom Lycurgus, son of Dryus, was King. He is represented as μονοκρηπῖδα, one-sandalled, probably from having cut off one of his own legs in a fit of madness.

131 On Niobe, as are the six which follow.

137 This also is a very favourite subject, as the nine consecutive specimens here given show.

138 This is very closely followed by Ausonius cxxix.

140 This statue of Medea was in Rome.

143 There is an Epigram of Leonidas of Alexandria on the same subject. See P. v., 292.

144 In lieu of χόλον (line 2) and τεκέων (line 4), I have adopted Jacobs' φόνον and λεχέων.

146 It is not clear whether a picture or statue is described, nor even whether it was of Hippomenes singly, or with Atalanta.

147-8. The subject of both is Ariadne.

152 As it interferes with the picture, which is complete without it, I have not translated Ἥρας ἔργον ἀδελφόν, by which we are given to understand that this painting was one of a pair, the Hera of Polyclitus being the sister picture (see 217). I have followed Bruncke's χερί, to avoid the double mention of the peplus.

154 With this commences a series of five epigrams on Echo. The design of the first has been frequently imitated in modern times. See P. v., 33.

155 For πτανοῖς, Lennep suggested Πανὸς.

158 On a statue of Echo placed near a temple of Bacchus.

159 On the armed Minerva at Athens.

160 For ἐἰ (line 1), Jacobs suggested εὖ, which I have followed.

161 Of this and the following Epigrams, down to 184, several statues of Venus, famous in antiquity, form the subject.

164 Or perhaps the following:

> When Cypris first in Cnidos' isle saw Cypris: "Ah!" she cried,
> "Where has Praxiteles and when my form thus naked eyed?"

171 This is a comparison of the Cnidian Venus with the Pallas at Athens, as is also 172.

173 to 190 are on Venus armed.

174 Burges for Αὐτὰν που would read Ὁπλίταν. This might be well if the epigram were sole and distinct, but, probably, it is consequent upon some other epigram on the same subject, to which it may therefore be taken as an appendage and answer. And placed as it is here immediately after one of Leonidas, the words may, I think, stand without alteration.

176 Ausonius has twice (42 and 43) copied this.

180 The Venus Anadyomene is celebrated in this and the four following.

185 On a statue of Bacchus placed near one of Pallas. Line 10. Bacchus was said to have come from the thigh, but Pallas from the head of Zeus.

189 There is a similar story in Æsop.

196 See P. i., 241.

197 to 201 are all on "Love in chains."

202 Love at the plough.

203 On a crowned Love.

204 Line 3. Jacobs, in his first edition, refers appositely to Claudian to prove that Love was sometimes feigned to be the child of a Nymph.

206 Praxiteles, a favoured lover of Phryne, made her the model of his celebrated statue of Venus at Cnidos (see Athen, B. xiii., c. 59), and had these verses inscribed on the base of his statue of Love. See P. iv., 262; also P. i., 269-270.

210 On a sleeping Love engraved on a pepper-castor.

216-219 This picture has been frequently imitated in the literature of almost all countries.

217 On a portrait of Juno, half-length. See Note to 152.

222 I have left the last distich untranslated. Jacobs explains τόνου, χρώματος, and ἁρμονίας, as, respectively, "diatonic," "chromatic," and "enharmonic:" and in modern

acceptation the equivalent of the Greek words would, perhaps, be the keynote, the air itself, and its bass accompaniment. The Italian translation by Carcarini has

"Del tuono quella è la maestra;
Del croma l'altera il dolce canto regola:
E la dotta armonia questa compone."

223 On a statue of Nemesis in Rhamnus. Line 1. "Teeming:" the original is παλιναυξέος, "re-growing," but this is evidently in the sense of our English phrase, "cut-and-come-again." Rhamnus was a coast town of Attica, much celebrated in antiquity for the worship of Nemesis, hence styled "Rhamnusia virgo."

225 In gems Nemesis is seen to carry such a rule in her left hand.

226 The word πῆχυς means both a cubit, and a measure of the length of a cubit.

234 For the story about Pan aiding the Greeks against the Persians, see Herodotus vi., 105.

235 Line 3. "Many-sir'd." On the epithet πολύσπορος, Brunck says that it alludes to the story that Pan was the offspring of Penelope, *after* being ravished by her suitors.

242 This specimen is a dialogue, at times almost interjectional, between Priapus and a traveller. No. 243 is something of the same kind. No. 242 of the Greek, by Erycius, which should have followed, is untranslateable, from its coarseness.

244 A coarser meaning, which could not be given without offence, would be closer to the original.

245 A Satyr holding a pipe to his ear.

248 On the likeness of a Satyr in Mosaic.

251 Eros breaking the bolts of Jove.

253 Eros and Anteros. Line 5. "Thrice on his deep breast spat he." This was done to deprecate the effects of an ill omen. See Theocr. Id xx., 11. See also Tibullus I. El. 11, 96:

"Exspuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus."

253 Jacobs wrongly considers this as a continuation of the preceding epigram. The one is merely descriptive, and relates to *two* Loves: the other self-descriptive, in which *one* only is concerned.

254 Line 2. The boot in the Greek is called Lycastœan. Lycastus was a town of Crete.

259 I follow Burges, who for τοῖόν in the first line suggests ποιῶν. Jacobs fancied that a proper name was hidden here.

266 The Greek of this is to be found in Jacobs, Vol. iv., p. 973.

267 On Momus. Grotius in his Latin, and also Carcarini in his Italian version, prefaces the two last distichs with the commencing couplet, and thereof forms a separate epigram.

268 On the same subject as the last: the fragment, incomplete in the Greek, is so left by me.

273 On Sosander, a horse-doctor. The point turns upon the two names, Hippocrates and Sosander, the former supposed to be compounded of ἵππος (horse) and κρατεῖν (to rule), the latter of σώζειν (to save) and ἀνήρ (man), which the epigram considers as mutually misapplied, for the latter name would have better suited the business of the first, and *vice versâ*.

275 Line 2. Panache, whence our English Panacea.

276 See 169 Part v. The name in Greek is Oribasius.

277 On a statue of Time (as Opportunity) placed in a door-way.

287 On a gold-inlaid image of a dancer in Byzantium.

290 On the statue of a Libanian dancer.

291 On a likeness of Xenophon, of Smyrna, an artist who, according to Jacobs, had represented Bacchus in the story of Pentheus, leading bands of women in the festal procession—old Cadmus dancing among the Bacchants—a messenger from Cithæron—and Agavé glorying in the murder of her son: in fact, the whole argumentum of the Bacchæ of Euripides.

293. Statues of the Nymphs and of Pan were commonly placed near fountains: figures of this kind, easily seen from a distance, doubtless guided Theudotus on his way to the water.

296 Line 3. For ἥρωσ, which has here little or no meaning, Burges recommends εὑρεῖν, which I have adopted.

299 These awkward hexameters may perhaps be excused in the translation, otherwise difficult, of a specimen abounding in so many names of places.

306 See Part v., 30: also Part vi., 1 to 8.

307 Pan, who had a small temple near the house of Pindar, is said to have sung his hymns See Part vi., 35, 36.

311 In line 3, for ἠδ', the sense requires, what I have translated, εἶλ'. So Burges. See Part vi. 24 to 34.

312 On a likeness of Sappho. See Part vi., 15 to 18.

313 The poet Oppian wrote a poem on fishing.

315 On an image of the orator Ptolemy, in Antioch.

319 See Part vi., Nos. 657 to 663.

320 On the statue of a dull orator.

322 As it had now produced another great man in Aristides, doubt should cease as to its having formerly borne Homer.

327 Line 3. Pythagoras enjoined silence upon himself and his disciples.

328 See Part vi., 115, 116, and Part vii., 10.

331-332 Perhaps these two should be combined in one. In Line 1 of 332, for "In," read "Of."

333 The translation of Dryden may well be recorded here:

> "Chæronean Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
> Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
> Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,
> Their heroes written and their lives compar'd.
> But thou thyself couldst never write thy own—
> Their lives have parallels, but thine has none."

337 This and the following pieces to 389 celebrate several champions of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, where their statues were placed.

As explanatory of these poems, I shall be excused, I trust, for directing attention to the following extracts from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (Dean Milman's edition, 1846).

1. Pages 116-7 of Vol. iii., Chap. 31.—"The most lively and splendid amusement of the "idle multitude depended on the frequent exhibition of public games and spectacles. The "Roman people still considered the Circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the "Republic. The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure places, and many "passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjacent porticos. From morning to evening, "careless of sun or rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of four "hundred thousand, remained in eager attention: their eyes fixed on the horses and "charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear, for the success of the colours which "they espoused; and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race. The "same immoderate ardour inspired their clamours and their applause."

2. Pages 494-5, Vol. iii., Chap. 40.—"In the Olympic stadium, if the candidates could "depend on their personal skill and activity, they might pursue the footsteps of Diomede "and Menelaus, and conduct their own horses in the rapid career. Ten, twenty, forty "chariots were allowed to start at the same instant: a crown of leaves was the reward of "the victor: and his fame, with that of his family and country, was chanted in lyric strains "more durable than monuments of brass and marble. The games were exhibited at the "expense of the republic, the magistrates, or the emperors; and the profits of a favourite "charioteer sometimes exceeded those of an advocate. The race, in its first institution, was "a simple contest of two chariots, whose drivers were distinguished by *white* and *red* liveries: "two additional colours, a light *green* and a cœrulean *blue*, were afterwards introduced: and "as the races were repeated twenty-five times (See note to 376), one hundred chariots "contributed in the same day to the pomp of the Circus. The four *factions* soon acquired a "legal establishment and a mysterious origin, and their fanciful colours were derived from "the various appearances of Nature in the four seasons of the year: the red dogstar of "summer, the snows of winter, the deep shades of autumn, and the cheerful verdure of "spring. Another interpretation preferred the elements to the seasons, and the struggle of "the green and blue was supposed to represent the conflict of the earth and sea. The names "of Caligula, Nero, Vitellius, Verus, Commodus, Caracalla, and Elagabalus were enrolled in "the blue or green faction of the Circus: they frequented their stables, applauded their "favourites, chastised their antagonists, and deserved the esteem of the populace by the "natural or affected imitation of their manners. Constantinople adopted the follies, though "not the virtues, of ancient Rome: and the same factions which had agitated the Circus "raged with redoubled fury in the Hippodrome. Under the reign of Anastasius, this popular

" frenzy was inflamed by religious zeal. From the capital the pestilence was diffused into " the provinces and cities of the East, and the sportive distinction of colours produced strong " and irreconcilable factions, which shook the foundations of a feeble Government, and the " support of one or other of which became necessary to every candidate for civil or ecclesias- " tical honours."

3. Page 41, vol. vi., chap. 60.—" The victorious charioteers were cast in bronze at their " own or the public charge, and fitly placed in the Hippodrome: they stood aloft in their " chariots, wheeling round the goal: the spectators could admire their attitude and judge of " the resemblance, and of these figures the most perfect might have been transported from " the Olympic stadium."

340 The four colours, *albati*, *russati*, *prasini*, *veneti*, represented the four seasons according to Cassiodorus. The three first may be translated *white*, *red*, and *green*. Venetus is explained by *cæruleus*, a colour properly signifying that of the sky reflected in the sea, and for which *blue* may be accepted as the nearest equivalent.

354 Byron's concluding couplet in his Monody on the Death of Sheridan runs thus:

" Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan"—

of which the last line is said to be derived from Ariosto's description of the Prince Zerbino, but I cannot hit upon the passage referred to. The same idea, however, is manifest enough in the passage of lines 3 and 4, from ὅπερ to δύναμαι, as also in the general scope of lines 5 and 6.

358 The last line of our translation has no equivalent in the Greek, but it will be accepted, I trust, under the necessity of the rhyme.

367 The first line of the Greek corresponds precisely with the first line of No. 42, B. xv., translated by me under No. 90, Part iii.

376 " Crowns twenty five." Hence he was victorious in *all* the contests of that day, as the races were only repeated that number of times. It would also seem that, in second lists, he again conquered in the ratio of 21 to 4.

383 The author, a Patrician, was Judge of the Course.

390 The most successful translation that I know of is that of the late William Hay, of Edinburgh. And, notwithstanding Christopher North's (Professor Wilson) opinion, Bishop Blomfield is, I think, better than Merivale. Moore is very so-so. This piece is commonly edited as of Anacreon, and indeed there is little difference between it and his universally admitted productions.

APPENDIX.

*1

Jac. App. 1 Agathias.

"The anger sing," both learnt by me and taught,
A vixen wife, alas! I home have brought:
All day she fights and wages war all night,
As from her dam her dow'ry were to fight:
If, silent, to her violence I yield,
She, e'en because I fight not, takes the field.

*2

2 O Men! ye labour for the worse, to win Athenæus.
Unsated gain ye strife and war begin:
But Nature's wealth a narrow limit hath,
While endless of vain lawsuits is the path;
Or Pythia's holy tripod, or the Muse
Gave Neocles' wise son this truth to use.

*3

3 Æschylus.
This tomb Athenian Æschylus—Euphorion was his sire—
Covers, whom Gela, bearing wheat, beheld in her expire:
The grove of Marathon, and there the long-hair'd Mede who fell
In foul defeat, his martial might and patriot virtue tell.

*4

4 No friend is he who, draining the full bowl, Anacreon.
With strife and tearful war disturbs my soul,
But who—of Aphrodite and the Muses
Mingling best gifts—a kind heart's glad wit uses.

*5

5 Lo! Zeno, Citium's friend, to Heav'n who past, Antipater S.
Not that he e'er on Ossa Pelion cast,

Nor toil'd like Hercules: to him the way,
Which mounts on high, thro' virtue open lay.

6

6 Unhappy Mæra, Locris-born! Anyte.
My swiftest and voice-loving hound!
Thou, by the many-rooted thorn,
Thy death hast prematurely found,
Such fatal poison in thy nimble foot
Did spotted snake from reedy cover shoot.

*7

8 Aristocles.
Him, in his hate, the sov'reign of bow-bearing Persia slew,
The pure laws of the Blessed first unholily broke thro':
Not openly o'er-pow'ring him by spear in combat red,
But by a traitor's confidence advantaging instead.

*8

10 Not for mere arms is Pergamus renown'd; Arcesilaus.
Oft are its steeds in holy Pisa crown'd:
And if to speak Jove's mind for man be fit,
Yet greater glories shall descend on it.

*9

11 Far holy Thyatira, Phrygia far ... ... Do.
And, Menedorus! Cadanade are:
But on all sides are equal, as men tell,
The roads to awful Ach'ron measur'd well:
Eudemus has this monument much prais'd,
For thee more dear than many servants, rais'd.

10

12 Nature, who life to all imparts, has bred Archelaus.
You scorpions from an alligator dead.

*11

13 From a dead horse, see! swarming wasps have life, Do.
With such strange births is teeming Nature rife.

12

14 Long years, each into each, all things define— Do.
So, from the marrow of man's hollow spine,

Springs a fierce snake, tho' he, a coward, rot:
What by such miracle its breath has got
Draws from his death like life. If so it be,
A double Cecrops marvel not to see.

13

7 Aristotle.

O Ceres! rich in fruit who art, and hast conspicuous place
In island Sicily, and with the Erechthæan race,
A mighty marvel in our day have Hermionæans seen!
A fierce wild bull, whom not ten men before could lift, has been
By an old woman, all alone, drawn merely by its ear,
From herd to altar following—so a child its mother dear.
This, Ceres! was thy pow'r. Be thou propitious, and on all
Who land-lots have in Hermionæ may plenty ever fall!

*14

15 Who fix'd this well-oar'd monster on the shore? Archimelus.
What leader here with unworn cables bore?
How was yon close deck on its bare ribs put,
And, labour'd with what axe, these hull-bolts cut?
High e'en as Etna's top or some isle-rock,
Where Cyclades Ægean waters block,
And on both sides its wooden walls as broad.
Sure! Giants fashion'd so their heav'nward road:
Its mast-heads touch the stars: soaring, it shrouds
Its triple bulwark in the vasty clouds;
By anchor-hawsers fixt—such Xerxes cast
From Sestus to Abydos when he past.
Letters, late carv'd, upon its strong bows stand
To tell who launch'd its long keel from the land,
How Hiero, of Hierōcles son,
Sicily's Doric sceptre who had won,
A proof of plenty and a pledge of peace,
Sent it, with fruits well-freighted, to all Greece
And to her islands. O Poseidon! Save
This good ship ever on thy pale-green wave.

15

16 Learn, Thetis of the Sea! that Memnon lives, Asclepiodotus.
And, by Aurora warm'd, a clear sound gives
'Neath Egypt's Libyan brow, whence rolling Nile
By beauty-gated Thebes cuts many an isle,

Whilst nor in Thessaly, nor in Troy-plains
Of thy war-mad Achilles word remains. [384 to 387.]

*16

17 I would I were with those, or with us they, Astydamas.
First prizes of soft speech who bore away,
So, judg'd their true mate, I dismiss'd had been—
But now whom no one envies first are seen.

*17

18 Daphitas.
Stripe-purpled slaves! base filings from Lysimachus's gold!
Dominion o'er the Lydians now and Phrygians ye hold.

18

20 Such Milo, at Jove's feast, when from the ground Dorieus.
A heifer, four-year-old, he lightly rais'd,
And, breathless while the whole assembly gaz'd,
Bore, as a lambkin, the huge burthen round.
A wonder that, but, Stranger! far excell'd
When Pisa's sacrificial rites were held:
The bull unyok'd, the pomp which headed late,
There, at a blow, he slew, and, singly, ate!

*19

21 A lofty tomb on lofty peak has Abell ably won, Empedocles.
Of Loftie-hirst the able leech, an able father's son.

20

22 By anger—which is worse than madness e'en— Evenus.
Man's hidden mind betray'd has often been.

21

23 To contradict the common custom seems, Do.
Not rightly, but, always, whate'er the themes.
To such the saw, tho' old, enough should be
"This good to you appears, and that to me."
Any, by speaking sense, with ease will turn
Men of intelligence most apt to learn.

22

24 Courage with prudence is a fortunate thing! Do.
Without which, shame and sorrow it may bring.

*23

26 A mule and ass bore corn upon a road; Euclides.
The ass kept moaning 'neath her heavy load:
Out spake the mule, perceiving her oft groans,
"Like a sick maiden, Mother! these thy moans;
If of thy load thou givest me one sack,
I shall a half have taken off thy back;
But if thou one receivest of my lot,
Both will entire equality have got."
Now tell me, O Geometrician skill'd!
How many sacks of each the burthen fill'd?

*24

27 O Sun! the pole eternal of the sky Euripides.
Who cutt'st, on so great grief e'er look'd thine eye?
A mother, her fair girl, two brothers, whom,
In the same day, destroy'd one dreadful doom.

25

28 From morn to night, from night to morn again, Hedylus.
With flagons that four choës each contain,
Drinks Pasisōcles, then, come what come may,
Suddenly rising, takes himself away.
But at a feast where good wine circles free,
More sweetly than Sicelides plays he
And far more vigorous. A grace how great
Beams o'er him. Write, and drink, Friend! ere too late.

*26

30 Do.
Here, in the zephyr-loving fane of coy Arsinoë,
Come, O ye drinkers of pure wine! this drinking-horn to see,
Which Bezas, on her altar-head, th' Egyptian dancer bound:
At flowing of the open'd stream it trumpets a shrill sound—
No summons that to battle-field, but, from its golden snout,
Of revelry, of feast, and fun the signal it rings out:
Such is the strain, to Mystæ dear who lead the sacred rites,
Which King Nile, in the lands where flow his streams divine, delights:
If of Ctesibius this shrewd discov'ry ye revere,
Young men! in grateful groups attend Arsinoe's temple near.

27

29 Drest is our fish: now firmly turn the key, Do.
Lest Agis, Proteus of the dishes, see:

For he 'll be water, fire—whate'er he likes;
Bar well the door, nor ope whoever strikes,
Lest he, transform'd like Jupiter in gold
Fall, and on this Acrisian dish lay hold.

*28

31 Hedylus.
Callistion, at a drinking bout who mates with men in sooth,
Three choës, before breakfast quaff'd—tho' wonderful, 't is truth!
By her from Lesbos' loving isle this cup of crystal blue,
With measures of pure wine perfum'd, is, Paphia! plac'd for you!
Preserve her ever and entire, that so she may again,
With spoils of sweet desires, adorn the walls of this your fane.

29

32 Clio! thou would'st a dainty fish; Do.
We shut our eyes, but, if the wish
To eat alone be thine, at most
A drachma is the conger's cost.
Down then thy zone, or earrings lay,
Or something of the kind, in pay;
We cannot, to content us, brook
The payment e'en by prettiest look:
Nay! thou art our Medusa grown;
Looking on thee we turn to stone;
We frighten'd by no Gorgon feel
But for our dish of conger-eel.

30

33 Drink we. Still o'er wine we meet Do.
Something smart or something sweet,
Something new to hear or say.
Casks of Chian! wet my clay.
Laugh, Hedylus! drink. To be
Sober, life is vain to me.

*31

34 Do.
Beneath this tomb is Theon laid, who favorite had been,
So sweet he play'd the single pipe, in mimes and on the scene.
Our life departed, blind and old, this son of Scirpalus,
Whom when in early youth his sire surnam'd Eupalamus;

For, playing at his birthday feast—in illustration due—
So excellent his skill of hand, the title thence he drew.
Of Glauca he the sportive strains, drunk by the Muses made,
And the light glees of Battalus, who lov'd good liquor, play'd,
The best airs too of Cotalus and Pancalus. Do ye
To Theon, the reed-player, say "Theon! farewell to thee."

*32

35 Herodicus.

More timid than the fallow deer, Aristarchæans! flee,
Ye captious critics! Greece upon the wide back of the sea;
Book-moths who buzz in corners dark, of monosyllables fond,
Clipt phrase, and often expletive who have no wit beyond;
Away with you—bad luck be yours! But to Herodicus
May Greece, and God-born Babylon, be ever welcome thus.

33

36 Lov'd by mankind and by the Muses more, Theætetus.
Crantor yet perish'd ere life's prime was o'er:
The holy man now dead, receive, O Earth!
E'en from thy dust survives with us his worth.

*34

37 Pythagoras, Pythagoras, O Stranger! with much hair, Do.
Pythagoras the Samian I—sure me in mind you bear—
The famous boxer. Of my deeds at Elis if you ask,
To trust what men will tell of me impossible the task! [278.]

35

39 O Ptolemy! Earth's denizen tho' found, Theon.
And in the laws of mortal nature bound,
Thou of the stars the ever-circling force
Well knowest and the pole's aye-changing course,
And showest what the signs above us tell;
Wherefore 't is meet that thee heav'n-born we call,
Of mind not earthly but etherial all;
Tho' thou hast liv'd with us on earth who dwell,
Where human nature's firmest fetters bind,
Still, passion-purg'd 'midst all its toils, thy mind,
Left of the flesh the mud-like mist, foreshows
The certain end which coming things shall close.

*36

38 Theocritus.

To Hermias the Eunuch King, of slain Eubulus slave,
This empty tomb the empty mind of Aristotle gave,
Who, for his monster appetite, of Bosporus the stream
Chose rather for his dwelling than the groves of Academe.

*37

40 Theon.

Along th' Olympian threshold blue
are wand'ring sev'n bright stars,
Venus and Saturn, Sun and Moon,
Jove, Mercury, and Mars.

*38

41 Juba.

If Leontéus, epicure and actor you would see,
Judge him not by that trying part of curst Hipsipyle;
Once he was dear to Bacchus, who speech ne'er delighted in
Which needed ears with golden lobes an entrance there to win;
But trivet-pots and earthen-ware and dry fry-pans, which fill'd
The stomach erst, his once good voice have altogether kill'd.

39

44 Hippo.

This tomb is Hippo's, whom Fate fellow made
Of the Immortals when in death she laid.

*40

46 Callimachus.

Creophylus wrote me, whose hearth receiv'd
Homer of old. Over the woes I griev'd
Of Eurytus and bright-hair'd Iolé;
Men deem they trace a mightier hand in me,
And I am styl'd of Homer. Happy fate!
Which crowns Creophylus with fame so great.

*41

47 Cratetus.

Bright seed of Mem'ry and Olympian Jove,
Pierian Muses! hear me while I plead;
Give food to mine apt stomach, and, above
Slav'ry's degree, a humble life to lead;
Not merely pleasant to my friends make me
But that I also serviceable be:
Great wealth I wish not, nor cups flowing o'er,
The ant's abundance, heaping more on more,

But, justly, to possess my portion here,
Healthy, well-gotten, and to virtue dear
(A friend of Hermes and the Muses chaste)
In kindly charity, not pamper'd waste.

*42

45 Callimachus.

Erewhile a shiny nautilus, tho' now a simple shell,
I, Venus-Zephyritis! near thy sacred altar dwell,
The young Selene's votive gift. Time was I wont to sail
O'er the blue sea as fancy will'd: and, if arose the gale,
With mine own natural canvass spread, I lightly skimm'd the deep:
But, when the Ocean calmly smil'd, it was my wont to sweep
Onward along its level glass, row'd ever by my feet,
Till to my sailor nature so the sailor name seem'd meet.
Then, Bright Arsinoe! was I flung on this far Julian strand,
To be a theme of rev'rie fond in thine imperial hand,
And not as erst—for mine no more the breath of life—in me
That the sea-loving Halcyon's eggs deposited might be;
O Zephyritis! favour show to Clinias' daughter young,
Pure is her life, and pious, from Æolian Smyrna sprung.

43

48 Go, in good heart, to Hades at slow pace; Leonidas T.
The clear way winds not, nor is hard to trace;
Nay, 'tis all straight, and sloping downward lies,
And, e'en at midnight, travell'd with shut eyes.

*44

49 Lucian wrote these, who knew things foolish, old; Lucian.
For what but foolish are men wise oft hold;
To judge between the two we have not wit;
Your idol others makes with laughter split.

45

52 This horse of bronze, thou see'st, breathes full and free, Michael.
As if alive: its neigh we soon shall hear,
And, lifting up its forefoot, it will thee
Strike surely with its heel, if passing near.
It burns to start. Stand off. No nearer go,
But rather flee, lest fall on thee its blow.

*46

53 Here I, poor Virtue, sit at Pleasure's side, Musalcas.
Disgrac'd, and shorn my glossy ringlets' pride,
My mind with sorrow and resentment stirr'd,
Since all to me have base delights preferr'd.

*47

54 Not in the city let my banquet be, Nicænetus.
But where, afield, breathes Zephyr glad and free.
Enough for me a light and grassy bed,
A near couch of our native willows spread,
Or osier, whose old wreath the Carians use,
But *there* be wine, the sweet lyre of the Muse;
So drinking, happy, we may sing the while
Jove's bride renown'd, the mistress of our isle.

*48

55 This fairest image of a God-like son, Nicomedes.
By bold art from a new-made mother won,
Boethus, of mankind best sculptor, plann'd,
Proof e'en to future years of his rare hand,
And Nicomedes plac'd, in recompense
Of a life rescued from the pains intense
Of worst disease, a testimonial sure,
E'en as our sires, like skill is ours to cure.

*49

56 Such as Ilithyia, Phœbus-born Do.
On Phlegyas' daughter, gave, with locks unshorn,
Such, fashion'd by Boethus' skilful hands,
Thy statue, Pæan-Œsculapius! stands;
To this thy fane, my rescued life to pay
And oft diseases chas'd by thee away,
A small vow-gift, by me thy servant brought,
Such to the Gods as men for health devote.

50

59 Parrasius.
Parrasius I, of life refin'd, a friend of virtue too,
From Ephesus, fam'd father-land, an emigrant, this drew:
Evenor, unforgotten yet, my sire, a lawful son
Begat in me, amongst the Greeks who Art's first honours won.

51

57 This column Friends for Nicomedes set; Nicomedes.
Best of physicians he, while living yet;
His painless med'cines oft sav'd mortal breath,
Now, painless, here his body rests in death.

*52

58 O labour vain of unsuccessful war! Panteleus.
With our great King when face to face we are,
What shall we answer? Wherefore did he send
Us forth against Immortals to contend?
We hurl our javelins, they strike no foe,
Or, even if we wound, no fear they show.
One man has a whole army put to flight:
He stood, a bloody image, 'mid the fight,
Of untir'd War. An iron-rooted tree
He stood, which fell not. Quickly will they be
Within our ships. Our sails, O Pilot! spread,
The threats avoid we of the angry dead.

53

60 Such to Parrasius in dreams, Parrasius.
oft visitant by night,
As Hercules appear'd, he now
in Lindos meets our sight.

54

61 Do.
Altho' incredible to hear, I say it, and say sooth,
The range already of this art discover'd is in truth
Beneath my hand: its boundaries transgrest can never be—
Yet nought by mortals is produc'd which is from censure free!

55

62 Hail! twice a youth, twice buried, Hesiod, hail! Pindar.
Thou to mankind wert wisdom's perfect scale.

56

63 The Graces, sought from pole to pole Plato.
A sacred and enduring shrine,
Found one at length in that pure soul,
Rare Aristophanes! of thine.

*57

Long, Dorica! Earth's dust thy bones has veil'd, Poseidippus.
Thy hair-band, and thy robe which myrrh exhal'd,
Whose folds the fair Charaxus erst detain'd,
When at his side joy's morning bowl was drain'd.
Thou, Sappho! still remain'st, and the clear strain,
Speaking thy blessed name, shall yet remain
Of thy dear odes, which Naucratis shall keep,
Long as to shoal-bound Nile ships cross the deep.

58

Thasos, my father-land, sufficient meat Do.
Purvey'd not for Theagenes to eat;
So, for a wager, a Mæonian bull
Once, singly, I devour'd, nor yet was full:
My pray'r was still for more, and hence I stand
Sculptur'd in bronze, thus holding out my hand.

*59

This stone no raging river in its bed Do.
Held, but a serpent with well-bearded head:
Brilliantly white, the chariot therein hid
Some artist, sure! of eye Lyncæan did,
And cunning hand: on the broad face unseen,
The figure lives when chang'd the light has been:
Great wonder this of labour! carving such,
In his strain'd eyes the sculptor suffer'd much.

60

Ptolemy.
Hermippus and Hegesianax have all the signs of Heaven,
And manifold phenomena to us in writing given;
But, in their wanderings abstruse, somehow the mark is miss'd,
Aratus still of subtle speech the sceptre holds, I wist.

*61

Who plough the sea and on the land who live, Poseidippus.
Honour to this Arsinoe's temple give:
Of Philadelphus wife, a Cypris she,
Whom first Callicrates—the Admiral he
Of the Nile fleet—upon Zephyrium's shore
Plac'd as a patron. Mariners! adore,

And she, thro' storms, fair voyage will confer,
Making the wide sea smooth for all who pray to her.

62

68 Phuromachus, the tavern's pest—no crow Poseidippus.
Greedier than him—who all devour'd below,
This out-dug hollow, in the greasy folds
Of his patch'd Pellene cloak, a corpse now holds.
Anoint, Athenian! and crown his stone,
If e'er with him a fellow rev'ller known:
At last with livid brow, sans teeth, sans eyes,
In a rough plaid, with but one flask he lies:
The old Lenæan games see him no more,
And mute he sleeps, with hasty earth heap'd o'er.

*63

69 Lush Bacchus at Rheginus' homestead see! Proclus.
Gay-shouting, in his right a cup holds he,
And in his left a thyrsus, while around
His auburn hair is dark-bright ivy wound:
Blood-purple garments o'er his flesh he wears,
And, as a cloak, a spotted deer-hide bears;
King Bacchus self an inner chamber boasts,
Propitious to the pray'rs of all kind hosts.

*64

75 Simonides.
This statue of chaste Artemis two hundred drachmas bought,
Drachmas of Paros, passing wide, whose emblem is the goat,
As by Minerva's matchless hand, wrought curiously for us,
Worthy Arcesilas the son of Aristodicus.

*65

71 This tomb of Pytheas is, a good wise man, Pytheas.
Whose rare buffet with countless cups o'er-ran,
Gold, silver, and translucent amber, more
Than all his ancestors e'er had before.

*66

72 One half this flagon—if I right divine— Rhianus.
Is fill'd with pitch, Archinus! half with wine,
Kids' horn was ne'er so thin—yet, who purveys,
Hippocrates, is worthy of all praise.

*67

73 These holy women stood, and Cypris pray'd, Simonides.
Their fellow Greeks in gallant fight to aid,
And Aphrodite will'd that Median bow
The Acropolis of Greece should ne'er o'erthrow.

*68

74 This dust 's Archedicé, her sire the prime— Do.
Hippias by name—of Greece in all his time;
Wife, mother, sister, child of Kings was she,
And yet from arrogance, in all things, free.

69

76 Do.
Democritus was, of our chiefs, third in the glorious fight,
When Greeks, near Salamis, at sea engag'd the Median's might;
Five ships he from the foemen took, a sixth to Greece restor'd,
A Dorian bark, late made a prize by that barbarian horde.

70

77 Thee Athens honour'd, Neoptolemus! Do.
For thy kind heart and pious conduct, thus.

*71

79 When Antiochis, as prize of victory, gain'd Do.
The well-wrought tripod, Adeimantus reign'd,
Archon of Athens. Aristides then—
Son of Xenophilus—of fifty men
Leading the well-taught choir, its cost defray'd:
And, in that public proof his skill display'd,
Leoprepes' octogenarian son,
Simonides, anew has glory won.

72

80 Thy white bones in this tomb, hound Lycas! set, Do.
Scare, e'en tho' dead, the stag and sanglier yet:
Pelion thy prowess, Ossa the far-seen,
Knew, and the sheep-walks of Cithæron green.

*73

82 Eighty years old, his sire Leoprepes, Do.
No mem'ry equals thine, Simonides!

74

78 Simonides.
When the brave pair, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, slew
Hipparchus, a great glorious light o'er Athens bright'ning grew.

*75

83 In man is nought which alway firm remains; Do.
This sentiment the Chian best explains,
" Like as the race of leaves so is mankind."
But few whose ears receive the truth, in mind
Ponder its truth: in old and young hearts still
Hopes ever-present prompt the sanguine will.
So long as with youth's flow'r a man is blest,
Light are his thoughts, from vain dreams ne'er at rest,
He looks not to grow old, or ever die,
Nor when in health do fears of suff'ring try.
Fools! who so tutor their weak minds, nor know
How short of youth and life man's term below.
Thou, better taught, with holy things and pure,
Pleasing your spirit, to life's end endure!

*76

84 Time, best of all, the deeds of man declares, Do.
And to day's eye his secret bosom bares.

77

85 Corcyra was my fatherland, Philon my name, the son Do.
Of Glaucus, at Olympia twice the boxing-prize I won.

*78

86 I Aristódamus, of Thrasis son, Do.
In Elis born, at wrestling good, twice won
The Isthmian, Nemean, and Olympian prize,
By art alone, and not by strength, or size.

*79

87 The snow—wherewith Olympus to its base Do.
Fierce Boreas shrouded, rushing swift from Thrace,
Vexing the reins of cloakless mortals—fails,
Thaw'd by the breath of these Pierian vales:
Mine be at least a share, for who can praise
A host, who with hot wine our thirst allays?

88 *80 Simonides.

The contest of a tettix he who will not stand, I say
To Epeus, son of Panopeus, must a good dinner pay.

81

89 We formerly, O Stranger! dwelt Do.
well-water'd Corinth near:
The isle of Ajax, Salamis,
now holds our ashes here:
Phœnician vessels taking there
from Persian and from Mede,
The holy land of lovely Greece
our patriot efforts freed.

*82

90 Sophocles.

It was the Sun—and not a boy—Euripides! who me
Stript naked, melting with his warmth. But Boreas was with thee
When dallying with thy damsel: sure! thou art not wise to sow
Another's field, who lettest thus cloak-stealing Eros go.

83

91 This wreath, O Aphrodite! thine to be, Cornelius Sylla.
I, Sylla the Dictator, bring—for thee
In dreams I saw, war-weapons in thy right,
Amidst my legions ordering the fight.

*84

92 Synesius.

That now to Heav'n a way is found by wisdom, marvel not,
Since, from the Heav'nly Pow'rs themselves, our intellect is got.
Lo! how the bent backs of the sphere it has in order put,
And in unequal segments how the equal circles cut;
Lo! all the stars along yon vast circumference which blaze,
Where metes, in his high course, the Sun alike our nights and days;
Lo! too the inclinations of the Zodiac, nor forget
How in meridian junction are the famous centres met.

*85

93 Her saffron robe, with fringe of gold enwrought, Phalæcus.
Has Cleo, as a gift, to Bacchus brought:
In banquets so conspicuous she, none e'er
Match'd against her in drinking could compare.

*86

94 These have their homes on Helicon's high crest, Philiadas.
Whose prowess Thespia wide, with pride confest.

*87

95 Barkless and leafless, Trav'ller! on this mound Philip R.
The soaring cross is for Alcæus bound.

*88

96 Philiscus.
Now, daughter of Calliope! O ever-prompting Thought!
Show us thy reveries, and what of wondrous they have taught,
For Lysias, metamorphos'd in another form, again
In other worlds of life, has now another nature ta'en:
The herald of his virtue, thou must now produce a song
Whence glory to the all-wise dead shall evermore belong,
The lov'd companion of my soul which shall to all attest,
And of the virtuous dead the worth to all make manifest.

*89

99 In holy walls who enters should be chaste,
For chastity with holy thoughts is grac'd.

*90

101 Of Phœbus the plain-spoken Sibyl I
'Neath a stone monument here mould'ring lie,
A virgin, voiceful once but voiceless now,
Since to strong Fate, which silenc'd, forc'd to bow;
But, near the Nymphs and 'neath this Hermes laid,
I share with Hecatus the honour paid.

91

98
O Hermes! of Persephoné grim herald, whom hast thou
Summon'd, to gloomy Tartarus and Hades victim, now?
Shame upon Fate, who from the sun Ariston snatches so;
The child, who but sev'n years had seen, lies with his fathers low.
O grief-exulting Pluto! who dispensest ev'ry hour
Of breath to man, why gather up, ere blown, this budding flow'r?

*92

100 If with thy goats, by mid-day thirst opprest,
On these lone downs of Clitoris to rest,

Rustic! thou comest, drink at ease, and bring
Thy whole flock near the Naiads of the spring;
But bathe not here, with pleasant wine if warm,
Lest, playing on thy frame, the free gale harm.
My fountain hates the vine; Melampus here
Did Prætus' daughters from their madness clear,
From secret taint their nature cleansing quite
When he, from Argos, sought this wild Arcadian height.

*93

102
Thrice miserable woman I, who drew from Kings my life,
Daughter of great Tiberius, of brave Mauricius wife,
Thron'd Queen, with many children fair whose womb oft-teeming taught
Something at least of good is in the rule of many wrought,
Here, with my royal lord and all our offspring, am I lain,
By military mutiny in public treason slain.
My woes have been than Hecuba's and than Jocasta's worse;
Alas! alas! a breathing corpse, like Niobe's my curse:
Could not their parents' blood suffice? Why to the sword condemn
Our children, innocent of crime? What fear was there in them?
Imperial Rome! beneath our tree no shadow now is left,
The Thracian blasts—stem, branch, and root—have all asunder cleft.

94

103 This earth holds Heraclides, whom hard Fate
Seiz'd, singling from his youthful fellows, late;
Just now, when he, in sinewy strife, had won
Manhood's wish'd prize, his lovely life is done;
Just now, when scarce sixteen, to sorrow sad
He leaves Smertomarè, once mother glad.

*95

103a Latona's maiden daughter I obey, the arrow-Queen,
Orthosian Artemis on all our city ramparts seen:
Asclepias her handmaid I: Euctimenus my sire
Was son of Asclepiades, and—more if you require—
My mother was Nicephoré, most honour'd, of good race:
They rear'd me well and got me here a holy priestess-place.

*96

104 None is immortal born. Severa! these
Theseus attest and the Æacides.
Thee virtuous, young Strymon's blameless bride,
I welcome in my hollow lap with pride.
Thy like long Time ne'er bore, and tomb is none,
With inmate to match mine beneath the sun.

*97

105 This dolphin-car, 'neath escort of
Immortals, knew to save
Tuneful Arion, Cyclon's son,
from Sicily's sea-grave.

*98

106 O'er Asia, rich in gold, these ruin wrought,
These upon Greece the yoke of slav'ry brought,
Now, in Jove's fane, they, masterless, are left,
Spoils from the boastful Macedonian reft.

*99

108
Leaving his own old fatherland Ætolus erst endur'd
Toils sore and many ere his spear Curetium secur'd;
The son of Hæmon, Oxylus, who was of the same race,
Tenth in descent, this well-wall'd town built in its ancient place.

*100

109 Draining the stores of wisdom from my birth,
Know hence the deeds of ages past from earth;
Nor Homer's page, nor lyric song peruse,
Nor elegiac, nor the tragic Muse,
Nor lay of clam'rous Cyclic—look in me,
All that the world possesses there you'll see.

*101

107 A man—who was no man, I wot!
Saw, or—as so it prov'd—saw not
A bird—which as no bird rank we,
Sit on a tree—which was no tree:
A stone—which was no stone—he threw
'Gainst it, and, throwing, miss'd it too!

102

111 For prowess, counsel, eloquence the first,
Illustrious sons has old Cecropia nurst,
Of whom Dexippus was, long ages thro'
Who Hist'ry trac'd and ever truly too;
Some things himself he saw, and some he got
In books, collecting facts from ev'ry spot.
Certes! a famous man—his keen mind cast
A thousand eyes abroad to learn the past:
Bruited throughout all Hellas is the praise
Which, ever new, she to his genius pays;
Wherefore to their great sire his children here,
Grateful and proud, this goodly column rear.

103

112 To leap, to pitch the quoit, to hurl the dart,
To run, to wrestle—best in ev'ry art!

*104

113 This sacred grove is blest the Muses by:
Lo! where their books, beside the plane-trees, lie:
We guard them, and, come any true friend here,
We crown his brows with ivy never sere.

105

114 When home Alcmene as his wife he led
Amphitryon receiv'd her in this bed,
Which rare Ancasius, with the ready aid
Of Agamedes and Trophonius, made.

106

115 To the lute's sound the walls Amphion wrought
Of Thebes. Illyrius now home has brought
Song with her sweet voice; hence to me it seems
Won of untiring Art are all the schemes.

107

117 I saw a man who by the means of fire was glueing brass
So closely to another man, the two for one might pass!

108

116 I introduc'd to man the Muse,
And taught him too the dance to use;

One Anachus of Phialè
I chose my flute-player to be;
Bacchídes I of Sicyon
Was nam'd, and, this my duty done
To Heav'n—and Heav'n be thank'd! done well—
Was to my country hon'rable.

*109

118 'T is not that Heav'n to flutists sense denies,
But, with their fluting, e'en what 's given flies.

*110

119
Men! who but now, as guests, have come to this Ausonian strand,
Soon, by your searching eyes, is seen the dwelling on dry land
Of one, who rev'rencing the mind of Ægis-bearing Jove,
First, in man's ever wand'ring breast, the presence knew to prove
Of an immortal soul, exempt, by Jove's decree, from age,
Stamping his patron Phœbus' pow'r in many a faultless page.
Yet was he mortal, and, beneath Necessity's stern doom,
Ended his course, his dust was here shut in the silent tomb:
Limb-loosen'd, to Jove's holy home he soar'd, an altar fair
To Apollo and the Muses first raising in open air:
Man-saving Asclepiades found soon a world of bliss,
Leaving unto the dying sick a grievous want in this!

111

120 May many flow'rs enliven this new tomb,
Nor brambles here, nor noxious weeds presume:
Narcissus, marjoram, and violet,
And, Vibius! all around be roses set.

*112

121 This was a man. Who look'st upon him, see
What yet remains, a certain fate, for thee.
Think on thine end: enjoy life's passing day,
As one to whom nor long nor short its stay;
Take a just mean. Old age or penury press
Who use life not enough, or in excess.

*113

122 Insatiate grave! since all thy debt must pay,
Why snatch so soon a child like me away?

*114

123 I am the good ship Argo: me
Jason to Neptune gave, when he
With pine-leaf was and parsley crown'd,
In Isthmia's and Nemæa's round.

*115

124 When first these walls to build nine Archons met,
Senate and Populace this Hermes set.

*116

128
The Archon Theodorus this! by judgments mild and true,
Who sav'd of universal Greece the states and cities too:
Therefore, at first, Themistocles, our Agora to grace—
Such was the people's wish—in stone his statue here did place:
Him afterwards they set with pray'rs to God the sire of all—
So Theodosius will'd—in bronze upon the city wall.

117

125 Me, just eighteen and beardless, envious Fate
Has snatcht, and sent to Hades in its hate.
My Mother! dry thy tears, desist this wail,
Nor pray'rs, nor grief with Hades e'er avail.

118

126 Me Fate from life a new-born babe withdrew,
When nor of good nor ill the springs I knew.

*119

127 Thee, our gymnasium's glory, blooming now
With youth's best flow'r upon thy radiant brow,
Thee in the tomb thy sire, Protarchus! hides.
For thy heap'd bones this monument provides,
And hers, thy virgin sister, snatcht before,
Isias, then wept by him in sorrow sore.
— Wo! wo! insatiate still the grief-storm swept
On this grey head. His wife Protarchus wept.
This stone he rais'd, since, solitary left,
Death each sweet solace of old age had reft.

120

129 I, Asbolus, whom warning word
Never of Gods or men deterr'd,

Suspended now from bough of pine,
Prickly, and rich in turpentine,
Here to the keen and long-liv'd crow
Safe meal and plentiful bestow.

121

130 Luke, son of Asis—as High-Priest him awful Mithras claims—
Whom his lov'd Smyrna chose to judge her ancient athlete games,
The best of men, whose wisdom rare grac'd well his noble birth,
This monument and altar hide in our Ausonian earth.

*122

131 Hail! of wide Asia spot o'er all endear'd,
Gold-city, Hierapolis rever'd,
Where ev'ry Nymph her crystal fount has rear'd.

123

132 Of asps, toads, snakes, and of mad dogs beware—
But of Laodiceans most take care!

124

133 Herōdes, son of Atticus, of Marathon, here lies—
So much at least as death can claim—his glory never dies.

*125

135 I, in Olympia, of wrought gold the fam'd Colossus am:
All the Cypselidæ—young, old—may Heav'n for ever damn!

*126

135a Me, for the Nymphs, a small work, Ambrose made:
Small, for Heav'n gave him no strong hands to aid.
Here too he clos'd a life of toil: where flow,
In stone, my channel'd waters, he lies low;
To raise them into daylight, long he wrought,
Till to Catania my pure stream was brought.

127

136 Lo! a child's tomb—here stay awhile your tread—
Who from his mother's bosom briefly fled,
Fled, and, amongst the dead, his sire to mourn
Left when the moon had ten times fill'd her horn;

Such was the infant as bards tell us were
Bacchus, Alcides bold, Endymion fair.

128

O Chronian Zeus, Olympus-King! accept this image fair,
And ever Lacedæmon have in favourable care.

*129

Bitto and Phænis here—sweet Day! good bye—
Fellow wool-workers, poor and aged, lie,
Both Coans, of good birth. O genial Light!
To whom of Demi-Gods we sang till night.

130

Thy counsels, labours, and thy courage, known
Thro' Greece, of Hercules the pillars own:
Thy form, Aratus! home-restor'd, we here,
In mem'ry of thy worth and justice, rear,
Ranking our Saviour e'en with Gods who save,
Good laws and equal rights who to his country gave!

131

This altar to best Plato—whom to praise
For Vice were impious—Aristotle lays;
He first alone of men well knew to teach,
By personal virtue and well-order'd speech,
How man, at once, may good and happy be—
Alas! that future times no second such can see.

132

To sov'reign Nemesis, and all her fellow-Gods rever'd,
This altar-stone Arrianus in hearty homage rear'd.

133

This tomb of Glaucias, by his young child rear'd,
Shows how that sire was to his son endear'd.
Not his, alas! to see his boy, who had
To nurse his age, not build his tomb, been glad.
But Fortune, envious and in all unjust,
In son-less sorrow his old mother thrust,
Doom'd to lone widowhood his loving wife,
And to his helpless child an orphan'd life.

*134

141 Drawn by Parrasius, carv'd by Mys, here look
On lofty Troy, which fierce Achilles took.

135

144 Just past my second year, a strong disease
From an ill life did me Helladius seize.

*136

145 Hon'ring his sire Erotius, the god-like Hierophant
Of Ceres and Persephone, has Cleadas—fair plant
Of Athens' wisdom—plac'd him here: for he himself has been
In the Lernæan sanctuary like office holding seen.

137

146 A new-made knight, who was till now
a hireling in the force,
Anthenion of Diphilus,
vows to the Gods his horse.

*138

147 Here two Hippomedons one earth beneath
Lie snatcht, a son and sire, by ruthless death:
Left of the entrance buried lies the son,
And to the right is old Hippomedon:
O'er them the dust Hippodamía flung;
Her son Pœcilius of their lineage sprung,
Fresh'ning the turf, and fencing round their grave,
To uncle and grandsire love's latest tribute gave.

*139

148 Ere of mine years the sweet sev'nteenth had fled,
Death snatcht me to Persephone's dark bed:
Fate to life's lamp the short race thus ordain'd,
Not the long round, whereby old age is gain'd.
Dear to the Muse, in youth's first flow'ry bliss,
I, Dionysius, join the halls of Dis.
Cease Mother! Father! from this sorrow rife,
Heav'n gave my piety fit term of life.

149 140

Thy countrymen this porchway bronze for thee, Polycles! plac'd,
O never, in ten thousand years, by Time to be defac'd!

Wisely and well they trusted thee, in home and foreign strife,
Prudent in counsel, stout in fight, and spotless in thy life.

141

To the immortal memory
of his dead brother dear,
Polyllus of Polystratus
this image places here.

142

Of a Crete town, new-built, my sole care by,
The bust of a pure governor am I,
In Themis' porch, of Themis a sure shield,
To Virtue mild, of Vice the foe reveal'd;
Me Callinicus—the whole isle as one
Approving—plac'd, Illyria's second sun.

143

Years twenty-six, months four, and days eleven,
To me, Sabrina, as life's space were given:
Here lies my dust: my child, at Fate's decree—
Her filial love to show—soon following me.

144

When my life's sum to years thrice nine had swell'd,
Earth in her cold arms me Paulinus held;
Hygeia, sev'n years old, my sister too
Lies near, than whom a sweeter flow'r ne'er grew.

*145

If thou wert mortal, weaving the Fates' woof,
Why doth the Muse keep death from thee aloof?
And if Immortal, why with mortals range?
Certes, O venerable bard! 't is strange.
Is this the truth, divinest Homer? We
But call thee man, since nought we know of thee.

146

Love me, Belov'd! and one joy blesses two,
Hate me, you hate it not so, as I love you.

*147

One of three brothers, Cressus' son, me Neoptolemus,
In honour of my conq'ring spear, the Tloans have plac'd thus;

Fighting for them I prostrated, wherever turn'd my arms,
Pisidians, and Galatæ, and Agriáne's swarms.

148

157 I'm Charax, sacred priest, known well
In Pergamus, Troy's citadel,
Where, with Achilles—ever who
Cities in ruins overthrew—
Fought Telephus brave son of yore
Whom Auge to Alcides bore.

149

158 In whom the Muse and mind she sees
Of Maro and Mæonides,
To Claudian's honourable praise
Rome and her Kings this statue raise.

150

159 Had but Demosthenes combin'd
Like pow'rs of body as of mind,
Of Macedonian Mars the yoke
Thus had not Helle's spirit broke.

*151

160 Grief to Atimia, cruel Fate! by thee
Is left, sole profit of her piety,
For Rusticus is gone, her lord and head,
And the child Pompey at her breast who fed;
Pompeia too, her mother, and, in one
O Death! her grandsire Pudens and his son,
The old root and young scion. Nought save tears,
Until the tomb, for her on earth appears.

*152

162 Whoever doubts of Nature's pow'rs has got,
May learn them, looking on this waterpot:
No fit gift for the God, priest Stratius here
Plac'd it in proof of our great winter year.

*153

164 These from fifteen. Of Phœbus the crown'd Priest,
Wise Crescens, and Leontius divine,
One from the West, the other of the East,
At omniparent Rhea's solemn shrine,

In conjoint orgies, bulls the choicest slay,
And perfect rams, their service best to pay;
Then, in the awful Goddess-Mother's praise,
Sprinkling the sacred blood, their altar raise.

*154

When, with th' Atridæ, Mnestheus, from these tow'rs
Led forth to God-built Troy his martial pow'rs,
Where'er the battle burn'd—so Homer speaks—
His eminence was prov'd amid the Greeks:
No new thing this: the palm is Athens' still,
For soldier spirit and for chieftain skill. [181.]

155

Years twenty-six when Abgarus had fill'd,
He died, and here lies buried. Fate so will'd.
Envy unjust extinguish'd his young light,
Leaving his home and age in sorrow's night.
This tomb his brother Antoninus plac'd:
Their birth from royal Abgarus they trac'd.

*156

This statue in the pilgrim grove of Zeus who rules on high
Was plac'd, a public cost and care, the grateful Samians by.
* * * * *
To father, and to fatherland, your brilliant life secures
Lysander! immortality—for Virtue's fame is yours.

157

Athens for Greece in Marathon's stern fight
Laid low in earth the gilded Median's might.

158

The saviours of wide Helle this decreed,
From hateful slavery her cities freed.

159

Here Phytalus the royal hero erst
Welcom'd Deméter, when the ripe fruit first
She gave, which since the sacred fig we name—
Wherefore his race undying honours claim.

160

172 Ere of my life the nineteenth moon
Had wan'd, the tomb upon me soon
Its portals clos'd. Procle my name
From a good father Proclus came.
Kind Heav'n! the self-same Syrian earth
Buries me now which gave me birth.

161

170 Wife of dear Arrius, only man to me,
Here lie I—best and bravest hero he!
Noble in birth, of Scipio's line I came,
And Publiana mine ancestral name;
True widow have I been, alone since left,
Consum'd by grief for sons too early reft:
Much care in life and trial have I known,
My mind consoling with the Muse alone.

162

171 His mortal frame made pure by the pure fire,
Here join'd Dialogus the Immortal choir,
Here, wise and chaste, his bones, flesh-free, are cast,
Whose life in virtue and in wisdom past:
Say rather here his remnant ashes lie,
While to wide Heav'n the spirit mounts on high.

*163

176
My name's sev'n solemn letters me the great undying God
Proclaim, and all things, as their sire's, wait on my wakeful nod;
I regulate the rolling spheres, and of my lyre the laws,
The music and the motion of eternal Nature cause.

164

174 The best physician, beyond friends a friend,
Whose rare mind almost reach'd true wisdom's end,
This tomb, rais'd wholly by dear friends, holds one
Of Verus and of Æsculapius son.

165

177 Good Carpus, by a constant spring, plac'd me
Hermes, the Naiads' servitor to be.

166

178 Who robber Hermes robb'd was a bold thief,
Robbing whom all of robbers own as chief.

*167

176a
Wherever Ocean-waters lave of Earth the limits round,
Kings and their peoples trembled at my spear in war renown'd:
Descended from God-Hercules, Philip was father mine,
Olympias my mother drew from Æacus her line.

*168

179 Relentless Death has Lord Marcellus snatch'd,
O'er the wide West, Rome's Governor unmatch'd;
Bright germ of Greece, throughout the Cyclades
Cities he rais'd, and left in prosp'rous ease;
At Themis' door, the Court and Pyrrhus cause
His bust to stand, who guarded well our laws.

*169

180 Eubulus.
Tongueless it speaks, and, whether male or female, has one name,
Dispenser of domestic winds, now smooth, now rough its frame,
Speaking to wisdom witless things as issues sound on sound,
One thing it is yet many, and unwounded with a wound.

*170

181 Antiphanes.
A female thing there is which saves her young within her breast,
Ever by whom, tho' mute, a voice is loud and far exprest,
O'er swelling Ocean and all land, to whom they will of men;
The absent hear and e'en the deaf some sense of sound have then.

*171

181a If yet in doubt whose tomb beneath appears,
'Tis Apollóphanes', for thirty years
Who, great in faith and fame, of morals pure,
Strove human hearts in virtue to secure;
His son, by name and nature Diodore,
Has rear'd this tomb his dust in honour o'er.

*172

182 Eurydice of Hierapolis
Plac'd, in memorial to the Muses, this—

Well was to them her love of knowledge known,
Nor will they now her grateful gift disown—
An alphabet, the manual of speech,
Glad that her grown sons she has ceas'd to teach.

173

183 Chrysothemis, Eutelides
(The sons of ancient Argos these)
This work completed, showing still
Ancestral energy and skill.

174

184 In music, mirth, love, luxury combin'd,
I liv'd, with gay songs light'ning ev'ry mind,
Annoying none by saucy rhyme of mine,
But lov'd of Bromius, Paphia, and the Nine,
Menophilus my name, of Asian birth,
And buried, young, in this Italian earth.

*175

185 'T is well Menander by Love's side to view,
Who, living, the God's sweetest secrets knew;
Aye votary of Eros, then as now,
For instantly he loves who sees thy brow. [277.]

176

186
To Zeus, the sov'reign of the Gods, the bands of Mende plac'd
Me, their best booty, by main force when Sipte they laid waste.

177

187 Who of Aratus took the town
under Miltiades
This statue to Olympian Zeus
plac'd in the Chersonese.

*178

188
Hail! dear to Zeus, whose joy it was to rule the rushing steed,
Hail! Lacedæmon's royal twins, of Tyndarus the seed,
This costliest gift was kept for you by great Æneas' son
Titus, when he of gen'ral Greece the liberty had won.

179

189 Living fair life, by all a good man counted,
In youth's flow'r to the Demi-Gods he mounted.

180

190 Zoilus lieth here interr'd,
Of charioteers by all preferr'd.

181

191 These for their patriot zeal and virtue brave,
Athens, to illustrate her gen'rals, gave:
So that, from them, her valiant sons might dare
Like labours for the public weal to bear. [196.]

182

192
I have the house of Hermes cleans'd, and great Demeter's ways,
Persephone's, her first-born too. As common fable says,
In stout Messene, Caucon, sprung of Phlyus' famous race,
To the great island Goddesses the sacred games did place.
That Lycus, of Pandion son, should, in Andania dear,
The sacred works of Atthis bring, must marvellous appear!

183

193 Sweet of this frigid fount the trickling draught,
But into stone his mind is turn'd who quaff'd. [247.]

184

194 Earth's breast, whom the Olympic Muse held dear,
Hides Theodectes of Phaselis here.
He strove, a tragic poet, thirteen times,
And, on eight trials, Victory crown'd his rhymes.

185

195 Here Calocærus lies, fanekeeper young:
From mortal coil his soul immortal sprung:
Hast'ning its heav'nly way, each lure it spurn'd
Of our vain life, and pure to God return'd.

*186

196 From trouble, and disease, and gout's sharp strife
Thou who hast freed me sweeter art than life.

187

197
In youth, form, mind, accomplishments, in modesty alway
Excelling, as in all Earth's gifts, thou hast the light of day
And me, who so did love thee, left, nor parting look'd back here—
Nathless this monument to thee in our dear home I rear,
That, e'en tho' dead, beneath my roof thine image I may see,
Messa! mine aye-remember'd wife, O sweetest name to me!

*188

198 Felix has me, a child in years,
in wooden image plac'd,
Resembling Hercules, as he
in Prodicus is trac'd.

*189

199 Elis is always drunk, and always lies;
As its each house the whole town is likewise.

*190

200 Theudotus! not unmourn'd, ere thirty fled,
Life's limit, due by all men, thou didst tread.
Thee, wont to rule our city's social feast,
Now, 'mid its mirth, a mother weeps deceas'd.
Learn, Stranger! from this stone how Fortune blind
Dispenses nothing certain to mankind.
But thou, join Sostratus thy sire, that he
May there, as here, have highest praise in thee.

*191

201
Strength of the Amphilochians! who come of warlike earth,
The news of thy sad death reach'd soon the country of thy birth;
How, 'neath Illyria's mounted might, thou wert in battle slain,
Whence, for these island obsequies, friends scarce thy bones could gain,
Tho' round thy fall their loving breasts a living rampart threw,
Till, Sinna! from the bloody heaps thy breathless corpse they drew.
Stout hearts—skill'd hands—their work of war know Amphilochians well,
Whose tears of gen'rous grief o'er thee their gallant kinsman fell.

192

202 Illustrious shield! to Zeus an off'ring now,
Of Cydius' gallant youth the pride wert thou:
Borne on his stout arm in the van, when erst
Impetuous Ares on Galatia burst.

*193

203 Sparta has, in our councils, lost her fame:
Messene now Time's sacred seed may claim;
Thebæ's great city with best prize is crown'd,
And gen'ral Freedom rules on Grecian ground.

*194

204 Admiral of the Pontic fleet was I,
Far-fam'd the speed of its stout rowers by,
Crispinus nam'd, in camps of high renown;
My country was Ravenna, ancient town.
Known what I was, and where I had my birth,
No further ask, nor aught disturb mine earth.

*195

202a
Eumetis and Protomaché, daughters of Pindar old,
Modest in life and sweet of voice, their tears could not withold,
From hospitable Argos when, consum'd on foreign pyre,
In cinerary vase they held all left of their lov'd sire.

196

205 Stout hearts were theirs, the youth, who quell'd the Medes
By Eiön, his stream where Strymon leads;
When, tho' fierce Mars and raging hunger prey'd,
They first the weakness of our foes display'd.

*197

207 When I had but five years, my parents wept
Hygeinus, my sole brother, from them swept;
Dear to those parents I, a virgin, bloom'd,
Who now to Hades horrible am doom'd:
"Procle! dear child, Adieu." Thus she who bore,
And Ariton my sire, their loss deplore.

*198

208 With welcome words the traveller to greet
Is to all Gods and mortals ever sweet;

If you would know whose form my sculpture shows,
To whom, from whom, this stone sepulchral rose,
'T is of a virtuous mother, most endear'd,
By her son Thallus to Thallusa rear'd.

199

206
Chilo was Lacedæmon's sage, from whom the adage springs,
" Nothing too much, too early: good in season are all things."

*200

209 Her splendid hair herself who prided on—
Whose eyes with all the Graces brightly shone—
Whose countenance was as the virgin snow—
From whose dear mouth a voice breath'd soft and low—
With teeth of ivory vermeil lips between—
To match whose beauty was all virtue seen—
Whom to strong Eutychus sweet Chile bare—
At five-and-twenty Tryphera lies there.
Hermus, who from Aristo drew his life,
Plac'd this in memory of his wedded wife.

*201

210 Sweeter than Sirens, more than Cypris dear,
When at rare banquets seated Bacchus near,
Nam'd Homonoia, pretty prattler, I
Bequeathing tears to Atimétus lie:
He lov'd me since a child, but, unforeseen,
Friendship of so long date Death stept between.

*202

211 My country Heracleia was, and Zeuxis was my name:
The limits of mine art with me to try if any claim,
Let him his best produce, and by the proof be vict'ry won;
Till then—if one may judge himself—I second am to none!

*203

212 Herodotus, of Lyxes son,
is buried in this mould;
The prince was he, and parent of
Ionia's hist'ry old:
His birth amid the Dorians was,
but thence oblig'd to roam

By Envy's tooth insatiate, he
chose Thyrea for his home.

204

214 Great Homer this, by eloquent wisdom, who
O'er gen'ral Greece immortal glory drew :
On Argos most, who most Troy's God-built town,
For fair-hair'd Helen in revenge, hurl'd down :
Him therefore here the mighty city plac'd,
And with the honours of a God has grac'd.

*205

215 O Tomb ! thou tomb of Icarus late wept,
What rarest virtue here by thee is kept ?
Nor tragic muse, nor lyric bard, to show
Fitly thy praise, nor well-skill'd speaker know :
Genius, worth, beauty, which, in youth's first down
He show'd, were of his ripe age still the crown ;
The plighted bride whom I his uncle gave,
Wo ! wo ! by Hades seiz'd, fills too her grave :
For her no Hymens rang—her virgin flow'r,
Treasur'd for his lost love, was Hades' dow'r !

*206

213
Look on me well, for, certes ! I in Ilium old was found,
When for the bright-hair'd Helen War its wide tow'rs rag'd around :
Great Helicäon brought me thence—Antenor's son was he—
And plac'd on Phœbus' holy floor its ornament to be.

207

216 Aphéreus, of Isocrates
his sire, this image plac'd,
Where his own rev'rence of the Gods
and father's worth is trac'd.

*208

219 Hurry not, Trav'ller ! past my tomb thy tread—
Young, dear to Heav'n, I call thee from the dead.
Single, and like in bloom of years reveal'd
To Amyclæan Gods who sailors shield :
Sailor myself, my joy was on the sea,
But in this tomb, which parent love for me

Has built, care, sickness, toil, and suff'ring end,
Mis'ries which aye on mortal life attend.
Among the dead, of souls are classes two,
Of whom the one this wide earth wanders thro';
The other floats 'mid Heaven's orbs of light—
I of the last am part, at Jove's own right.

*209

220 I am, O Friend! sole relic of all those
Columns on which Œnomaus' house once rose:
Bound with these chains, in honour, now I lie
'Neath Jove's own roof, unscath'd the fierce flames by.

*210

220a To Hermes of our Agore,
Herald of the Immortals, We,
Agasicleus and Agasicrates,
The twin sons of old Agasippus these
Together lay upon thy shrine—
Receive our gift, O King! as thine.

*211

217
Mirror of History! which aye thy dumb hands spake so true:
In sacred choirs of Bromius blithe a skilful leader too:
Practis'd all feelings to pourtray, thy variable mien,
Thy lessons wise, illustrated our stage's ev'ry scene:
Leaving behind the loud applause thine efforts which repaid,
Prest down with age, at last in death the Drama's pride is laid.
Yet not with thee thine Art expires, the mimic pow'r survives,
And in the long successes of thy prosp'rous pupils thrives.

212

218 The Archon of fair Italy,
the City's patron, thus
Senate and King a statue place
of wise Eusebius. [339.]

213

221 The tongue and tomb am I of one who led
Our choir, of Eutychus too early dead:
His sweet strain dying souls in life kept back,
Ah! that to save his own it pow'r should lack.

214

222 When earthquakes threaten'd once to Spain her grave,
Chæremon rush'd, in hopes his home to save,
Clasp'd Cæsar's knee, and, tho' in ruin spilt,
In its old glory Trallis soon rebuilt.
Rearing his image on this altar-stone,
Her citizens their second founder own.

*215

223 Vain-struggling for Rome's throne, after hot strife,
When bold Aureolus pour'd out his life,
The Emp'ror Claudian, o'er his fallen foe
Was prompt the latest honours to bestow;
Nay might have spar'd him, had the dang'rous time
Permitted pardon to his last worst crime;
Yet pitying, where he could, his rival's doom,
He nam'd from him the bridge which marks his tomb.

216

224 I Claudius Agathémer here, a fam'd physician, lie,
Who had for every ill on earth some rapid remedy:
Common with Myrtale my tomb, as was in life my bed,
Wife, husband, in Elysium we are with the pious dead.

217

225 All who come by, my hard fate as ye weep,
A little space from my sad ashes keep:
Me wretched, and my wretched parents, torn
All day and night by giant sorrow, mourn:
My bridal day unseen, no hymen said,
Nor in my nuptial chamber glad wine shed.

*218

227a I cover Sophocles, most honour'd name,
First place in tragic art who well might claim.

219

227 Cleosthenes presented me,
Seaman of Epidamnus he,
To Zeus when, by his horses run,
The crowning victory was won.

226 220

Tithe of their spoil, Clitorians from many towns laid waste
By their sole strength, to mighty Jove this statue fair have plac'd:
Ariston and Telestas, in its due proportions, fram'd;
Own brothers, for their fatherland, they Lacedæmon claim'd.

221

228 Cyrillus to Cleophorus, his dear
And gracious child, this monument plac'd here,
Whom, when his years were three, strong Fate away
Took, ere his sweet life reach'd Youth's sanguine day.
If the dead ever feel, my son! on thee
Light will Earth's load, among the Blessed, be.

222

229 These stone walls clip me round. A sudden doom
Snatcht me, a bride, from nuptial couch and room,
In Hades' arms to sleep. I, Polla, leave
My parents o'er sad memories to grieve.

230 223

Eutychides—so nam'd his sire—of Asthmoneus grandson,
Here plac'd this lamp when he the race from his young rivals won.

224

231 Laodicé this peplos sent
from Cyprus the divine,
A gift, in her wide father-land
for fam'd Athene's shrine.

225

233 Here Marcia lies. Who reads, her lot will see,
A newly-married girl of twenty she:
I bore and bred her who these lines write now,
Whom to the grave heart-sorrow soon must bow.

232 226

We lay a mother's relics here: of twins Lucilla died,
One with his sire she living left, and one sleeps by her side.

*227

234 Demetrius' daughter, Marcian's mother I—
Tho' my own name must hid in silence lie.

Since Athens chose me Deo's priestess first
Time has mine old life in vast deeps immerst.
I celebrate not Spartan Leda's race,
Nor him who found a cure all ills to chase,
Nor him, subjected to Eurystheus' wrong,
Who wrought twelve labours, Hercules the strong;
But, on the broad earth as the barren main,
Him who o'er countless mortals has his reign,
On all our cities who vast wealth has pour'd,
Adrian, of long-renown'd Cecropia Lord.

228

235 Scoff not, O Trav'ller! at my sacred grave,
Lest angry Pluto with thee sharply rave,
Or Deo's child Persephoné. Pass by
And say, "Aratus! light on thee Earth lie."

*229

236
Pass not mine epitaph unread, O thou who passing art!
But o'er it pause, read, mark, and learn—then, if thou wilt, depart:
Nor boat, nor boatman Charon, is below in Hades found,
Nor Œacus the gate-keeper, nor Cerberus the hound:
But all of us, when once in death we to our graves are brought,
Become dry bones and ashes soon—and else of us is nought.
Well! I have said my say, and now, O Traveller! pass on,
Lest I a prating fellow seem, tho' I am dead and gone.

230

237 This tomb holds Menophile, a child much mourn'd—
The Graces him with loveliest form adorn'd—
Him from his wretched parents Envy took—
Eight years five months his age upon whose tomb we look!

231

238 I, ere youth dawn'd, to Hades fell below,
Leaving my home and time in tears and woe.
Alas! I little thought to leave life's stage—
Sev'n years and two months were in all my age,
Whereof, in Dionysus' service, three
I pass'd. My sire and honour'd mother me
Call'd Herophile. O Passer! now, I ween,
Well know'st thou what I might, yet have not, been.

232

239 To Rhea, Universal Cause, Mother of Gods and men,
And to supremest Attis, who has all things in his ken ;
He, who all solemn rites display'd in ev'ry season due,
Whether, in holy sacrifice, or rams or bulls he slew,
Accomplishing the mysteries, this marble altar fram'd,
A godly gift of a grey priest, who was Apollo nam'd.

233

240 Democrates to Mysis, his chaste wife,
Rear'd this rich tomb, rememb'ring her fair life.

234

241 Pausanias, gen'ral of broad Greece,
where ends the Euxine wave,
His valour's fit memorial, this
to Poseidaon gave:
Of Lacedæmon was his birth,
Cleombrotus's son,
Descended from the ancient race
which Hercules begun.

242 235

Memorial of defensive fight, their vict'ry's proof to be,
The grateful Delphians to Zeus have dedicated me:
When they, with Phœbus' aid, drove off the city-sacking Mede,
And, from barbarian sacrilege, his glitt'ring temple freed.

236

244 Fate's triumph—Virtue's memory—dear name!
Chrœsta, whose modest worth all praise may claim,
Beneath this turf from earthly toil has rest;
Her pious soul pass'd Heav'nward to the Blest,
Once mortal, with Immortals there to dwell.
By friends and family remember'd well,
This tomb, poor homage to her holy life,
Her Alexandrian husband to his wife
Rear'd, wringing his wan hands, and with chok'd breath,
"Adieu! awhile—for me too there is death."

*237

243 Of Apollonia's city fair, built on Ionia's sea
By Phœbus of the yellow locks, memorial off'rings we:

By him, the limits who remov'd of the Abantides,
With a due tithe from Thronium's spoil were consecrated these.

238

245 Pisistratus Hippiades
To Pythian Apollo these
Memorials of his rule and reign
Presents at his Athenian fane.

239

246 This is the lofty tomb of Deo's priest,
Whose fame for wisdom all his life increas'd;
The rites, which Mystæ to Eumolpus paid,
And night-long orgies his sweet voice display'd:
Where hostile might most threaten'd, nought unnerv'd,
For Athens he her laws intact preserv'd.
O happy he! whom all his native town
With honour's garland for his conduct crown.

*240

247a
Look on this monument! it marks the grave of a best man,
Python of Megara, who slew sev'n foes in battle's van,
Sev'n spears against them throwing. Well he valour's glory won,
To fatherland the father thus made famous by his son.
Three tribes he sav'd of Athens by his bold heart and wise head,
And, thro' Bœotia, from Pagæ, safe to Piræus led,
Illustrating Andocides with twice a thousand slaves.
So, injuring of mortal mould none ever, to the caves
Of Pluto he went down, by all most mourn'd, and Blest esteem'd.
Pandion, Cecrops, Antiochis, the tribes he so redeem'd.

*241

247 Unchang'd by death, in memory of a wife
Shrin'd in his heart, her husband, yet in life,
Rear'd a fit tomb and wrote upon its stone:
"Her form like golden Aphrodite shone—
In a pure breast hers was an artless mind—
Good was she and to all God's will resign'd—
None wronging, she the wretched aye reliev'd—
His freedom from her hand the slave receiv'd.
Mother of three live children she had been,
Two boys, a girl. When she the third had seen,

On the eleventh morning her last breath
She breath'd in peace; but, even after death,
Rare beauty—as the Amazon's—remain'd,
So that like love she dead, as living, gain'd.
When scarcely she had reach'd her twentieth year,
Entomb'd was Helicé of Marcian here."

242

249
At Pytho, and Olympia, twice the wrestler's prize won I
Thrice at Nemæa, and four times the sea-girt Isthmus by:
Chilo my name, of Patræ; but Achaia's sons interr'd
Me, slain in battle, and this tomb, my valour's meed, conferr'd.

243

248 Me Fate and Lethe down to Hades led,
The marriage-room unshar'd and nuptial bed,
Snatcht from the sun ere maiden youth was fled.

244

250 Here Thracians Orpheus plac'd, friend of the Muse,
Slain by the fiery bolts of Sov'reign Zeus,
Œagrus' dear son, Hercules who taught,
And letters to mankind and wisdom brought.

*245

251 Calliope, her unguents as she pours
O'er Alexander young, his loss deplores;
Short-liv'd, and childless, here he lies in death,
Leaving, at twenty-sev'n, of life the breath:
A famous bowman, and a scholar skill'd,
Him, by the Strophades, fierce robbers kill'd.
So, Traveller! ere now thou quit'st Corfu,
Say to good Satyrus' good son "Adieu!"

*246

252 Much was I in land-journeys worn,
And much had I on ocean borne,
For I, Friends! in my wand'ring trade,
Merchandize of fair woman made.
The breath of life, which I from Heaven
Receiv'd, I now return as given:

My time is up: beyond the grave,
My body may the Muses have.

247

Sweet is Diene's water; but if you
Drink it, at once thirst ceases and life too. [366.]

*248

Allied with Sparta when Tanagra fought,
This gold shield to our fane a prize was brought,
From Argos, Athens, and Ionia's host,
Tenth of the spoils which they in battle lost.

249

This statue to Serapis the most High,
Glitt'ring with gold whose rays with sunbeams vie,
The priest Dióscorus, and Cyril's wife—
Who ne'er forgot the Gods—of purest life,
And two like-minded votaries of their kin
Plac'd, who are keepers now her temple in.

250

Naxius, the son of Byzas, me
Before Latona's children laid:
Of skill and taste a workman he,
Clay into stone who earliest made.

*251

Here, Trav'ller! on a young child's tomb you look:
What I have had in life's short term to brook,
Learn from my stone above, and weep for me.
When first the Hours the sunlight gave to see,
My joyful father rais'd me in his hands,
Lav'd in the font and laid in swaddling bands,
And pray'd the Gods—in vain—my lot to bless,
For Fate, e'en then, had mark'd me for distress.
My mother nurst me, a good father rear'd;
I throve, and grew apace, to all endear'd.
But Fate had seal'd me. In a few brief hours
An illness of the kidneys tried life's pow'rs:
While all his care to this my poor sire paid,
Deeming that Fate might yet be sooth'd and stay'd.

A second new disease upon me seiz'd,
Worse than the first and less to be appeas'd:
On my left foot broke out a dangerous sore;
Art's friendly knife remov'd its rotting bones,
Amid my parents' anguish and my moans:
I mended, and seem'd healthy as before.
Not so my sad birth's purpose was fulfill'd:
Fate its last blow at mine intestines will'd,
Which swell'd my bowels and consum'd my frame,
Till, on my mother's lap, my last breath came.
These it was mine to bear. Tho' short my life,
With sickness, suffering, its all was rife.
Doom'd to sad end myself, my parents drown'd
In tears I left, and brothers three uncrown'd.

*252

258 This tripod, of Echembrotus his prize of song bespeaks,
Won, in Amphictyonic games, amid admiring Greeks.

253

259 The Naiads of the springs remov'd me hence,
Haply in honour of mine innocence;
An infant, not two years in age, my name
Philisia, of Ausonian birth I came.

254

260 In a hard world, I, Cassiodorus, leave,
O'er a lone hearth, my parents old to grieve:
At twenty-four, I, from a nuptial room,
Lie now in Hades' dark and dismal gloom,
By sudden illness seiz'd: and, 'neath the sun,
An infant daughter leave, mine only one.

255

261 Sleep-giving Night has quench'd my lamp of life,
And sweet rest eas'd my body's painful strife,
Bringing me, at Fate's limit, Lethe-gifts:
My free soul spurns the earth, and, gale-like, lifts
Its active wings, and mounts in fields of air,
An inner guest amid the Blessed there.
From Heav'nly domes I see Aurora's light,
As an Immortal, honour'd at God's right.

Who, with rare eloquence, me Heav'n-ward brought,
Gives a prompt welcome, with best honour fraught,
To dwell in starry skies among the Blest,
And there, on golden throne, in love to rest,
Or, at ambrosial boards, on pearly seat,
Gods, in glad banquet, as a friend, to meet,
Where full approval smiles Almighty Zeus,
As, in his praise, I drain the wine profuse.

256

262
Aquila, in memorial of Xantippe's virtuous life,
This altar consecrateth to his dear and honour'd wife;
Virgin—whose girlish zone he loos'd, whose seasonable flow'r
He cropp'd, where love and youth for them prepar'd a bridal bow'r:
When she, for three-and-twenty years, of life the course had run,
Dying, alas! she left behind the glad light of our sun.

*257

263 Stranger! Philetas is my name,
and here, a victim, I
To sophistry and syllogisms,
and tedious night-cares lie.

*258

264 Biton and Cleobis, their necks yok'd to
Her priestess-car, themselves their mother drew
To Hera's fane. The crow'd admiring prais'd
Their piety. Cydippe, grateful, rais'd
Pray'r that such loving sons best lots might know,
Who reverenc'd an aged parent so.
That night the Goddess, as they slept, in youth
Took them from life—best, happiest lot in sooth!

*259

265 When young it heavy was, when old it flies
Light and unwing'd, earth-lost amid the skies.

260

266 These for their country bar'd their blades in fight,
Scatt'ring her insolent foes in panic flight,
Firmly and fearless fought, nor car'd to save

Lives best rewarded with a common grave,
That slav'ry's yoke on Greece might never rest,
Nor crouch her sons by tyrant scorn opprest.
Now, in her bosom, fatherland defends
Their honour'd dust, and Zeus to man commends.
" Gods err not, they alone do all things well,
'Neath Fate's decree man never liv'd but fell."

*261

267 Œbotas, of Oënias son,
From Dyme in Achaia, won
Great glory for his native town
Gaining Olympia's foot-race crown.

262

268 Good Spirits! who in Stygian regions dwell,
Receive me, a most wretched ghost, in Hell;
Me by the Fates not rightly seiz'd, from breath
Snatcht, in its ire unjust, by sudden death:
Now, when my stature in due progress ran,
Head of my house to make, almost a man
With beard fast-coming, ere my twentieth year,
No longer spar'd to see the sun light here,
Nam'd Hypatus. My brother I implore
And parents, not to weep my sad end more.

263

269 While of mine eighteenth year the course still run,
And I in rhetoric good fame had won,
In leafy Lesbos worst disease o'erthrew,
Never lov'd Ephesus again to view:
A sorrowing brother to my parents bore
My poor dust in a swift ship ocean o'er,
Now, not by Ach'ron, but i' th' holy home
Of Heroes—for the wise assign'd—I roam.

*264

271 I, Oppian, won high minstrel fame;
but jealous Fate the thread
Broke of my life, and Hades cold
seiz'd on mine youthful head;

And, longer if to spare my days
had hostile Envy deign'd,
Master of eloquence, had none
on earth such glory gain'd.

*265

272
This far-seen monument they rear'd, who faith to Delphi gave,
In honour of the Megarene, Orsippus young and brave.
He of his father-land advanc'd the utmost boundaries,
Cutting much ground beneath the feet of many enemies;
He, at Olympia, first of all the Greeks, was, naked, crown'd,
Where, with girt loins, all strove, before who ran the stadium-round.

*266

273 In headlong fall against the sharp rocks borne,
Asunder were my bones and muscles torn.
But my soul soar'd in air: the unfriendly breath
Of men in council so conspir'd my death.

267

274
The son of Aristocleës, Cleioëtas made me—
First to Olympia's starting-post who racers brought was he.

*268

275 Who, and of whom, what 's writ above will tell;
My fate the gen'ral populace wept well:
In that, around my throat, at sacred feast,
I fail'd a cloak to fasten, my life ceas'd.

*269

277
Nor mortal nor immortal, but, so marvellously mixt,
Its syncrasies the pow'r of God and man's need are betwixt:
Incessantly regenerate, each day it lives and dies,
To sight invisible, and yet familiar to our eyes?

*270

278
Prote! thou art not dead, but gone to regions better far,
Dwelling in islands of the Blest where joys abundant are:
With fairy foot and lightsome heart, there 'mid Elysian bow'rs,
Far from all ills thou roamest free among immortal flow'rs:

Nor winter chills, nor summer fires, nor thirst, nor hunger vex,
Man's life in thee wakes no regret, nor toil nor ail perplex:
Its fitful fever well o'erpast, thy spirit, blameless quite,
In splendour of Olympus near lives as in native light.

271

279 I am not wont to tell my name or race,
But all, for Ælian's sake, I truly trace:
Homer my name, my country was all earth;
My songs had from the Muse, not me, their birth.

272

280 I was not, I was made: I was,
and am not, yet must cease
To be. And who says otherwise,
he lieth. Part in peace!

*273

281
King of all Heavenly Essences, hail! undying Anubis,
Also thy sire the golden-garlanded awful Osiris,
Zeus, son of Chronos, one and alike with omnipotent Ammon,
Sarapis, still first in wisdom and chief of Immortals,
Thee, Blest Mother of Gods and Goddesses, many-nam'd Isis,
(Uranus, offspring of Night, in glist'ning waves of the Ocean
Got her, and Erebus nurtur'd, all light who closeth on mortals)
Oldest of all the Blessed, who holdest rule in Olympus,
Goddess and Mistress in one as well of the Seas as of all Earth.

*274

282
Hermes of Maia! who thy seat dost Mount Tallæus make,
This sacrifice and outpour'd wine, in friendly spirit, take,
Which now Sallonius Menas brings from his full store to thee,
The lively gifts of lawful wealth, in off'ring frank and free;
Such as, upon his living wife when look'd, erewhile, the day,
With her 't was his delight each year in thy lov'd haunts to lay:
But, since the Stygian shades that pure and pious partner sought,
No solemn honours in thy praise has he, neglectful, brought,
Prostrate with grief. Awaking thence, again the Gods to fear,
A double sacrifice to thee he now presenteth here.
Author Omnipotent of good! guard thou his remnant life,
That ever in thy sacred field his love-gifts may be rife.

275

283 If any pilot, for a fair stern gale,
Pray Zeus, out-stretching on the yard his sail,
Wend he, where, 'mid Cyanean whirlpools, roar
High-toppling waves upon the sandy shore,
Or, on Œgæa's main, his home-course make,
First let him offer here the custom-cake:
This mound, to God aye-gracious, Philo set
In gratitude for a good voyage met.

*276

285 From noble sires Claudius Marcellus sprung,
On Rome, his father-land, great lustre flung:
Sev'n times his forces led her arms in war,
Shedding of foes the life-blood near and far.

*277

286 Not lightly, 'neath the eyes, Menander dear!
Of this Homeric head we plac'd thee here;
That great grammarian Aristophanes,
Wise Judge, as thine next place to him decrees. [370.]

278

284 Pythagoras the Samian, son of Crates, in the lists
Olympic came, while yet a boy, to battle with his fists.

279

287 Thou hast not, Sov'reign Pluto! well remov'd
A girl of five years old, by all belov'd,
But from the root, before its proper time,
Hast torn a fragrant rose in vernal prime;
Yet, Philtatus! and Alexandra! pour
Your tears for her, the lov'd and lost, no more;
Hers was a grace of form, a charm of mien,
Such as in Heav'n's immortal homes are seen.
Trust then the tales of old: in loving play
The Nymphs, not Death, have snatcht your child away.

280

289 Me, a dead child, this small earth covers in,
Who sorrow brought on all my friends and kin,
My father and poor mother, mourners chief,
In sable weeds betokening worst grief.

If thou would'st know who, whence, and what, on earth
My name, Eclectus was I call'd, my birth
From Pallas by Taÿgetus began,
Moons fifty-sev'n, days twenty, my life's span.

*281

291 Act as all-wise Philostratus ; with Cleopatra he,
By constant intercourse, became such as he sought to be.

282

290 O'er his cold tomb—such gift is Death's last due—
Sad parents for a son their tresses strew ;
His soul soar'd Heav'nward : Nedimus his name,
Untaught, and mild, from Italy he came ;
Not long to live, ill-suited to Earth's clime
The tender flow'r. The restless foot of Time
Turns never on its path. Fate's lot by us
Must be fulfill'd. Even with Kings 't is thus !
His father Zosimus writes this poor scroll,
In deathless love of his undying soul.

*283

292
The Persians all the deeds well knew of thy war-daring life,
Miltiades ! and Marathon with thy valour's praise is rife.

*284

293 From Asia's coasts her various nations, when
The youth of Athens crush'd in fight at sea,
And punish'd of the Medes the army, then
They rear'd these trophies, Artemis ! to thee.

285

294 Judgment on Kings unjust comes round in time ;
Messene finds from God its traitor crime.
'T were hard if Heav'n should perjury forget—
Hail, Sov'reign Zeus ! save thou Arcadia yet.

*286

295 His fatherland, Miletus, rear'd
Timotheus, to each Muse endear'd ;
Well of the lyre, in music true,
Its ev'ry string to wake he knew.

*287

295a
I Zeno, for my fatherland blest Aphrodisia knew,
And, trusting to my handicraft, pass'd many cities thro';
Till, for my child, young Zeno, whom
Death took before, I rear'd this tomb,
And a fair pillar o'er it set, where I his likeness leave,
With mine own hands perfecting all the rare work you perceive.

*288

296 My stature fair and spring of life to see,
Men Florus, in my Smyrniot home, call'd me:
But hostile Fate, ere manhood's signs I wore
On my soft cheeks, from friends and parents tore.

*289

297 Phaÿllus leapt feet fifty and five more,
And ninety-five feet cast his quoit before.

290

298 With royal faith my own means to sustain,
Highest! to thee I build this sacred fane,
And, from sack'd groves of Greece and altars, bring,
With these poor hands fit gift to the All-King.

291

299 Pittheidæ here plac'd Theodore, their city who, secure
And prosp'rous, kept, by his wise art and gentle prefecture;
Nay more, to ev'ry future age who left, in equal lot,
For public distribution, all the wealth he had well got.

292

300 The Delian Heraclides, son
of Philo, here is laid,
Much virtue, from his parents both,
when dying, who display'd.

293

301 Rare Aristides, by the Greeks esteem'd,
Bright source whence eloquence eternal stream'd,
Poet, prize-judge, and chorus-trainer too,
These choir-memorials plac'd, O King! for you.

294

302 Where ending we the shady bounds of the gymnasium see,
Charmus, O Love of many wiles! this altar rais'd to thee.

295

333 Oft 'mid my mates in age I sweetly play'd,
But, born from earth, I earth again am made.
Such is man's lot. Aristocles tho' styl'd
Of the Piræus, I am Menon's child.

*296

307 Like Praxitele a sculptor had I been,
But of my years the course was scarce sixteen;
Eutychides my name—false name!—a crime
Fate thought it, and so snatcht me ere my time.

297

306 Still in youth's prime, a beardless stripling quite
Has envious Fate depriv'd of life and light,
And rudely marr'd his mounting hopes, unkind,
Who left of his wise hands such proofs behind.
Dear Earth! on Aquilinus lightly lie,
And o'er him wealth of sweetest flow'rs supply,
Such as in Araby, or Ind, are thine:
So may we, from the fragrant dust, divine
That, by the Gods belov'd, a lad here lies
Worthy libations, frankincense, not sighs.
A youth of twenty Fate has quickly ta'en,
Now rais'd by virtue where the Blessed reign.

298

320
Altho' a little tomb am I, no little man I hide,
But one who was with the best gifts of Muses wise supplied:
Thrice-blessed Harpocratiōn was by his country crown'd
As orator, philosopher, in speech and mind renown'd.

*299

307 Would'st know, Friend! what I was, and who my sire?
Listen and learn, but from my tomb retire;
Me Glaucus on Chrysogone begot:
But this to me, ill-starr'd, advantag'd not:

Far from mine own Bithynia—in sea-strife
Trusting too much my bark—I lost dear life;
Now laid in Scheria near its gusty shore,
I strain'd my last glance the wild waters o'er.

300

308 Lo! Thebæ's singer, Cleon, Pytheas' son,
Who, more than any, Vict'ry's garlands won;
Unmatcht on Earth, to Heav'n his praises swell—
Hail, Cleon! Thebæ thanks, and loves thee well.

*301

309 Red-hair'd—foul-tongued—gray-eyed—not e'en in Hell,
Will Porcius be allow'd, tho' dead, to dwell.

302

310 This is Popilia's tomb, which here to build
Was thine, Océanus! in wisdom skill'd;
Therefore, dear lord! the dust lies light above,
And I, in Ach'ron, praise thy pious love.
Do thou, in life, remember me, tho' dead,
And often on my tomb the tear-drop shed:
And, Husband! say Popilia sleeps: to die
Is spar'd the good, they but in sweet sleep lie.

303

316
Euxenides to thee—the wife whom he was blest to meet—
This mournful monument uprear'd, O Telesilla sweet!
Benevolence, faith, virtue, love in thee aye fully found,
Ever may thy undying fame to future times resound.

*304

311 *G* How is it, Ox! the earth thou dost not plough,
But liest supine, as drunken rustic, now?
O How is it, Goat! thou speed'st not to the green
Pastures, but art a silver image seen?
G O To tell your master—and he'll marvel much!
That all the day your laziness is such.

305

312 Thy waters, Casilinum! charg'd with slain,
Bore down our foemen to the Tyrrhene main,

When the Frank cohorts Latium's spear o'erthrew,
And, baffled, base Butelinus withdrew.
Flow, blessed stream! best trophy of the war,
With blood of the barbarian redden'd far.

306

314 When rose Selinus slav'ry to expel,
By iron Mars, these 'neath her ramparts fell.

313 *307

This of Rufinus is the tomb—Asterius erst his name—
Leaving behind the soil of Rome who to Nile's city came:
Conspicuous in his progress, he on many much bestow'd,
And, injuring none, in all his life a love of justice show'd:
In vain—the Fatal Sisters Three snapt of his warp the thread;
His body to the ground he gave, to Heav'n his spirit sped;
But of his piety the prize he gather'd in his grave;
Again, tho' dead, he rose to light, again he cross'd the wave,
And came to his own country, where, with him, his children lie,
Save one who witness'd not his end, for he was first to die:
Chaste mother of two living sons, his wife, who lov'd her lord,
Crossing the main, to fatherland, his sea-borne corpse restor'd:
Wherein sore labours she endur'd, and, left in grief behind,
Laid him in this last tomb, and to eternity consign'd.

*308

315 On this carv'd stone they set my mark, when I
Bade to the dear sun's guardian glance good-bye;
In the relentless breast of the dark ground,
Hades has held me since, in silence bound.
Destiny, from my sire Demosthenes,
At three days, after thirty, sent to seize:
A mother too and brother mourn'd for me,
Snatch'd by sharp illness at her stern decree.

309

317 To Dionysius, his dear friend—most dear
To the Muse too—Eudemon these plac'd here.
Tho', Dionysius! worst anguish wring
For thee my breast, accept the gifts I bring,
Such as they are, my last. In death to thee
Due, as in life, Eudemon's love must be:

Living, I gave thee freedom, thy desert,
And always so: a slave thou never wert,
Rather a friend most welcome, fair in form,
Soft manner, and shrewd mind, and heart most warm,
Skill'd at a glance the signs and sense to teach
Alike of Argive and Ausonian speech.

* * * * *

310

318 Hippocrates, for all his goodness, here
A tomb to Philo builds, his servant dear.

311

319 For thee, Latona's archer son!
aye-kept in grateful thought,
Nicocreon this four-horn'd stag
has to thy temple brought.

*312

321 A barrel-belly, a bald head, lewd, little, lisping much,
Addicted sore to venery—Stagyra's sage was such!

* * * * *

Who wrote the lines above could ne'er have known his A B C,
A silly senseless rustic, and presumptuous babbler he!

*313

322 To thee, Asclepius! King of healing, now
Rearing this column, Bales keeps his vow,
Since cur'd, all thanks be thine! of the sore weight
Of grievous suff'ring which opprest him late,
For, in all length yet left to him of breath,
He is thy debtor, rescued thus from death.

*314

324 Pæan! for thee of Scythian ass this horn, a wondrous prize,
An offering from Macedon's fam'd Alexander lies:
Which only undefil'd can keep of Styx the waters black,
And of his else unconquer'd stream the violence roll back.

*315

325 Victor in thy high games, Olympian Jove!
Twice riding singly, once when four he drove,

These Hiero, for triple triumphs won,
Gave to be thine. Dinomenes his son,
Above his Syracusan father's dust
In mem'ry rear'd this monumental bust.

316

325a Onatas, Micon's son completed these,
His home Ægina, circled by blue seas. [363.]

*317

326 Pity me, Stranger! shed one passing tear
Over a little girl in dust laid here:
My years of life were four, and, as at first
So at my last, she buried me who nurst.

*318

327 Stranger! here Cleopatra lies entomb'd,
Whom Envy and not Time to Hades doom'd:
Cypris with ev'ry beauty blest her form,
Athene to her mind gave ev'ry charm,
The Muse so taught her hand, the living lyre
Thrill'd 'neath its eloquent touch with fond desire.
Man! who well know'st all else of pleasure fails,
Live, and to Joy's fair breeze spread out thy sails.

319

327a Tho' Cleopatra! thy pure soul be doff'd,
Tho' in the grave thine youthful beauty thrust,
Yet of thy life the virtue shines aloft,
Lives in our love and blossoms from the dust.

*320

A O marble column! say of whom,
Soaring aloft, mark'st thou the tomb?
B Of a fleet horse.
A What was his name?
B Euthydicus.
A And what his fame?
B He bore away the prize.
A His neck
Did Vict'ry's garland often deck?

B Ever so oft: he triumph'd here
Whene'er he ran.
A The charioteer?
B His lord.
A O honour greater far,
Than those for Demi-Gods which are!

321

328 Nam'd Achiristus from his sire, this goodly column here,
To his fam'd fellow-citizens, does an Epyrean rear;
Whether as athlete eminent, or skill'd our youth to train,
Alone the crown of Victory 't was ever his to gain.

*322

329 Good Crescentinus in this tomb is held
For ev'ry virtue who in fame excell'd;
Whose light, on life, was, as Eöus, shed,
Now, sunk in earth, is Hesp'rus of the dead.

330 *323

These purpled shields, with ivory and gold and amber bright,
Were lost to our poor bucklers when the baffled foe took flight.

*324

331 To his chaste wife, most sweet and dear,
Athenion, in memorial here,
This monument and altar near,
From earth did Claudia-Dechas rear.

*325

332 A Teian, I lie here, run out life's time,
Late, to play ev'ry part, a prosp'rous mime;
Ten years and eight I liv'd Asclepiodore,
Well-buried in the earth erewhile which bore.

326

333 Outside the pleasant stage, all joy be thine
In the renowned works of Messaline,
Which safe the Theatre's vast ring have kept,
Whence, save for him, rude Time had all things swept.

334 *327

This, Helicon of Achesas, a Salaminian wrought,
Whose wonder-working hands herself all-honour'd Pallas taught.

328

335
Alexandria, handmaid who the feasts of Bacchus grac'd,
In the long pomp cyst-bearer of Nile's Goddess, Isis chaste,
When reach'd her forty years of age, beneath this stone was
plac'd.

*329

336 This city, in times past so well-renown'd,
Her glitt'ring walls with lofty turrets crown'd,
Rife in all Graces which her fame might raise,
Of goodly colonnades and spacious ways,
Fair with race-courses, fine with many a bath,
Stage of long strife, a fertile soil which hath,
Time's fatal hand had struck—with such a blow
The panther strikes the hind—and laid her low,
And like some lone and lean-cheek'd grand-dame left,
With beauty crush'd, of strength and splendour reft.
But Rome's high Sovereign Johannes young
From our King-Dukes, of stock illustrious, sprung,
Pitied the suff'ring, rais'd the dying soul,
Shook off her years, and made her members whole,
Fill'd her gaunt cheeks and her lax sinews brac'd,
And her again in maiden beauty plac'd
And youthful prime, where age was lately seen,
Five crow-lives old. Him therefore and his Queen—
Affable, nobly-born, belov'd, in face
And form, a white-cheek'd and swan-bosom'd Grace,
Stately in stature, as the cypress tree
On Lebanon's green slopes, most sweet to see—
Bless with best gifts, O King of Earth and Heaven!
And unto both a long glad reign be given.

330

337
Chelidona, Jove's ministrant, me—who, upon his shrine,
By long experience, well could pour the glad libation-wine—
With children blest, from care exempt, this tomb contains. I ween,
Not dimly by Immortal Gods my piety was seen!

331

338 Musa's dark eyes, the nightingale's sweet strains
Suddenly silent, this small tomb contains:

All-wise, much-bruited, as a stone lies she—
Musa the lovely, light be earth on thee! [343.]

332

339 To Paulla, dead at nineteen years of life,
His holy-minded and aye-blameless wife,
Her Andronícus, a physician, rear'd
Love's last proof to a mem'ry so rever'd.

333

340 Thy faith and goodness, Phædrus! to commend
Our love shall never in life's limits end.

334

345 The short-liv'd Serapiacus and Tyche gave me birth,
Their daughter Serapiadé—for such my name on earth;
And here at six years old I lie: my foster-father cast
O'er me this dust: all other love his piety surpast.
Fam'd among men, Domesticus, while yet a child was I,
Rescued me from a longer life of hated slavery.

335

341 Stranger! who, passing by, my tomb may'st see,
Laugh not, I pray, altho' a dog's it be:
I have been mourn'd: and royal hands my bones
Have heap'd, as here my sculptur'd pillar owns.

336

342 Lais, whom Love begot and Corinth nurst,
Here buried lies in Thessaly's fam'd plains:
Hellas the proud, of strength unconquer'd erst,
Slave of this god-like beauty blest her chains.

*337

343 Man, beast, is none like this, to which fair earth Theodectes.
Or the deep sea, gives ever growth and birth:
Its shape and stature, in mid-life so small,
At birth, in old-age, greatest are of all.

338

344 The people to Tenótus rear'd this stone,
In island Ithaca who, foremost, shone
For words and works of war: he left his son
The love, the wealth, and deathless fame he won.

339

346 Senate and King the wise Eusebius here,
Our eloquent and honour'd Archon, rear.

*340

346a
Son of Dasius, Timotheus! thy country's holy light!
Complete of life thy thirty years, thou sank'st in death's cold night:
Alas for thee! thus bend I o'er thy much-lamented grave,
Tho' dying, to the Hero-choir thou gav'st another brave.

341

347 This statue of Isocrates
in wit's and friendship's praise,
Consecrate to the Goddesses,
Timotheus doth raise.

*342

348
L Who brought thee up?
D My training from Athenian Cilix came.
L A worthy pupil! but how call'd?
D Numenius was my name.
L What were thine years when leaving life?
D Thrice twenty was mine age.
L Had it not sager been to live?
D Rather to die was sage.
L Hail, noble words of noble mind!
D And thou too, Stranger! hail.
L Joys yet were here for thee to taste.
D With me too joys prevail.

343

349 What evil Demon has my Siren snatch'd,
My nightingale of sweetness never match'd?
Falling in cold drops suddenly, one night
Kill'd thee, and, Musa! quench'd thine eyes' dear light,
And clos'd thy golden mouth: of all bereft,
Nor beauty now, nor eloquence is left.
Hence! ye heart-gnawing cares—of likely hope
Man has no part, nor with dark chance can cope.

*344

Torture like this, with fiery poison curst,
Had Tantalus in his undying thirst,
And Danaus' daughters, at their endless task,
Filling with water the aye-leaking cask.

*345

Phœbus! thy locks ambrosial to crown,
Æneas' son a wreath of gold lays down;
A mighty leader he—in turn do thou
Ever to Titus valour's fame allow!

*346

Honouring whom to Zeus Alcmene bare,
In Loxias' honour'd grove, this statue fair
The son of Lastheneus, Laphenes gave,
His own and father's memory to save.

347

Serving the Muse, Belov'd of Heav'n, to a most exc'llent youth,
Nam'd Philotimus—such the name his father bore in sooth—
A comrade young this monument, o'er a good fellow's head,
Has rear'd, who knew his living worth, and lov'd his memory dead.

348

Philip in ev'ry virtue who had part,
Old and illustrious in Aonia's art,
Sire of Antigonus, Rome's Consul fam'd—
Macedon bore him but Italia claim'd.

349

Him wise in all, our city's first best son,
Who had of a long life the limits won,
Deep Hades has receiv'd in her black breast,
And lull'd on holy couch to pious rest.
This monument his son and wife endear'd,
Near a rough road, to him in death have rear'd:
Friend! to Democles' son who say'st "Good-bye,"
Unharm'd by footsteps let Democles lie.

350

For wisdom first, head of a line renown'd,
Old with long years, whom Victory thrice crown'd,

'Mid hon'ring friends, his sons, in this cold bed
Will often hymn their sire Eutonius dead.

351

357 The Emp'ror Constantine, Romanus' son,
When he the seat of sov'reignty had won,
This square shaft—when the first, assail'd by time,
Was crumbling—built, more soaring and sublime;
A miracle we Rhodes' Colossus call,
But this bronze is a miracle o'er all!

352

358 Lo! Philopœmen, Arcady's best knight,
Whose forward spear great glory gain'd in fight;
By counsel much, by courage much he wrought,
All Greece was with his fame and valour fraught;
His trophies twice the Spartan tyrant quell'd,
And rising slavery he twice expell'd.
High-hearted Tegea Craugis' virtuous son
Plac'd here in bronze, her liberties who won.

*353

359 Of T, H, R, A, S, Y, M, A, K, U, S is made
My name: Chalcedon is my home; and wisdom is my trade.

354

360 Paul of Ægina I, with painful thought,
Into a single book all healing brought.

*355

361
This is Arcadion's monument—a mighty toper he!
Plac'd near the highway side for all the neighb'ring town to see,
By Dorcon, Charmylus, his sons. O Man! who passest by,
From drinking, in too large a cup, strong wine, their sire did die.

356

362 These did old Athens for their valour, crown
With honour's wreath, when, foremost of the town,
They strove of laws unjust the course to check,
Each, against tyrants, risking his dear neck.

357

363 This tomb the fallen foreigners holds well,
Near Delos fighting, who, on ocean, fell,
What time the holy isle Athenion sack'd,
When Cappadocia's King in war he back'd.

358

364
O'er those, who, fighting, fell for Greece against the Median, this Heröum was by Opus rais'd, Locria's metropolis.

359

365 The upright image which you see
of Antoninus here
Did Dorotheus in Pteleæ,
keeping it secret, rear.

*360

367 Trav'ller! of far-famed Rodogyne, whom
Man's violence slew wrongly, this the tomb;
His wife Libanius wept, and here interr'd—
Small grace for so great love on him conferr'd!
[Erst of Epagatho the name I claim'd,
By Basil Rodogyne now surnam'd.]

361

368 Late nurtur'd at the breast, this tomb hides one
Nam'd Ptolemæus, of Seleucus son.
At five years I to Hades' house was torn;
O'er me, with ruin'd hopes, my parents mourn.
Why shiver ye, in vain, by my cold bed,
My term of life was measur'd by Fate's thread.

362

369 Of a chaste blameless girl this simple stone
Covers the beauteous form, too early flown,
Of whom on earth none loos'd the virgin zone.

363

370 Achaians of the god-like blood of old Tantalides,
To Zeus, the author of their line have dedicated these.
* * * * * * *

Other and many fair works were by wise Onatas, son
Of our time-honour'd Micon, in Ægina's island done.

364

371 From Clytidæ of mystic tongue
I boast my birth to be,
A prophet from the god-like race
of Melampodidæ.

365

372 From Archias of Hybla, fam'd as herald, Eucles' son,
Accept this image graciously, O Phædrus! for health won;
He, in Olympian contests, thrice as herald sate alone,
Without a mouthpiece or the aid of any trumpet tone.

366

373 Friend! tho' a fatal water this, it hath,
Hand-thrown, no harm to mortals as a bath,
But, inly, if its crystal bright you take,
Or e'en allow it long the lip to slake,
That very day on earth your grinders all,
Root-shaken, from your orphan'd jaws will fall.

367

374 Damarchus, of Dinyttus son,
presents this effigy—
From old Arcadia's pasture-plains,
Parrasian-born was he.

368

375 The blooming Quinta on the sea-washt shore
Of Rhegium, me to Agapomen bore:
Nam'd Atimetus, I was gently taught;
E'en as a child the Muses' gifts I sought.
At twelve, O Friend! I came to Rome, whose earth
Now holds—O grief to him who gave me birth!

369

376 Philius, of Cyprian Salamis a native, in his sleep
Felt, on his senses overpow'r'd, a silent vision creep,
Wherein he saw, approaching thrice, the chaste and rev'rend pair,
Demeter and Persephoné, array'd in garments fair:

The hero-guardian of our town they told him to revere,
And pointed where his shrine should rise—so Philius plac'd him here.

*370

377 Love's merry friend, the Drama's Siren, see
Menander, ever crown'd with laurels he!
A joyous life to men who ever taught,
And, ev'ry scene to sweeten, lovers brought.

371

378 Phœstias his mother and his sire Nicomachus on earth,
But, sure! best Aristotle sprung of Æsculapian birth.

372

379 Avoid the archer Eros, with his dart
He wounds, right, left, and pierces ev'ry heart.

373

380 In mem'ry of Philetas dead this grave
His widow'd partner, Abascantis gave.

*374

381 Here Dorus Flavian, his hero-son,
Entomb'd ere life its sixteen years had run:
Him Fate from Virtue and the Muses tore
Far from dear Argos, on Myrina's shore.

375

382 Fair gift, King Phœbus! Homer brings to thee
For thy rare promptings—glory give to me!

383 376

Of Stacte and Cæcilius son, here Florus lieth—whom
We wept before we weep again, laid in another tomb.
His years were six, his body small, but perfect in each part;
Much pity for his youth's snapt flow'r sore tried each parent's heart:
Nor was his second tomb, when here they re-interr'd, unwept,
They spar'd not self, but of first tears the mem'ry faithful kept;
Sadly, with almost empty hands—this of their woes was chief—
A little dust they sav'd, but ah! not little was their grief.

*377

384 Who was thy sire, and spouse, O Woman! tell
Thy name, and age, and where 't was thine to dwell?

Nicander was my sire, and Paros isle
My country: Socraté my name erewhile.
Parmenio, my lord, this tomb conferr'd,
Whence to far times his fond love shall be heard.
Me an untended dysentery's rage
Swept off, when great with child, in life's best stage;
My weak frame ne'er to light the infant gave,
My body was at once its womb and grave.
I liv'd to thirty-six: on a male child,
My fair first-born, a happy husband smil'd,
Nay two I left, both sons, to spouse so dear,
But, with the third, Fate laid its mother here.
Thou, Virgin-Goddess, howsoe'er addrest,
All-Queen! receive us 'mid the pious Blest;
And may the Gods full joy on all bestow
Who, passing, say "Hail! Socraté below."

378

Hail! Ye sev'n pupils of schoolmaster Sleigh,
To wit, his four bare walls and benches three.

379

This bust Ætolians, by his virtue won,
Rais'd to Ætolus, of Endymion son,
Their country's founder, whom an infant erst
Eddying Alphæus, near Olympia, nurst.

380

Let Hades, monarch of the dead, for thee cold water lay,
O Melané! since youth's dear flow'r is past from thee away.

381

A scion of rich Rome, of men most wise
The mate, a son of Epaphas here lies,
Nam'd Decimus Servilius—the dead
Had pass'd thro' ninety years and three 't is said!

382

Swift Lycus here was victor twice,
and once on Isthmian ground;
Thus have his sons Pheidolas' house
with Honour's garland crown'd.

383

390
O Linus! lov'd of all the Gods, their good gifts first began
When Heav'n gave thee the pow'r to sing sweet melodies to Man,
In rhythm harmonious; thy death themselves the Muses wail'd,
In songs sore-weeping when for thee the light of Phœbus fail'd.

*384

391 Cambyses broke in twain my stone,
(For likeness to the East-King known)
Whose tender voice erst Memnon wept,
Ere yet the Persian Egypt swept:
Now dim and doubtful tones are sent
Which bye-gone better times lament.

*385

392
On yesterday of Athur, I, Balbinus Publius, heard
Sounds supernatural and divine from Memnon's statue stirr'd,
With Rome's lov'd Queen, Sabina, when I to Thebäis came,
In the first morning hour, as Sol commenc'd his round of flame,
In Emp'ror Adrian's fifteenth year, when Athur's month had track'd
Its course to four and twenty days—and now attest the fact.

*386

393 And I too Memnon Tithon's son revere,
Lone-seated, Jove's own city, Thebæ near:
Sweet was his strain, as the Egyptians tell,
Whose Priests in myths of old are practis'd well.

*387

394 Evermore, at Ammonian Thebæ's foot,
Doth Egypt's Memnon the bright Morn salute.
From him for Adrian our great King, when first
He hail'd the Sun, a clear frank "Welcome" burst;
Then too, when his white steeds Heav'n's round begun,
And when the Hours their west'ring course had run,
Like sounds divine again from Memnon stirr'd,
Saluting him a second time and third.
That sounds, else rare, for him so oft were spoke
Much joy in Emp'ror Adrian awoke,
And seem'd, to eyes and ears of all, to tell
That of the God he was accepted well.

*388

Her web of Heav'nly destiny achiev'd,
This simple tomb Sosipatré receiv'd.

389

Which of the Fates has woven thus th' untimely thread of these
Children, whose mother Elpis was, their sire Architeles?
But now who bloom'd before our sight, with new down on each face,
Fate cruelly has snatch'd away after a headlong chase:
Yet in first youth, some angry God has caus'd to waste away
Theophanes and Nirus both—like tender branches they!

390

A mother, daughter, son, in me entomb'd,
Lie here, by shortest road to Hades doom'd;
He, among boys, was Alexanor styl'd,
The girl Hygeia—dead ere Hymen smil'd;
The Muse to mould the youth her culture gave,
He grew in graces—for an envious grave.
The mother has indeed both children left,
But the sire-spouse of three at once is reft.

*391

Tyrinna I, pre-eminent in family and fame,
Lov'd of the Muse, to whom the crown of ev'ry virtue came,
Unto my doating parents here, in me of all bereft,
After a life of years thrice nine, have tears and moanings left:
For all the household when I died lay desolate and blind,
Nor left myself, nor leaving of our root a germ behind:
And, for the dwelling of my sires, whose roof-tree soar'd on high,
Beneath a low and little stone my body hid, I lie:
But by the Gods if any care had of the pious been,
No such misfortunes from my death our home had ever seen.

392

Wise Plutarch's tomb! to Italy who came,
Ambitious, thro' long labour, of high fame.
Here, a sole child, by parents well belov'd,
He heap'd up toil on toil, from home remov'd:
Yet, ere the wish, to which his soul he bound,
Was won, the fate of cruel death he found.

*393

Phile, sad mother, plac'd me here,
a monument to show
Where, with her mother, Deitrephes
and Pericles lie low;
Demophoon, her own brother, and
her daughter Agne too,
Found here the sure fate to which all
of mortal mould are due.

394

Stranger! my mother was Cecropia wise,
Whose name had from her country's name its rise,
My sire Theophilus, of ancient root
Among Cecropians, and of great repute.
From them hard Fate did prematurely tear
Virgin Athenas, a sweet flow'r and fair.
Tears universal Athens shed for me,
My tender youth and modest mind to see,
And my form's manly grace: for I had been
In wisdom nurst and careful culture seen.
But my poor sire, losing of his old years
The pleasure and the prop, check'd not his tears.
Phædrus my name. The measure of my life
Was twenty years. I of my widow'd wife
Lincæa left the bed: the daughter dear
Who blest our loves those aged parents rear:
Alas! of our once brilliant fortune reft,
The small and solitary relic left.

*395

This monument to her who erst, in many a land and town,
Won herself, on the living scene, unparallel'd renown,
In plays and choral dances who her ev'ry mate excell'd,
Oft dying, in stage-show, but ne'er, in sooth, as now beheld,
Has Heraclides eloquent, himself a mime well-grac'd,
To the tenth Muse, to Art's best pride, to rare Basilla plac'd:
As in her life she found in death like love unto the last,
One spot her triumph saw and tomb, when soul from body pass'd;
Her fellow-players, heart and voice, said, sighing, all as one,
"Basilla! fare thee well." On earth immortal there is none!

*396

For their dear country these won honours bright,
And prov'd against the foe their strength in fight:
Ancestral virtue in their bosoms burn'd:
They fought, and victory in battle earn'd.
Who fell, at Potidæa's gate, the air
Receiv'd their souls, the earth's their bodies were.
Of foes some shar'd their tomb: fleeing away
Some 'neath her ramparts found life's firmest stay.
Erechtheus' sons and city mourn the men
Who fell, in front, at Potidæa then.
Athens' true blood! they weigh'd their lives as nought
'Gainst valour, and their country's glory wrought.

NOTES.—1 This is also attributed to Palladas, and has more of his style of sentiment than of that of Agathias. For "dow'ry" *read* "dowry."

2 This is put in the mouth of the philosopher Epicurus, whose father's name was Neocles.

3 See Nos. 40-41, P. vi. The authorship of this, as also of 44, 50, 51, and 65, are ascribed, to the names given, whereas they are merely the subjects of the respective pieces. Plutarch gives the first distich in T. ii., p. 604 E. Athenæus the second B. xiv., p. 627, and upon the authority of the latter it is that the epigram is attributed to Æschylus.

4 T. Moore, in his note to Ode 42 of Anacreon, quotes this epigram as expressive of the same sentiments; he translates it in two four-line stanzas of alternate rhymes, and says that it is the only one of Anacreon's epigrams worth translation.

5 See 113 and 114, P. vi.

7 This is said to have been inscribed on a statue, at Delphi, of Hermias, tyrant of Atarnæ, slain, under orders of the King of the Persians, by one Mentor, who is alluded to in the last line. See No. 36.

8 Said to have been addressed to Attalus, King of Pergamus. The author is Aristoteles, not Aristoclees.

9 Jacobs, thinking that he recognised in the style of this epigram, and in the mixing together of different metres, the hand of Diogenes Laertius, attributes to him its authorship. Line 2. Cadanăde, in the Greek, has the penultimate short. Menodorus seems to have

been a slave of Eudemus. In the fourth line, in lieu of δεινὸς, Porson and Orelli suggested αἶνος, which I have adopted.

11 After No. 503, B. ix., the following verse, without any lemma or author's name, is found in the Cod. Pal.

ἵπποι γὰρ σφηκῶν γενεσις, ταῦροι δὲ μελισσῶν.

13 The author is Aristocles, not Aristotle.

14 Of this vessel a long account is given in Athenæus, B. v. (c. 40 to c. 44), p. 209. Hiero presented the poet Archimelus, in return for his verses, with a thousand bushels of wheat which he also sent at his own expense to the Piræus. I have adopted Casaubon's ἐπωτίδος, in the thirteenth line, and in the sixteenth δῶρ' ἔφερεν of Burges.

16 I translate, after the suggestion of Bentley, which Jacobs sanctioned, προέχουσ', in the fourth line.

17 Daphitas is said to have been crucified on Mount Thorax, near Magnesia, for reviling the Kings of Pergamus in this distich.

19 Acron, an eminent physician of Agrigentum, asked of the town council a particular spot, on which to erect a monument to his father, who had also been an eminent physician. Empedocles opposed the grant, adducing many arguments against it, and ending by the following question, "And what shall be its inscription? Shall we say," &c., &c., as in the epigram—whereof, however, it is scarce possible to give the full force in another language, for it is a string of alliterative puns on the words Ἄκρων, Ἀκράγας and ακρος, which last word signifies not only *high*, but *able*, both in a superior degree. It will be observed that I have chosen the alternative reading of the epigram, which has for its second line

ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς τύμβος ἄκρος κατέχει.

The Latin translation of Grotius was as follows:

Summus erat medicus, summo patre, summa sed hora
Venit: Acron acram nunc Acragantis habet.

23 I have translated as if the respective burthens were for the ass two, and for the mule four.

24 The occasion of this epigram is said to have been as follows: a certain woman was with her family in the fields, where they gathered and eat some poisonous mushrooms, all dying in consequence.

26 Line 2. Such drinking-horns were called *rhyta:* and that mentioned in these lines is the rhytum invented by Ctesibius, an engineer or machinist.

28 Line 3. The cup alluded to was called the Lesbium.

31 Line 7. Theocritus, Idyll. iv., verse 31, mentions a female musician named Glauca, probably the same as is mentioned by him in No. 250, P. vi.

32 It is impossible to preserve in a translation the monosyllables specified in the fourth line of the original, but the spirit is correctly rendered in the paraphrase which is given.

34 The philosopher Pythagoras is said to have been the first who practised boxing as a science: in the 48th Olympiad, with long hair and purple robes, after having been rejected, not without ridicule, from competition with the boys, he entered among the men, and came off victorious.

36 Aristotle for several years resided at Atarnæ, in the court of Hermias the Eunuch, who is said to have been the slave of Eubulus, and to have slain his master. See Note to No. 7. This is by Theocritus the Chian.

37 This is also attributed to Hermus. Only the first and seventh lines of the original are translated.

38 I am not satisfied with this version, but I cannot make more out of the doubtful original. Brunck omitted it altogether, probably because it was full of defects. Jacobs and other good scholars, before and since, have put it into the shape it now appears in. But the meaning is not at all clear. Leonteus the Argive, a tragedian and epicure, was a slave of Juba, King of Mauritania, who wrote this epigram upon him, when he had acted the part of Hipsipyle badly.

40 Creophylus is said to have been the son-in-law of Homer, by whom, as is hinted at in the fourth line, his poem "Œchalia" was suspected to have been written. Its subject was the contest of Hercules with Eurytus for Iole. The mere supposition of being considered

equal to writing what could, by any, be ascribed to Homer was a great honour for Creophylus.

41 The commencing couplet is identical with the verses of Solon, Eton Extracts, 203. In two Latin versions which I have seen, *καν θάρου οἶτον* (line 7) is rendered *scarabæi felicitatem* or *sortem*: I prefer my own translation as more familiar, suggested by acts of every-day life, and free from all metaphor, whereas the other requires itself to be translated and explained.

42 Venus Zephyritis was the name under which Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus (see 26 and 61), was worshipped in Zephyrium, a headland of Egypt. Selenæa dedicates to her a nautilus—for it was the custom of maidens on their approaching marriage to dedicate to Venus the toys of their childhood. See P. iv., 282. Julis, alluded to in the ninth line, was a city of Ceos, so called from the fountain of like name.

44 This epigram by Lucian is on his own books. See Note to No. 3.

46 This epigram of Mnasalcas must be compared with that of Asclepiades, 145, B. vii., here translated as No. 139, P. vi. One is evidently a parody of the other.

47 Juno was recognised as the patron Goddess of the island of Samos, of which Nicænetus was a native. Line 1. Burges, for *παρ' Ἥρῃ*, would read *παρ' ἀρουρην*, and translates "in the ploughed field." F. Jacobs defends the former phrase, by which he says the temple or Grove of Juno is intended. This is more probable, with reference to the *locale*, because she is directly alluded to in the last line. A banquet in *ploughed* land would scarcely be agreeable or usual, and the whole scene contradicts the supposition.

48 Line 2. *ματρὸς ἀπ' ἀρτιτόκου* seems to imply something like the performance of the Cæsarean operation.

49 Lines 3-4. For *Βοηθὸς χειρὸς — — τεῦξεν*, I have adopted *Βοηθοῦ χεῖρες — — τεύξαν*, as suggested by Burges.

52 The specimen is on the old subject of Cynegirus, who is himself more particularly described in lines 7 to 10.

57 Doricha of Naucratis (of which place Herodotus says that it was in the habit of producing beautiful courtesans) became the mistress there of Charaxus, brother of Sappho.

59 Art had so engraven the chariot that it could be seén when the stone was held in one position, but not in any other.

61 See Nos. 26 and 42.

63 In lieu of *μελάθροισι*, in the first line, Burges suggests to read *προθύροισι*, as opposed to *δομων ἔντοσθε*, in the seventh line.

64 The Parian coin bore the impress of a goat.

65 Athenæus, B. xi., c. 15, tells us that some men were proud not so much of their wealth in money as in the possession of large stores of valuable cups. Of this class was Pytheas the Arcadian, of Phigalea, who, when dying, desired his servants to inscribe these verses upon his tomb.

66 There seems in the last two lines to be embodied something like our own proverb, not to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

67 When the King of Persia was leading his army against Greece, Corinthian women, going to the temple of Venus, offered prayers there for the safety of their country. Corinth consecrated to the Goddess a picture, in which were painted the portraits of the women who made this supplication. The circumstance forms the subject of this epigram of Simonides.

68 Hippias gave his daughter Archedice in marriage to Æantides, son of Hipparchus, and ruler of Lampsacus, where was her monument bearing this inscription.

71 Line 1. Antiochis, a tribe of Athens, so named.

73 Last line. The Greek is identical with that of the last line of 79.

75 Line 3. From the speech of Glaucus in Iliad vi., thus translated by Pope:

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found," &c., &c.

Merivale, and, after him, Hay, give to the closing line a very different turn from that adopted in my translation. In both, the moral of the original is sacrificed, and a mere sensual signification substituted, which seems to be not only against the general intention of the whole piece, but against the particular words which the poet himself employs:

ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζόμενος.

Surely the good things must be such as are relative to the *soul*, and therefore things which are good and virtuous? That Simonides was quite capable of such pious sentiment, I may, for proof, refer to his lines commencing Ἔστι τις λόγος, &c.

" Virtue, they say, dwells high 'mid rocks,
Whose steep path Difficulty blocks:
Bright forms beside her there are found
To sentinel the hallow'd ground;
But seldom has her pure light been
By eye of common mortal seen.
Gnaw'd by sore sweat of soul within
Onwards and upwards still who press
Alone may hope at length to win
That pinnacle of manliness."

78 In the first line of the original it has been suggested to read πύθια instead of Ισθμια, inasmuch as the Eleans were forbidden to contend at the Isthmian games.

79 Simonides, when at a feast in very hot weather, extemporised this epigram, because the cupbearers, although pouring out for the other guests snow to their wine, did not do so for him.

80 Athenæus, B. x., c. 84, explains this epigram or enigma, as it may be called: " It was a burden imposed on every member of the chorus who was not present at the appointed time of rehearsal, that he should give the ass who used to carry water for them a chœnix of barley: and what is meant by not liking φέρειν τέττιγος ἄεθλον is not liking to sing, and by the son of Panopeus is meant the ass, who was named Epeus, for whom the μέγα δεῖπνον was the chœnix of barley."

82 It is not easy to understand the close of this epigram. I suppose that a sly joke by Euripides, against the love of one sex by Sophocles, is retorted upon him by a charge of his own inability or coldness towards the other.

84 In the third line it has been proposed to substitute ἐπετάξατο: in the seventh line Jacobs, for δέξο, would read δέρκεο. It may well be, as I do not correctly understand them, that the two last lines are not correctly rendered. Perhaps, however, the obscurity is internal, and attributable to the low state of science at the time.

85 Athenæus, in commenting upon this epigram, says that it was a well-known fact that all the race of women (*in those days*) were fond of drinking.

86 On those who fell in battle with the Persians.

87 Philip of Macedon is said to have been so annoyed at the verses of Alcæus, P. vi., 235, that he retorted by this parody, the threat of which it is probable, from the character of the man, that he would have carried into effect had the poor poet come into his hands.

88 In the sixth line the Greek, as given in Plutarch, is δόντα καταφθίμενον και σοφῶ ἀθάνατων, from which Burges proposes δόντα κλέος φθιμένω πανσόφω αθάνατον.

89 This is on the temple of Æsculapius.

90 According to Pausanias (x. 12), who has preserved this epigram, a Hermes was placed near the tomb of the Sybil Herophilé, and close to it was a fountain decorated with statues of the Nymphs. Hecatus was one of the names of Apollo. It is doubtful whether the Greek word which I have translated " plain-spoken" is the true reading: others adopt one which would be rendered " cloak-bearing."

92 Jacobs quotes Ovid Met., B. xv., 322, &c.

" Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levaret
Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis—
Amythaone natus
Prœtidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas
Eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
Misit aquas odiumque meri permansit in undis."

93 See Smith's Dictionary, under the head Mauricius, vol. ii., pages 975 to 978, and under the head Tiberius II., vol. iii., pages 1123-4.

95 The Greek has a seventh line, showing that she was chosen priestess by the general suffrage of senate and people. The inscription was found on the base of her statue. For the Greek, see F. Jacobs' Addenda. T. iii., page 95.

96 The tomb is supposed to be the speaker.

97 In the time of Herodotus and Pausanias there existed on Tænarus a brass monument which was dedicated there, either by his friend and patron, Periander of Corinth, or by Arion himself, and which represented him as riding shoreward on the back of a dolphin. These verses were probably inscribed upon it.

98 This epigram has been attributed to Leonidas of Tarentum.

99 Ætōlus, King of Elis, leaving the Peloponnesus, seized upon the country of the Curetes, and gave to it the name of Ætolia. His descendant Oxylus afterwards became King of Elis by conquest. These lines were inscribed on his statue in the market-place of that city.

100 Apollodorus wrote a work called Βιβλιοθήκη, a collection of ancient fables (wherein an account was given of many persons mentioned in writings of different poets), not in a perfect state, since what has come down to us breaks off with the history of Theseus, whereas the whole work came down to the return of the Greeks from Troy.

101 This is a riddle. An Eunuch, who was squinting or short-sighted, throws at and misses a bat seated on an ivy-grown narthex. The stone was the pumice stone; the narthex was the ferula or giant fennel.

104 Is an inscription on a statue of Mercury placed in the vestibule of a library [but Jacobs says the epigram is supposed to be spoken by the Muses whose statues were so placed], round which plane-trees were planted. Another version may be ventured:

> "Say, thou who giv'st this learned wealth to use,
> This plane-tree grove is sacred to the Muse:
> We guard it: if true lover come our way,
> His honour'd brow with ivy we array."

107 Another riddle, of which the solution is said to be the application of the cupping-glass.

109 Jacobs hereon quaintly remarks that, if the reading of this distich be correct, the same may be said of its author that he says of the flute-player.

110 It has not been easy to make any English version of these confused and inelegant lines, and I am far from partial to the result of my efforts.

112 The sentiment of this epigram (which seems incomplete, and is feeble in its close, and therefore in that part somewhat modified by me) is very similar to one by Lucian, P. vii., 90.

113 This is joined by Shepherd (quoted in Merivale) to 118, so as to form a single epitaph, of which the latter forms the first distich.

114 On the completion of his expedition, Jason ordered his vessel, the Argo, to be drawn aground at the Isthmus of Corinth, and consecrated it to Poseidon.

115 When the nine Archons began to build the Piræus, they set up a statue of Hermes with this inscription.

116 The original at present appears as of eight verses, with a lacuna after the first couplet, which, however, is but the lemma of the epigram, though it has been thrown into two tolerably regular lines; I have omitted these, as their main substance is given in what follows, and because Theodorus is there spoken of in the first person, but in the others in the third.

119 The name, both of son and father, was Protarchus. It would seem that the lines were written at different times: one part, comprising the first six lines, in anticipation of the construction of the monument, and, on its completion, when he had also lost his wife, the four last lines were added.

122 This is, in the original, fragmentary.

125 Cypselus of Corinth erected at Olympia a colossal statue, in gold, of Zeus, towards the expense of which he obliged his subjects to pay an extraordinary tax, which was levied for the space of ten years.

126 In the second line I prefer Welcker's restoration, ἐπέδωκε θεος, to the ἐπέκειν θέμις ἦν of F. Jacobs, whom in all other respects I have followed. The Greek is at p. 97, T. 3, of the Addenda to the Anthology.

129 This epigram, notwithstanding long and frequent patching up, cannot yet be considered in a perfect state.

134 This was the inscription upon a Heraclean cup, the workmanship of the artist Mys, on which was beautifully wrought the capture of Troy.

136 This is in honour of Erotius, hierophant, probably at Eleusis, of Ceres and Proserpine, whose statue his son Cleadas, himself holding a similar office at Lernæ, had erected in his house. (P. v., 561.)

138 Hippodamia was the wife, or widow, of another son of the elder Hippomedon.

139 Agreeing with F. Jacobs that the close of this epigram is, in its present state, poor and weak, I have in the last line, which otherwise merely repeats what had been already conveyed, adopted his recommendation of εὐσεβιαι instead of ἔις με βίου. The allusions in the second distich are to the torch-race, and long and short courses of the gymnasium.

145 This was the inscription upon a four-cornered stone, with the head of Homer upon it. See

146 Dele the word "it" in line 2.

147 Line 3. The name is twice given, first as Agrĭănes and then as Agrĭănas, but the tetrastich is most corrupt.

151 These troublesome genealogies at times remind one involuntarily of the old rhymes:

"If Jack's father was John's son,
What relation was Jack to John?"

152 The lines are on a brazen water vessel in the temple of Æsculapius, which was cracked by the extreme frost.

153 Although doubtful as to the commencing words of my version, I have translated as if the sacrifice were offered by fifteen men. Line 4. There is no authority, so far as I am aware, for "omni-parent," but the word seems admissible.

154 The people of Athens permitted Cimon to erect at the city of Eion, upon the river Strymon, three marble Hermæ (pillars surmounted with the head of Hermes), bearing the inscriptions respectively given in this epigram, and in Nos. 181 and 196. These three pillars are referred to by Æschines C. Cteseph., for the purpose of showing that even Cimon was not allowed to inscribe his name upon them.

156 Pausanias states that these verses were inscribed upon the statue of Lysander. Grotius translates the two couplets as separate pieces, but they are usually viewed as fragments of a single epigram.

163 Serapis is styled επταγραμματος θεος, or *septem literarum deus*, the name containing seven letters.

167 The Greek will be found at page 98 of the Addenda, vol. iii., of F. Jacobs.

168 There is considerable doubt about the name Pyrrhus in the last line of the Greek.

169 "A Bellows" is the solution of this riddle. Eubulus gives it in verse:

It speaks tho' it no tongue have got:
One name with many has it not?
Unwounded yet with inside wound;
Now smooth, now rough its outside found;
If more you would, do we not find
It guardian still of many a wind?

but the answer is itself somewhat of an enigma, requiring explanation: the inside wound is the air-passage bored in the centre: its outside is rough or smooth according as the leather is with or without hair, it keeps a windy profit for the wise, as puff succeeds puff.

170 Of this riddle the solution is "A Letter:"

A letter is that female thing, whose young within her are
Its written characters, themselves tho' mute, to those afar
Which speak at will, and whosoe'er stands by, however near,
Save he who opens it and reads, no sound at all can hear.

171 One might infer from the words "great in faith" (third line) that Apollophanes was a Christian.

172 Schneider, in editing Plutarch's Essay on the right education of boys, supposes that the Eurydice here mentioned was the wife of Pollianus, whose erudition is praised by Plutarch in his Marriage Precepts.

175 This epigram, with two others, Nos. 277 and 370 (which see), was found inscribed on a terminus.

178 Titus Flaminius dedicated some silver bucklers, and his own shield, at Delphi, putting on them this inscription.

186 Death is addressed.

188 Prodicus was a rhetorician of Cos: among his many writings was a beautiful episode in which Virtue and Pleasure are introduced as respectively attempting to make Hercules her votary: the hero at last decides for Virtue, and rejects Pleasure.

189 Athenæus, B. x., c. 60, attributes this epigram to Polemo, in whose treatise on the Inscriptions to be found in Cities it was used.

190 I have sought to give to the close of this epitaph the turn to which Toup, in his emendations of the Greek, inclines. Theudotus was Prytanis at Athens. It was the custom of this functionary to take his meal in the public Prytaneum. On some festal banquet, when libations were made to the Gods, Theudotus helped himself somewhat too freely. On the ensuing night Death took him.

191 This epitaph was found in the island of Corcyra, alluded to in the fourth line.

193 These lines were inscribed upon a statue of Epaminondas.

194 This inscription was found at Cyzicus on a marble, on which were also sculptured a ship, with a man holding a key. Cyzicus seems to have been the naval station for the protection of the Pontic coast. The purport of the two last lines, which I have not versified, is "For you will be guilty of violating a sepulchre, and suffer a penalty of 2,000 denari to the public treasury and of 1,000 to the city." Such warnings against sacrilege were commonly inscribed upon tombs.

195 It is worthy of note that the author of this epigram states that Pindar died at Argos, and that his body was there consumed on the funeral pyre. His birthplace and stated residence was at Thebes. The Greek is at pages 99-100 of F. Jacobs' Addenda, Vol. iii.

197 This inscription is clearly incomplete: nothing can be made of βένους in the 5th line. Jacobs suggested πένθησ', but this is quite fanciful. A translator, however, has merely to give the right sense, and need not tarry too long with critics in patching up what is defective and corrupt.

198 The original is imperfect, from the fragmentary state in which the stone had been preserved; its probable sense is, perhaps, correctly conveyed in the version given.

200 The Greek word which I have translated "splendid" is in the original ξανθαῖς: this epitaph, which affects the right scansion of the line, is attributed to the lapidary: Jacobs suggests καλαῖς. The names in the 7th line are, in the Greek, Eutychides and Chilichis, and those in the 9th Hermerus and Aristomachus: but to reproduce these exactly would have lengthened our version by at least another couplet.

201 Gruter (p. 607) gives a beautiful Latin inscription, which was found on a monument at Rome, purporting to be a dialogue between one Atimetus and his dead wife Homonæa, wherein he professes his desire to rejoin her, and she her hope that what had been taken from her life might be added to his. It is not merely the identity of names, but a similarity of sentiment which lead me to quote the following lines, which are supposed to fall from Homonæa: they almost warrant the idea that the Latin poet was familiar with the Greek lines.

"Illa ego quæ claris fueram prælata puellis,
Hoc Homonæa brevi condita sum tumulo,
Cui formam Paphie, Charites tribuere decorem;
* * * * * *
Nec pro me queror hoc, morte est mihi tristior ipsa
Mæror Atimeti conjugis ille mei."

202 Even in its present state, enough of the original remains to justify the turn, which, in order to render it complete, I have given to it.

203 Ruhnken proposed to read in the third line ἄδηκτον for ἄπλητον. I have translated as if it were ἄπλητστον, which seems to me more suitable.

205 There is some confusion and doubt about the Greek, but the poet evidently addresses both Icarius and his betrothed bride.

206 This inscription (Athenæus, B. vi. c. 21) was upon a tripod offered to Phœbus.

208 Amyclæus was a surname of Apollo. The last lines seem to prove that the unknown author was a Pythagorean.

209 The house of Œnomaus was destroyed by lightning, and only one pillar of it remained standing.

210 The inscription is imperfect, and its sense can scarce be exact. I make the best guess I can, avoiding κοσμον of line 2. In the Greek (See p. 100 of F. Jacobs' Addenda, Vol. iii.) the name is Agasicles. Akerblad, the editor of this inscription, considers it probable that the brothers were merchants.

211 The third line in the original is very defective.

215 The pretensions of Aureolus to the purple were decided against him in a battle, where he was slain: the modern town of Ponterolo is said to take its name from, and to stand near the site of the bridge (Pons Aureoli) thrown over the Adda, on the scene of Claudian's victory, and where Aureolus was buried.

218 For the Greek refer to p. 100, Vol. iii., of Addenda of F. Jacobs.

227 Line 6. Is Æsculapius meant?

229 In Jacobs the specimen ends, as translated, with the 8th line: on the stone itself, from which the inscription is taken, the imperfect characters denote an almost equal quantity of matter, which is omitted by him—rightly, I conceive, although the omission should have been noticed—for the greater part is a mere *rifucciumento* of the anonymous epigram 8 of B. xi. (translated at 54, P. ii.) so far as it was applicable to the particular case. See also P. vi. 505.

237 Inscribed by the citizens of Apollonia on a stone bench, on which were images of the Gods.

240 See the Greek at page 101, Vol. iii., of F. Jacobs' Addenda to the Anthology.

241 Line 13. Marciana is here compared with the Amazon Penthesilea, by whose beauty, after her death, Achilles, who slew her, was captivated.

245 The Strophades were small islands off the Coast of Elis, in the Ionian Sea. The country of Alcinous, specified in the original, was Phœacia, of which he was King. Corfu is now known as the island of the Phœacians. The anachronism will perhaps be excused.

246 The lines which I have translated are, in the Greek, prefaced as follows: "I, Marcus Sempronius Nicocrates, was once a votary of the Muses, a poet and a player on the cithara, but principally a fellow-traveller," all which I omit.

248 Such was the inscription upon a votive shield, whereon the Gorgon Medusa was insculptured.

251 The heading of this epitaph shows that the tomb was erected by unhappy parents, Lucius Minicius Anthemas and his wife Scribonia, to Aulus Minicius Anthemianus, their beloved and dutiful child, who lived four years, three months, and twenty days. Some of the lines are imperfect, and about the three last is considerable confusion. The last but two is little else than a repetition of the second in almost the same words: and in both of the last the measure is in excess, even if they were intended as hexameters, which constitute the bulk of the piece. Last line. The meaning of ἀστεφανώτους is uncertain, and I have left it so.

252 Echembrotus, the Arcadian, dedicated a brazen tripod at Thebes to Hercules; from the inscription on which it seems that he won the prize by his melic poems and elegies, which he sung to the accompaniment of his flute.

257 Philetas of Cos was always investigating questions in dialectics, fallacies of argument, and erroneous uses of words, until he starved himself to a mere skeleton, and so died.

258 On one occasion, during the festival of Hera, when the oxen which were to draw the chariot of her temple did not arrive in time, Biton and Cleobis, sons of the priestess, dragged it for a distance of 45 stadia to the temple. Cydippe prayed the Goddess to grant to her sons what was best for them. The two brothers went to sleep in the temple, and never woke more: the Goddess thus showing that she could bestow upon them no greater boon than death. (See 18, P. iii.) This is another instance of a Priestess-Mother. (See 353, P. 4, and 706, P. 6, and 330 of this Part.)

259 A riddle:

> "It is the Thistle-down, which, young, clings to its seed below,
> Whence freed, it lightly flies where'er the frolic children blow."

261 Œbotas won the foot race at Olympia in the 6th Olympiad. He was the first Achaian who had gained a victory there, and, for 300 years, no other of his countrymen was among the victors. The Achaians then, in the 80th Olympiad, erected a statue to Œbotas in the Attis at Olympia: soon after which, Sostratus of Pellene gained a victory in the boys' foot-

race. It thence became the custom for Achaian athletes to sacrifice to Œbotas before engaging in any contest there, and, if victorious, to crown his statue.

264 The poet Oppian was a native of Cilicia, and son of one Agesilaus. The Emperor Severus was so much pleased with his poems that he gave Oppian a piece of gold—about 15s. 6d.—for each verse they contained. Oppian died at the early age of thirty. His countrymen raised a monument in his honour, inscribing on it these verses.

265 Originally, in the Olympic games a cloth or scarf was tied round the waist of each of the competitors: Orsippus, of Megara, on one occasion, lost the prize from his clothes becoming entangled with one of his adversaries, or from one of theirs becoming so entangled with his: subsequently the cloth was laid aside, and all competitors were obliged to appear naked. The meaning of the 3rd and 4th lines of the original is doubtful, and I am nowise confident that my version of them is correct.

266 In 3rd line of the Greek for ἀξυνέτων I read αξένιων.

268 Last couplet. He failed to protect it from the cold, and so died of some throat complaint.

269 The solution is Sleep.

270 P. Œlius Abascantas on his first daughter Ælia, who died at the age of seven years, eleven months, and 27 days. The song in Cymbeline, Act iv, Scene 2, will probably occur to the mind in reading these lines. But an earlier original, Revelations vii. v. 16 may be referred to for some of the thoughts, "*They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.*"

273 I cannot bring the difficult original to any better result: it seems to be a general hymn to the older Gods.

274 The heading attributes these lines to Artemis, daughter of Hesalurius. Tallæus was a Cretan appellation of Jove.

276 In the temple of Minerva, at Lindus, was a statue of Marcellus, on which these verses were inscribed.

277 The terminus where this epigram, with the head of Menander, was inscribed, was at the opposite end to that where the head of Homer was placed.

281 Philostratus attached himself to the party of Antony and Cleopatra, and his morals were not improved by the connection.

283 In his note upon this epigram, Jacobs, and also, it appears, other Greek scholars, suggest several new readings instead of ταλαρήϊα: I have translated it as it stands, viewing it as a compound of ταλάω and αρήϊος.

284 These lines were inscribed on one of the pillars of a small temple of Diana of the East at Artemisium.

286 Timotheus was a poet and musician of Miletus; he is said to have added, according to some, four, according to others, two strings to the lyre, but it is very probable that only the eleventh string of that instrument can be ascribed to Timotheus, as a novelty introduced by him.

287 The Greek will be found at page 103 of Jacobs' Addenda.

288 In the original the name of the deceased is Εὐθαλης, which may well be Latinised into Floridus or Florus.

289 Phäyllus was an athlete of Crotona, who thrice gained the victory at the Pythian games. These lines were inscribed on his statue.

296 Line 3. That name signifies "fortunate."

299 This inscription is on one Basilides, aged 23.

301 This is a satirical epigram against Marcus Porcius Cato.

304 An ox and a goat sculptured on a silver plate form the subject of these lines. The questions in the first and second couplets are mutual, and the answer in the third common to both.

307 "Damostrateia in love to her husband" is the simple heading of these somewhat laboured lines.

308 The third distich of the original is very difficult of comprehension: scholars have altered and amended it without rendering its sense more certain.

309 The epigram is in a fragmentary state.

312 The second distich is directed against the writer of the first. Aristotle is known as the Stagirite.

313 I have completed the epigram, according to the additions supplied by Grotius.

314 It is said that a horse of this description was brought to Alexander of Macedon, and sent by him to Delphi as an offering to Apollo. The last distich of the Greek is very difficult. I have followed Grotius, who translates it:

> "Illæsum quod aquam Stygis est pote claudere solum
> Invictique alias vincere vim laticis."

315 To the four lines forming, in the original, the inscription here translated, are subjoined, but separately, the two which I give as No. 316.

317 Scholars will not have much difficulty in supplying the deficient words of the concluding line of the original. The sentiment of the whole epitaph clearly requires such a close as I have given to it.

318 I have divided this into two separate epitaphs: confessedly fragmentary, it might almost be doubted whether both parts ever belonged to one and the same piece, and there seems a discrepancy in the sentiments which tends to justify their separation. The first part might well be on Cleopatra of Egypt: the second would suit a purer character in even a Christian country.

320 The Greek will be found in the Addenda, p. 103, T. iii., of Jacobs.

322 The second distich of the Greek must be compared with Plato's 646, P. vi.

323 Mamercus inscribed this insolent couplet on the shields which he dedicated to the Gods.

324 Last line. I have translated as if Dechas was the son of Claudia, but these names are separately mentioned in the Greek.

325 I have preferred the reading παῖς Τηΐος to πλισταειος: and have supplied the lacuna in the original Greek by πάσης, as recommended by F. Jacobs.

327 Achesas and Helicon, father and son, natives of Cyprus, were very eminent in the art of embroidering cloth: the lines are reported to have been inscribed on some work of theirs at Pytho.

329 Smyrna is the city alluded to in these lines.

337 A "Shadow" is the solution of this enigma.

340 The Greek is at page 104 of Jacobs' Addenda.

342 The dialogue is between one living and another dead.

344 Written on one who had died of a wound from a venomous serpent, called διψάς, because its bite caused intense thirst.

345 Titus Flaminius presented to Apollo a golden crown with this inscription.

346 This inscription was found on a statue by Machatas, which Laphaneus, son of Lastheneus, dedicated to Æsculapius.

353 Each letter in the name must be read as a separate syllable, two letters thus constituting a foot in the verse.

355 This epigram was preserved by Polemon in his treatise on Inscriptions extant in different cities, Athenæus, B. x., c. 48.

360 In Jacobs, the Greek name in the third line is given as Abianus, but Muratori has it Libanius: δεινὸς ἀνήρ in the second line has some individual application which cannot now be traced.

370 This is the third of the epigrams inscribed on the terminus alluded to in Nos. 175 and 277.

374 Myrina was a town in Æolia.

377 The story resembles that told in Nos. 163, 164, 165, B. vii., translated in 156, 157, 158 of Part vi.

384 This and the following three epigrams are from Pocock's Itinerary, and were inscribed by travellers on the vocal statue of Memnon. The original is very confused and doubtful. Line 2. By βασιλέως εφου, which I translate literally "East-King," I understand Memnon himself.

385 The seventh line of the Greek inscription shows that it was placed upon the statue on the 25th of Athur, the day after that on which Publius Balbinus heard the voice of Memnon.

386 Line 2. Thebæ was also called Diospolis.

387 This greatly obliterated inscription has been ingeniously, it may even be said, successfully restored. Adrian is said to have heard the voice of Memnon thrice: the first when, approaching it at break of day, he was welcomed by the statue; the second time at sunrise, and the third at sunset: the penultimate distich of the translation is warranted by what remains of this part of the original inscription; and the last couplet gives clearly enough the sense—according to F. Jacobs' restorations—of its conclusion, which is not given in the Tauchnitz edition of the Anthology (See 15).

388 The Greek of this and the seven following epigrams, to 395 inclusive, will be found in the notes of F. Jacobs at pages 967 to 970 of his fourth volume.

391 This inscription, of comparatively modern discovery, was found at Samos.

393 Phile had buried her two sons and her mother, and then her daughter and brother also in the same spot.

395 Line 4. See 155 of B. vii. translated as 149 of Part vi.

396 This poem, of which only the first four lines are given at page 104 of Jacobs' Addenda to Book xvii. (Vol. iii.), will be found entire at page 972 of his fourth volume. The first line is word for word with that of Simonides, No. 251, Book vii, translated in 239, P. vi.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

The Capital Figures indicate the Part to which the Epigram belongs: the small its Number in that Part.

ABLABIUS.....V. 630

ACERATUS .....VI. 132

ADDÆUS IV. 260; V. 261, 264, 434; VI. 50, 226, 228, 669; VII. 2.

ADRIAN IV. 329; V. 119, 321, 331; VI. 650.

ÆMILIANUS.....V. 188, 624; VI. 603

ÆSCHINES..... .....IV. 327

ÆSCHYLUS ....VI. 243; VII. 173; IX. 3

ÆSOPUS..... .....VII. 185

AGATHIAS .....I. 141, 144, 158, 174, 176, 180, 182, 186, 188, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 196, 199, 202, 203, 204; II. 19, 20, 95, 101, 350, 352, 354, 364, 371, 375, 378, 381; IV. 38, 47, 65, 77, 79, 81, 84, 85, 171, 176; V. 131, 132, 133, 134, 174, 364, 500, 511, 521, 529, 539, 551, 633; VI. 193, 194, 208, 532, 533, 548, 549, 550, 554, 558, 563, 569, 572, 573, 576, 582, 592, 593; VII. 14, 63, 64, 65, 80, 128, 130, 132; VIII. 38, 43, 61, 82, 111, 245, 333, 335; IX. 1.

AGIS .. ..IV. 156

ALCÆUS....I. 253, 275; II. 58; IV, 222; V. 470; VI. 53; VIII. 5, 7, 8, 198.

—— Messenius..I. 5; V. 418, 419; VI. 1, 6, 235, 393, 476.

—— Mitylenæus..IV. 191; VI. 6, 410, 517

ALEXANDER..IV. 186; VI. 683; VIII. 174

ALPHEIUS....I. 248; V. 87, 89, 91, 94, 95, 98, 423; VI. 225; VII. 26.

AMMIANUS....II. 59, 60, 61, 132, 136, 178, 179, 182, 184, 187, 188, 211, 212, 217, 236, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 410; VII. 58, 189; VIII. 21.

AMMONIDES .....II. 228

AMMONIUS .....V. 677

ANACREON....II. 87, 88; III. 27; IV. 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 343; V. 585, 586; VI. 153, 214, 251; IX. 4.

ANASTASIUS .....III. 83

ANDRONICUS.....VI. 174

ANTAGORAS .....V. 126; VI. 99

ANTIGONUS .....V. 335

ANTIMACHUS .....I. 226

ANTIOCHUS.....II. 409, 418

ANTIPATER....I. 229; II. 66, 67, 72, 77, 189, 244, 411; IV. 17, 113, 115, 119, 122, 178, 212, 213, 223, 227, 243, 251, 258, 278, 288, 292, 332, 360, 366, 376, 377; V. 14, 29, 51, 57, 58, 71, 74, 90, 123, 128, 129, 130, 185, 200, 206, 227, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 263, 266, 270, 336, 337, 344, 345, 347, 439, 443, 453, 484, 598, 647, 648; VI. 16, 63, 73, 198, 199, 220, 240, 275, 276, 304, 353, 355,

Antipater—*continued*:
374, 382, 386, 408, 445, 448, 479, 608, 616, 618, 619, 667, 679, 685, 715; VII. 89; VIII. 77, 133, 135, 145, 177, 178, 186, 199, 222, 292, 298, 307.

—— Sidonius..IV. 21, 22, 52, 53, 97, 163, 164, 210; V. 11, 65, 198, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594; VI. 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 15, 24, 27, 28, 30, 31, 35, 130, 140, 154, 157, 158, 165, 206, 229, 234, 291, 339, 404, 405, 406, 407, 605, 687, 717; VII. 7, 68; VIII. 169, 180; IX. 5.

—— Thessalonicensis ..I. 1; II. 2, 3, 65, 66; IV. 202, 359; V. 7, 18, 32, 75, 79, 156, 230, 231, 354, 417; VI. 19, 40, 161, 178, 205, 224, 274, 275, 276, 277, 394, 474, 511, 512, 644, 677, 714; VII. 28, 89.

Antiphanes....I. 213; II. 36, 199, 329, 347; V. 81, 208, 218, 220; IX 170.

Antiphilus....I. 70, 209; IV. 99, 101, 203, 252, 254, 259, 357; V. 5, 6, 22, 35, 40, 41, 70, 72, 83, 135, 152, 162, 190, 204, 225, 238, 255, 259, 267, 271, 333, 340, 343, 436, 438, 440; VI. 135, 168, 169, 383, 602, 609; VII. 83, 163; VIII. 138, 149, 334, 336.

Antistius....II. 80; IV. 239; VI. 352; VIII. 244.

Antonius, Argivus .....V. 96

——, Thallus.....VI. 181

Anyte.....IV. 127, 157, 310; V. 124, 274, 275, 613; VI. 183, 191, 197, 204, 467, 471, 473, 519, 624, 627, 698; VIII. 230, 233, 241, 293; IX. 6

Apollinarius .....II. 396, 417

Apollonidas..II. 68; IV. 109, 240, 241, 384; V. 196, 205, 207, 219, 226, 228, 232, 241, 242, 248, 257, 337, 348; VI. 173. 221, 365, 373, 610, 620, 668, 677, 714; VII. 84; VIII. 51, 52.

Apollonius .....II. 291

Arabius.....V. 541; VIII. 41, 146, 150, 151, 316.

Aratus.....II. 433

Arcesilaus .....IX. 8, 9

Archelaus ....VIII. 122; IX. 10, 11, 12

Archias.....I. 32, 33, 63; III. 99; IV. 23, 45, 183, 184, 185, 196, 199, 211, 358; V. 25, 33, 63, 286, 289, 618; VI. 66, 133, 134, 141, 157, 184, 202, 203, 266, 671; VII. 27, 73, 74, 76; VIII. 96, 156, 181, 227.

Archilochus.....IV. 137; VI. 432

Archimelus .....VII. 6; IX. 14

Arethas .....III. 87

Argentarius, Marcus..I. 11, 21, 54, 69, 72, 74, 222, 224; II. 32, 34, 37, 69, 71, 326; IV. 205, 248, 250, 330; V. 84, 247, 602; VI. 350, 360, 368, 379, 387; VII. 70; VIII. 243.

Aristo .....IV. 305; VI. 437; VII. 5

Aristocles.....IX. 13

Aristodicus.....VI. 182, 454

Aristoteles.....IX. 7

Artemidorus.....V. 175

Artemon .....I. 268

Asclepiades..I. 35, 50, 93, 101, 106, 107, 109, 114, 128, 130, 135, 136, 214, 259, 263, 283, 285, 301, 324, 337, 344, 345, 347; II. 12, 15; III. 43; IV. 306; V. 62, 63, 620; VI. 12, 139, 272, 481; VIII. 70, 122, 237.

Asclepiodotus .....IX. 15

Asinius Quadratus .....VI. 300

Astydamas.....IX. 16

Athenæus.....IX. 2

Automedon ....II. 86, 90, 327, 331, 332, 333, 346, 359; VI. 515; VII. 87.

Bacchylides.....IV. 59, 311

Barbucallus, Johannes ..IV. 61; V. 351, 352, 353, 509; VIII. 40, 220, 221, 329.

Bassus, Lollius..II. 10, 108; V. 36, 54, 202, 240, 250; VI. 231, 357, 370, 375; VII. 165.

Bianor .....II. 267, 363; V. 191, 195, 221, 233, 234, 239, 256, 269,

Bianor—*continued*: 349, 437; VI. 49, 371, 372, 380, 622, 647; VII. 86, 164; VIII. 278.

Boethus ..... V. 209

Callias ..... II. 252, 254

Callicterus, *or* Cillacterus.... I. 20; II. 51, 52, 338.

Callimachus .. I. 2, 14, 94, 256, 264, 280, 281, 299, 311, 323, 328, 329, 333, 334, 374; II. 361; III. 30, 44, 48; IV. 125, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 302, 308, 309, 344, 348, 374; V. 412, 451, 452; VI. 78, 163, 259, 260, 265, 290, 305, 306, 396, 428, 432, 434, 435, 439, 440, 441, 452, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 699, 701; VII. 8, 204; IX. 40, 42.

Capito ..... I. 37

Carphyllides ..... V. 53; VI. 248

Cerealis ..... II. 162, 176

Chæremon ..... VI. 450, 694, 695

Christodorus ..... VI. 672, 673

Claudianus .. I. 51; V. 120, 121, 621, 622

Cleobulus ..... VI. 147

Cometas ..... I. 178; V. 468, 479

Constantinus Siculus ..... III. 79

Cosmas ..... VIII. 116

Crates, *or* Cratetus .. II. 42; VI. 313; VII. 167; IX. 41.

Crinagoras .. I. 68, 75, 230; II. 82; IV. 104, 165, 230, 231, 234, 244, 246, 255, 263, 342, 347, 363; V. 78, 192, 201, 237, 244, 245, 252, 346, 355, 415, 416, 432, 435, 441, 445, 446, 448; VI. 356, 361, 364, 385, 607, 612, 613, 614, 615, 617, 621, 623, 713, 716; VII. 43, 53, 88; VIII. 43, 63, 201, 275.

Cyllenius ..... V. 15, 39

Cyrillus ..... VII. 48

Cyrus ..... III. 75; V. 118, 503, 662, 663; VI. 538.

Damagetas .. IV. 279; VI. 10, 219, 341, 413, 419, 478, 521, 522, 708; VIII. 1, 97.

Damascius ..... VI. 534

Damocharis .... IV. 69; V. 513; VI. 195

Damostratus ..... IV. 370

Daphitas ..... IX. 17

Demetrius ..... V. 600

Demiurgus ..... VI. 51

Democharis ..... VIII. 312

Democritus ..... VIII. 182

Demodocus ..... II. 255, 256, 257, 258

Diocles, Carystius ..... VI. 377

——, Julius .... II. 438; IV. 190; V. 102

Diodorus .... IV. 245, 247; V. 59, 334, 639; VI. 39, 41, 72, 358, 675, 676.

——, Sardianus ..... V. 189

——, Tarsensis ..... VI. 223

——, Zonas ..... IV. 28, 102, 110, 345; V. 194, 273, 442; VI. 351, 388, 604, 606, 611.

Diogenes Episcopus ..... VI. 594

——, Laertius .. VI. 55, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 600, 680; VII. 10.

Dionysius .. I. 48; II. 440; IV. 10; VI. 76, 443, 514, 690; VII. 102

Diophanes ..... I. 211

Dioscorides .. I. 30, 87, 246, 349, 350; II. 223, 362, 443; IV. 130, 224, 291; V. 8, 9, 287, 454, 604; VI. 32, 38, 74, 155, 159, 160, 171, 217, 337, 391, 411, 415, 431, 438, 465, 466, 681, 682.

Diotimus .... I. 66; IV. 269, 355; V. 324; VI. 166, 215, 249, 401, 456, 706; VIII. 160.

Dorieus ..... IX. 18

Duris ..... V. 350

Empedocles ..... V. 455; IX. 19

Epigonus ..... V. 223

Eratosthenes, Cyren ..... I. 233

—— Scholasticus ..... IV. 82, 83

Erinna ..... IV. 349; VI. 684, 686

Erycius ....IV. 100, 236, 257, 362; V. 199, 444, 674; VI. 37, 167, 218, 354, 362, 381.

Etruscus ..... VI. 365

Eubulus..... IX. 169

Euclides..... IX. 23

Evenus..... I. 351; II. 89; V. 61, 73, 109, 212, 483, 587, 588; VIII. 167, 168; IX. 20, 21, 22.

Eugenes..... VIII. 310

Eunomianus ..... V. 163

Euodus ..... VIII. 118, 157

Euphorion ..... IV. 281; VI. 629

Eupithius ..... V. 176

Euripides ..... VII. 170; IX. 24

Eutolmius..IV. 91; V. 469; VI. 588, 591

Flaccus..... IV. 197

——, Statyllius..IV. 200; V. 49, 92, 107; VI. 278, 523, 628; VIII. 213.

——, Tullius ..... V. 43

Gabriel..... VIII. 210

Gætulicus..II. 407; IV. 1, 158, 194, 328; VI. 69, 232, 233, 263, 340.

Gallus..... VIII. 91

Gauradas ..... VIII. 154

Geminus ....IV. 262; V. 249, 341, 579, 610; VI. 71; VIII. 31, 105, 207.

Germanicus ..... V. 23, 24, 321; VI. 71

Glaucus....I. 257; V. 288, 637, 638; VI. 273; VIII. 113.

Glycon..... VII. 186

Gregory, Nazianz .... III. 20, 21, 22, 23

Hecatæus..... ....VI. 160

Hedylus ....II. 12, 156, 413; IV. 293; IX. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31

Hegemon ..... VI. 417

Hegesippus..III. 33; IV. 128, 182, 268; VI. 264, 308, 427, 526.

Heliodorus..... V. 402

Helladius ..... II. 419

Heraclétus ..... VI. 446

Heraclides..... VI. 269, 376

Hermocreon ..... IV. 369; VIII. 11

Hermodorus ..... VIII. 172

Herodicus ..... IX. 32

Hippo ..... IX. 39

Homer..... VI. 147

Ignatius ..... III. 84, 85, 86, 88

Johannes ..... V. 508; VI. 536

Ion..... VI. 44

Irenæus ..... I. 169

Isidorus....V. 88; VI. 150, 268, 281, 513

——, Scholasticus .....IV. 64; V. 19

Juba ..... IX. 38

Julian, Antecessor .... II. 366, 367, 368; V. 399.

——, Emperor..... V. 307, 309

——, Egypt..II. 23; IV. 19, 24, 25, 26, 31, 32, 34, 35, 73, 74; V. 329, 365, 366, 528, 536, 608, 609, 635, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654; VI. 33, 34, 56, 57, 67, 68, 542, 543, 546, 556, 557, 560, 561, 562, 564, 565, 566, 567, 570, 571, 574, 575, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 583, 585; VII. 54, 62; VIII. 89, 90, 109, 110, 115, 132, 141, 159, 183, 205, 327, 390.

Lacon ..... IV. 207

Laurea, Tullius ..... VI. 18, 282

Leo..... III. 78; V. 170, 171, 172, 173, 184, 464, 465.

Leonidas ..I. 127; II. 55, 216, 226, 227, 240; IV. 7, 11, 20, 41, 114, 124, 133, 134, 135, 204, 225, 264, 265, 283, 287, 289, 290, 294, 297, 299, 301, 304, 307, 331, 352, 364; V. 20, 449, 589; VI. 14, 20, 36, 65, 156, 166, 183, 252, 254, 261, 271, 304, 392, 433, 436, 444, 447, 453, 459, 461, 484, 485, 487, 640, 642, 643, 651, 652, 689, 700, 704, 712; VII. 1, 4, 13, 15, 67; VIII. 173, 192, 208, 232, 238, 262, 309.

——, Alexandrinus ..II. 26; IV. 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326; V. 47, 290, 291, 292,

Leonidas, Alexandrinus—*continued*: 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302; VI. 528, 529, 530, 531.

——, Tarentinus....I. 225; II. 30, 31, 106; IV. 50, 158, 192, 206, 208, 209, 215, 365, 368, 371, 373; V. 30, 31, 76, 77, 93, 100, 101, 153, 277, 284; VI. 188, 283, 403, 421, 429, 626, 630, 632, 633, 634, 635, 638, 693; VII. 16; VIII. 184, 308; IX. 43.

Leontius....I. 201; V. 495, 504, 510, 526, 556; VI. 143, 144, 552, 553, 555, 559; VIII. 34, 35, 39, 246, 274, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 359.

Libanius .....VI. 719

Longinus, Cornelius.....IV. 195; VIII. 119.

Lucianus....II. 239, 290, 393, 394, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 405, 406, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432; IV. 168; V. 308; VI. 296; VII. 30, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 99, 100, 101, 105, 106, 184; VIII. 156, 165, 166, 240; IX. 44.

Lucillius....I. 38; II. 56, 57, 103, 105, 109, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, 135, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 163, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 180, 185, 186, 190, 191, 192, 194, 195, 196, 202, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 213, 214, 216, 218, 219, 220, 221, 225, 232, 233, 234, 235, 237, 238, 239, 241, 242, 243, 253, 259, 260, 264, 265, 266, 268, 272, 273, 275, 276, 277, 281, 282, 283, 290, 292, 293, 294, 295, 306, 307, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 405, 406, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432; IV. 170, 385, 386; V. 458; VII. 23, 58, 184, 192, 201.

Macedonius..I. 145, 146, 147, 149, 151, 153, 156, 159, 161, 164, 166, 184; II. 21, 70, 79, 93, 96, 97, 100, 365, 369, 373, 374, 379; IV. 36, 46, 62, 75, 76, 78, 88, 179, 180; V. 236, 505, 522, 526; VI. 547; VII. 60, 134, 135; VIII. 53.

Mæcius Quintus..I. 73, 80, 83, 228; II. 9; IV. 39, 93, 235; V. 211, 332; VIII. 200.

Magnus .....VIII. 272

Marcus .....V. 34

Marianus....V. 506, 507, 532, 542, 543; VIII. 203.

Marinus .....V. 166, 167

Meleager ..I. 3, 31, 61, 85, 86, 88, 89, 91, 92, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 102, 103, 104, 105, 108, 110, 111, 112, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 129, 131, 132, 133, 134, 138, 139, 140, 218, 251, 260, 261, 262, 265, 266, 267, 269, 270, 271, 272, 276, 279, 282, 284, 286, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 302, 304, 307, 308, 310, 312, 315, 317, 318, 319, 322, 326, 331, 338, 340, 341, 342, 346, 348; II. 13; IV. 3, 166, 167; V. 2, 3, 281, 305; VI. 14, 77, 175, 196, 338, 398, 399, 400, 402, 409, 442, 449, 451, 457, 516; VII. 207; VIII. 136, 215.

Menander .....VI. 70

Menecrates .....V. 323; VII. 23, 24

Mesomedes .....VIII. 325

Metrodorus.....V. 582; VII. 46

Michael .....VIII. 318; IX. 45

Mnasalcas..I. 327; IV. 16, 114, 129, 132, 266, 270, 367; V. 69, 282; VI. 52, 164, 185, 186, 201, 230, 469; IX. 46.

Mœro .....IV. 123

Moschus.....I. 231; VIII. 202

Mucius Scævola ... .V. 187

Munatius .....V. 97

Musicius .....I. 219

Myrinus ..I. 216; II. 104; IV. 112, 256

Myro .....IV. 193

Nestor.....V. 115, 306, 430

Nicænetus..III. 49; IV. 229; VI. 483; VIII. 193; IX. 47.

Nicander .....II. 53; VI. 416, 507

Nicarchus....II. 4, 45, 62, 64, 107, 110, 117, 131, 136, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 157, 194, 200, 201, 215, 261, 262, 270, 271, 334, 335, 336, 403, 404, 411; IV. 37, 286; V. 280, 462; VI. 152, 159.

Nicias .....II. 395; IV. 126, 131, 272; V. 4, 276, 450; VIII. 190, 191.

Nicodemus....IV. 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318.

Nicomachus.....VI. 287

Nicomedes .....V. 54; IX. 48, 49, 51

Nilus .....VIII. 248

Nossis. .....IV. 136, 267, 275, 277, 350, 351, 372, 380; V. 485; VI. 395, 692.

Numenius.....I. 252

Œnomaus.....V. 617

Onestes.....II. 1, 73, 85; V. 186, 193, 197, 213, 253; VI. 64, 262.

Palladas ....II. 7, 28, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 44, 91, 92, 99, 231, 274, 280, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 303, 304, 305, 310, 311, 212, 313, 314, 324, 330, 342, 348, 351, 353, 355, 357, 370, 372, 376, 377, 380, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386; III. 82; IV. 66, 67, 90; V. 16, 17, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 317, 318, 326, 328, 330, 363, 424; VI. 587, 590, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663; VII. 29, 34, 35, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 49, 50, 51, 52, 96, 97, 98, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 129, 136, 137, 139, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 181, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 200; VIII. 209, 284, 319.

Pamphilus .....V. 56; VI. 190

Pancrates.....IV. 121, 353; VI. 653

Panteleus .....IX. 52

Parmenio ....I. 22, 24; II. 50, 102; V. 33, 48, 68, 103, 104, 265; VI. 176, 177, 227; VII. 44; VIII. 217, 224.

Parmeno.....III. 39

Parrasius .....IX. 50, 53, 54

Paulus Silentiarius....I. 142, 143, 148, 150, 152, 154, 155, 157, 160, 162, 163, 165, 167, 168, 170, 171, 172, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 195, 197, 198, 200, 205, 206, 212, 232, 239; II. 18, 98; IV. 60, 63, 70, 71, 72, 80, 86, 87, 89, 172; V. 327, 527, 533, 537, 538, 631, 632, 634; VI. 295, 541, 544, 568, 584, 586, 589; VII. 66, 81, 138, 140; VIII. 59, 79, 120, 279, 280.

Peritus .....VIII. 238

Perses.....IV. 116, 274, 276; V. 283; VI. 426, 468, 482, 520, 703.

Phædimus..III. 25, 42; IV. 273; VI. 711

Phaennus.....VI. 187, 418

Phalæcus.....III. 28, 29, 47; IV. 169, 197; VI. 628; IX. 85.

Phanias.....II. 25; IV. 295, 296, 298, 300, 303; VI. 518.

Philemon .....V. 368

Philetas.....IV. 214; VI. 462

Philiadas .....IX. 86

Philippus, Rex..... .....IX. 87

——, Thessalonicensis..II. 33, 74, 204, 328, 349; III. 24; IV. 12, 42, 44, 68, 94, 96, 98, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 111, 118, 207, 238, 242, 249, 253, 261, 382; V. 19, 28, 55, 80, 82, 85, 86, 203, 210, 215, 216, 217, 224, 226, 229, 235, 246, 251, 254, 260, 268, 272, 343, 362, 433, 447, 461, 577, 578, 612, 640; VI. 179, 180, 222, 225, 348, 366, 367, 369, 378, 389, 535, 667; VIII. 26, 54, 83, 95, 106, 139, 141, 179, 195, 219, 242.

Philiscus .....II. 425; IX. 88

Philo ..... II. 416

Philodemus .. I. 8, 15, 16, 67, 71, 76, 77, 78, 79, 81, 82, 210, 352; II. 75, 76, 81, 84, 325; IV. 248, 346; V. 339, 456; VI. 210; VII. 85, 166; VIII. 236.

Philostratus ..... VIII. 112

Philoxenus ..... V. 278

Phocas ..... II. 46; V. 636

Phocylides ..... VII. 180

Pindarus ..... IX. 55

Pinytus ..... VI. 17

Pisander ..... VI. 292

Piso ..... II. 420

Pittacus ..... II. 434

Plato ..... I. 45, 46, 47, 215; IV. 8, 49; V. 14, 21, 50, 411, 615, 673, 676; VI. 36, 95, 96, 244, 247, 253, 256, 257, 646; VII. 22; VIII. 13, 162, 163, 212, 249; IX. 56.

——, Junior ..... V. 616, 619

Polemon ..... I. 38; II. 78; V. 614

Pollianus ..... II. 160, 161, 164, 198; VIII. 152.

Polyænus ..... V. 12; VII. 17, 18, 19

Polystratus ..... I. 296; VI. 285

Pompeius ..... V. 34; VI. 207

Poseidippus .... I. 84, 130, 135, 137, 258, 285, 313, 321; II. 14, 16, 17, 442; VI. 163, 255; VII. 45, 202; VIII. 70, 121, 277; IX. 57, 58, 59, 61, 62.

Proclus ..... IX. 63

Ptolemæus .... VI. 302; VII. 59; IX. 60

Pythagoras ..... VI. 718

Pytheas ..... IX. 65

Quintus, Mœcius ..... IV. 232

Rabus ..... VII. 183

Rhianus .... I. 314, 330, 332; IV. 40, 177, 280; VI. 303; IX. 66.

Rufinus ..... I. 4, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 18, 24, 25, 26, 27, 34, 36, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 52, 53, 57, 58, 59, 62, 65; II. 5, 6, 8, 22.

Sabinus ..... IV. 162; V. 338

Samius ..... IV. 120

Sappho ..... IV. 271; VI. 470, 486

Satyrius, Thyillus ..... IV. 18

Satyrus .. VII. 72, 77, 79; VIII. 155, 197

Secundus .... V. 42, 222, 262; VIII. 216

Serapion ..... VI. 384

Simmias ..... IV. 117; V. 1; VI. 22, 23, 58, 192, 625.

Simonides .... III. 32, 35, 40, 41, 46, 48; IV. 2, 9, 56, 58, 201, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221; V. 571, 625, 626; VI. 21, 25, 26, 75, 170, 180, 236, 237, 238, 239, 241, 242, 245, 246, 258, 284, 288, 289, 290, 330, 331, 333, 334, 412, 423, 424, 477, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 625, 653; VII. 168; VIII. 2, 3, 24, 25, 27, 62, 84, 206, 234; IX. 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81.

Sophocles ..... IX. 82

Sophron, Patricius ..... V. 646

Sophronius ..... VI. 655, 656

Speusippus ..... VIII. 32

Strato ..... I. 245, 247, 250, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382; II. 63, 437. 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451; VII. 205, 206; VIII. 215.

Sylla ..... IX. 83

Synesius ..... VIII. 78, 81, 269; IX. 84

Thallus ..... I. 223; IV. 95, 237; VI. 181, 359.

Theætetus .... II. 27; IV. 33, 354; V. 534; VI. 425, 480; VII. 82; VIII. 33, 223, 235; IX. 33, 34

Theo ..... V. 403; IX. 35, 37

Theocritus, Chius ..... IX. 36

——, Syracusanus .... III. 26; IV. 333, 334, 335, 336, 337; V. 285, 357, 358, 359, 360, 480, 481, 482; VI. 250, 315, 636, 637 639, 641, 642.

Theodectes ..... IX. 337
Theodoretus ..... VIII. 36
Theodoridas ..... III. 31; IV. 159, 160, 161, 226, 228, 381; VI. 270, 390, 420, 460, 508, 509, 510, 696, 705, 710; VIII. 134.
Theodorus ..... II. 224; IV. 284; VI. 537; IX. 35, 37.
Theognis ..... VII. 21; VIII. 10
Theon ..... V. 46; VI. 280
Theophanes ..... III. 80
Theosebias ..... VI. 540
Thomas, Patricius ..... VIII. 383
——, Scholasticus ..... VIII. 317
Thucydides ..... VI. 46
Thyillus, Satyrius .. IV. 174; VI. 211; VII. 71.
Thymocles ..... I. 254
Tiberius ..... V. 13, 310
Timon ..... II. 308
Trajan ..... II. 415
Troilus ..... VIII. 57
Tryphon ..... V. 401
Tymnes ..... IV. 155; VI. 189, 200, 414, 458, 702; VIII. 239.

Xenocrates ..... VIII. 188
Xenocritus ..... VI. 279
Xenophanes ..... VII. 9

Zelotus ..... V. 36
Zenobius ..... V. 581
Zenodotus ..... VI. 113, 303; VIII. 14
Zonas ..... II. 83
Zosimus .... IV. 22, 187, 188, 189; V. 45

Nissen and Parker, Printers, 43, Mark Lane.

PA
3623
A5M3

Anthologia Graeca. Selections. English
Greek anthology

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY